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Three Lyrics

BY SARA TEASDALE

MOUNTAIN WATER

You have taken a drink from a wild fountain
Early in the year;
There is nowhere to go from the top of a mountain
But down, my dear;
And the springs that flow on the floor of the valley
Will never seem fresh or clear
For thinking of the glitter of the mountain water
In the feathery green of the year.

MIDSUMMER NIGHT

Midsummer night, without a moon, but the stars
In a serene bright multitude were there,
Even the shyest ones, even the faint motes shining
Low in the north under the Little Bear.
When I have said "This tragic farce I play in
Has neither dignity, delight nor end,"
The holy night draws all its stars around me—
I am ashamed, I have betrayed my Friend.

WINTER NIGHT SONG

Will you come as of old with singing,
And shall I hear as of old?
Shall I rush to open the window
In spite of the arrowy cold?

Ah no, my dear, ah no,
I shall sit by the fire reading,
Though you sing half the night in the snow
I shall not be heeding.

Though your voice remembers the forest,
The warm green light and the birds,
Though you gather the sea in your singing
And pour its sound into words,

Even so, my dear, even so,
I shall not heed you at all;
Though your shoulders are white with snow,
Though you strain your voice to a call,
I shall drowse and the fire will drowse,
The draft will be cold on the floor,
The clock running down,
Snow banking the door.

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The Silver Spoon

BY JOHN GALSWORTHY

Author of "The White Monkey," etc.

VI

SOAMES KEEPS HIS EYES OPEN

SOAMES, having prolonged his week-end visit, had been spending the afternoon at the Zoological Gardens, removing his great-nephews, the little Cardigans, from the too close proximity of monkeys and cats. After standing them once more in Imogen's hall, he had roosted at his club till, idly turning his evening paper, he had come on this paragraph, in the "Chiff-chaff" column:

"A surprise for the coming Session is being confectioned at the Wednesday gatherings of a young hostess not a hundred miles from Westminster. Her husband, a prospective baronet lately connected with literature, is to be intrusted with the launching in Parliament of a policy which enjoys the peculiar label of Foggartism, derived from Sir James Foggart's book called 'The Parlous State of England.' This amusing alarum is attributed to the somewhat fantastic brain which guides a well-known weekly. We shall see what comes of it. In the meantime the enterprising little lady in question is losing no chance of building up her 'salon' on the curiosity which ever surrounds any buccaneering in politics."

Soames rubbed his eyes; then read it again with rising anger. "Enterprising little lady is losing no chance of building up her 'salon.'" Who had written that? He put the paper in his pocket—almost the first theft he had ever committed—and all the way across St. James's Park in the gathering twilight he brooded on that anonymous paragraph. The allusion seemed to him unmistakable, and malicious into the bargain. "Lion-hunter" would not have been plainer. Unfortunately, in a primary sense "lion-hunter" was a compliment, and Soames doubted whether its secondary sense had ever been "laid down" as libellous. He was still brooding deeply, when the young men ranged alongside.

"Well, sir?"

"Ah!" said Soames. "I want to speak to you. You've got a traitor in the camp." And, without meaning to at all, he looked angrily at Francis Wilmot.

"Now, sir?" said Michael, when they were in his study.

Soames held out the folded paper.

Michael read the paragraph and made a face.

"Whoever wrote that comes to your evenings," said Soames; "that's clear. Who is he?"

"Very likely a she, sir."

"D'you mean to say they print such things by women?"

Michael did not answer. "Old Forsyte" was behind the times.

"Will they tell me who it is, if I go down to them?" asked Soames.

"No, sir, fortunately."

"How d'you mean 'fortunately'?"

"Well, sir, the Press is a sensitive plant. I'm afraid you might make it curl up. Besides, it says such nice things about people that aren't deserved."

"But this—" began Soames; he stopped in time, and substituted: "Do you mean that we've got to sit down under it?"

"To lie down, I'm afraid."

"Fleur has an evening to-morrow."

"Yes."

"I shall stay up for it, and keep my eyes open."

Michael had a vision of his father-in-law, like a plain-clothes man in the neighborhood of wedding presents.

But in spite of assumed levity, Michael had been hit. The knowledge that his adored one had the collector's habit, and flitted, alluring, among the profitable,

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had, so far, caused him indulgent wonder. But now it seemed more than an amusing foible. The swiftness with which she turned her smile off and on as though controlled by a switch under her shingled hair; the quick turns of her neck, so charming and exposed; the clever roving, disguised so well but not quite well enough, of the pretty eyes; the droop and flutter of their white lids; the expressive hands grasping, if one could so call such slim and dainty apprehensions, her career —all this suddenly caused Michael pain. Still, she was doing it for him and Kit! French women, they said, co-operated with their husbands in the family career. It was the French blood in her. Or perhaps just idealism, the desire to have and be the best of whatever bunch there was about! Thus Michael, loyally. But his uneasy eyes roved from face to face of the Wednesday gathering, trying to detect signs of quizzicality.

Soames followed another method. His mind, indeed, was uncomplicated by the currents awash in that of one who goes to bed with the object of his criticism. For him there was no reason why Fleur should not know as many aristocrats, labor members, painters, ambassadors, young fools, and even writing fellows, as might flutter her fancy. The higher up they were, the less likely, he thought with a certain naïveté, they would be to borrow money or get her into a mess. His daughter was as good as or better than any of them, and his deep pride was stung to the quick by the notion that people should think she had to claw and scrape to get them round her. It was not she who was after them, but they who were after her! Standing under the Fragonard which he had given her, grizzled, neatly mustached, close-faced, chinny, with a gaze concentrated on nothing in particular, as of one who has looked over much and found little in it, he might have been an ambassador—so harmless that a young woman, with red-gold hair, about an inch long on her de-shingled neck, came and stood with her back to him, together with a soft man, who kept washing his hands. Soames could hear every word of their talk.

"Isn't the little Mont amusing? Look at her now, with 'Don Fernando'—you'd think he was her only joy. Ah! There's young Bashly! Off she goes. She's a born little snob. But that doesn't make this a 'salon,' as she thinks. To found a 'salon' you want personality and wit, and the 'don't care a damn' spirit. She hasn't got a scrap. Besides, who is she?"

"Money?" said the soft man.

"Not so very much. Michael's such dead nuts on her that he's getting dull; though it's partly Parliament, of course. Have you heard them talk this Foggartism? All food, children, and the future —it's the very dregs of dulness."

"But new," purred the soft man, "novelty is the vice of our age."

"One resents a nobody like her climbing in on piffle like this Foggartism. Did you read the book?"

"Hardly. Did you?"

"No jolly fear! I'm sorry for Michael. He's being exploited by that little snob."

Penned without an outlet, Soames had begun breathing hard. Feeling a draft, the young woman turned to encounter a pair of eyes so grey, so cold, in a face so concentrated, that she moved away. "Who was that old buffer?" she asked of the soft man; "he gave me 'the jim-jams.'"

The soft man thought it might be a poor relation—he didn't seem to know anybody.

But Soames had already gone across to Michael.

"Who's that young woman with the red hair?"

"Marjorie Ferrar."

"She's the traitress—turn her out!"

Michael stared.

"But we know her quite well—she's a daughter of Lord Charles Ferrar, and——"

"Turn her out!" said Soames again.

"How do you know, sir?"

"I've just heard her use the very words of that paragraph, and worse."

"But she's our guest."

"Pretty guest!" growled Soames through his teeth.

"One can't turn a guest out. Besides, she's the granddaughter of a marquis and the pet of the Panjoys. It would make the hell of a scandal."

"Make it, then!"

"We won't ask her again; but, really, that's all one can do."

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"Is it?" said Soames; and walking past his son-in-law, he went toward the object of his denunciation. Michael followed, much perturbed. He had never yet seen his father-in-law with his teeth bared. He arrived in time to hear him say in a low but quite audible voice:

"You were good enough, madam, to call my daughter a snob in her own house."

Michael saw the deshingled neck turn and rear, the hard blue eyes stare with a sort of outraged impudence; he heard a laugh, then Soames saying:

"You are a traitress; be so kind as to withdraw."

Of the half-dozen people round, not a soul was missing it! Oh, hell! And he the master of the house! Stepping forward, he put his arm through that of Soames.

"That'll do, sir," he said quietly. "This is not a peace conference. Miss Ferrar's car is waiting."

There was a horrid hush, and in all the group only the soft man's white hands, washing each other, moved.

Marjorie Ferrar took a step toward the door.

"I don't know who this person is," she said; "but he's a liar."

"I guess not."

At the edge of the little group was a dark young man. His eyes were fixed on Marjorie Ferrar's, whose eyes in turn were fixed on his.

And suddenly Michael saw Fleur. She had been just behind, and must have heard it all! She stood, very white, smiled, waved her hand and said:

"Madame Carelli's going to play."

Marjorie Ferrar walked on toward the door, and the soft man followed her, still washing those hands, as if trying to rid them of the incident. Soames, like a slow dog making sure, walked after them; Michael walked after him. The words, "*Quelle blague!*" floated back, and a soft echoing snicker. Slam! Outer door and incident were closed.

Michael wiped his forehead. One half of the brain behind admired his father-in-law, the other thought: 'Well, the old man *has* gone and done it!' He went back into the drawing-room. Fleur was standing near the clavichord, as if nothing had happened. But Michael could see her fingers crisping at her dress, and his heart felt sore. He waited, quivering, for the last notes.

Soames had gone up-stairs. Before "The White Monkey" in Michael's study he reviewed his own conduct. He regretted nothing. The red-headed cat! "Born snob!" "Money? Not very much." Ha! "A nobody like her!" Granddaughter of a marquis, was she? Well, he had shown the insolent baggage the door. All that was sturdy and all that was acrid in his blood, all that resented patronage and privilege, the inherited spirit of his forefathers moved within him. Who were the aristocracy, to give themselves airs? Set of jackanape descendants mostly of those who had got on by robbery or jobbery! That one of them should call his daughter, *his* daughter, a snob! He wouldn't lift a finger, wouldn't cross a road, to meet the Duke of Seven Dials himself! If Fleur liked to amuse herself by having people round her, why shouldn't she? His blood ran suddenly a little cold. Would she say that he had spoiled her *salon?* Well, he couldn't help it if she did. Better to have had the thing out and got rid of that cat, and know where they all were. 'I shan't wait up for her,' he thought. 'Storm in a teacup!'

The thin strumming of the clavichord came up to him out on the landing, waiting to climb to his room. He wondered if these evenings woke the baby. A gruff sound at his feet made him jump. That dog lying outside the baby's door! He wished the little beggar had been downstairs just now; he would have known how to put his teeth through that red-haired cat's nude stockings. He passed on up, looking at Francis Wilmot's door, which was opposite his own.

That young American chap must have overheard something, too; but he shouldn't allude to the matter with him; not dignified. And shutting his door on the strumming of the clavichord, Soames closed his eyes again as best he could.

VII

SOUNDS IN THE NIGHT

MICHAEL had never heard Fleur cry, and to see her, flung down across the bed,

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smothering her sobs in the quilt, gave him a feeling akin to panic. She stopped at his touch on her hair and lay still.

"Buck up, darling!" he said gently. "If you aren't one, what does it matter?"

She struggled up and sat cross-legged, her flushed face smudged with tears, her hair disordered.

"Who cares what one is? It's what one's labelled."

"Well, we've labelled her 'Traitress.'"

"As if that made it better! We all talk behind people's backs. Who minds that? But how can I go on when everybody is snickering and thinking me a lion-hunting snob? She'll cry it all over London in revenge. How can I have any more evenings?"

Was it for her career or his that she was sorrowing? Michael went round to the other side of the bed and put his arms about her from behind.

"Never mind what people think, my child. Sooner or later one's got to face that, anyway."

"It's you who aren't facing it. If I'm not thought nice I can't be nice."

"Only the people who really know one matter."

"Nobody knows one," said Fleur sullenly. "The fonder they are, the less they know, and the less it matters what they think."

Michael withdrew his arms.

She sat silent for so long that he went back to the other side of the bed to see if he could tell anything from her face resting moodily on her hands. The grace of her body thus camped was such that his senses ached. And since caresses would only worry her, they ached the more.

"I hate her," she said, at last. "If I can hurt her I will."

He would have liked to hurt the "pet of the Panjoys" himself, but it did not console him to hear Fleur utter that sentiment; it meant more from her than from himself, who, when it came to the point, was a poor hand at hurting people.

"Well, darling," he said, "shall we sleep on it?"

"I said I wouldn't have any more evenings; but I shall."

"Good!" said Michael; "that's the spirit."

"Is it?" she said, and laughed. It was a funny, hard little sound in the night. And with it Michael had to remain discontented.

All through the house it was a wakeful night. Soames had the three o'clock tremors, which cigars and the fresh air wherein he was obliged to play his golf had subdued for some time past. He was disturbed, too, by that confounded great clock from hour to hour, and by a stealthy noise between three and four, as of some one at large in the house.

This was, in fact, Francis Wilmot. Ever since his three impulsive words the young man had been in a peculiar state of mind. As Soames surmised, he too had overheard Marjorie Ferrar slander her hostess; but in the very moment of his refutation, like Saul setting forth to attack the Christians, he had been smitten by blindness. Those blue eyes, pouring into his the light of defiance, had finished with a gleam which seemed to say: "Young man, you please me!" It haunted him. That lissom nymph, with her white skin and red-gold hair, her blue eyes full of insolence, her red lips full of joy, her white neck fragrant as a pine wood in sunshine—the vision was abiding. It was "sort of uncanny" the way she had left her image on his senses in that one long moment, so that now he got no sleep. Though he had not been introduced, he knew her name to be Marjorie Ferrar, and he thought it "fine." Altogether she was unlike any woman he had known, or seen even on the cinematograph. And he had given her the "frame-down" direct! This made him so restless that he drank the contents of his water-bottle, put on his clothes and stole down-stairs. Passing the Dandie, who stirred, as though muttering: "Unusual; but I know those legs!" he reached the hall, where a milky glimmer came in through the fanlight. Lighting a cigarette, he sat down on the marble coffer. It cooled his anatomy. He got off it, turned up the light, saw a telephone directory resting beside him, and mechanically sought the letter "F." Gee! There she was, sure enough! "Ferrar, Marjorie, 3, River Studios, Wren Street." Switching off the light, he slipped back the door chain and stole out. He knew his way to the river, and went toward it.

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It was the hour when sound, exhausted, has laid its head on the pillow, and one can hear a moth pass. London, in clear air, with no smoke going up, slept beneath the moon. Bridges, towers, water, all silvered, had a look as if withdrawn from man. Even the houses and the trees enjoyed their moony hour apart, and with the Ancient Mariner seemed to breathe out Francis Wilmot's favorite stanza:

"O Sleep, it is a blessed thing,
Beloved from pole to pole!
To Mary Queen the praise be given,
She sent the gentle sleep from heaven
That slid into my soul!"

He, who knew not Wren Street, turned at random to the right along the river. Never in his life had he walked through a great city at the dead hour. Not a passion alive, nor a thought of gain; haste asleep, and terrors dreaming; here and there, no doubt, one turning on his bed; perhaps a soul passing! Down on the water lighters and barges lay shadowy and abandoned, with red lights burning; the lamps along the Embankment shone without purpose, as if they had been freed. Man was away. In the whole town only himself up and doing—what? Natively shrewd and resourceful in all active situations, the young Southerner had little power of diagnosis. He knew what he wanted, not why he wanted it, nor whether it was good for him. But if he and the moon could "locate" her windows he could go home and sleep. He passed the Tate Gallery and saw a human being with moonlit buttons.

"Pardon me, officer," he said, "but where in the nation is Wren Street?"

"Straight on and fifth to the right."

Francis Wilmot resumed his march. The moon was heeling down across the river, the stars were gaining light, the trees had begun to shiver. He found the fifth turning, walked down "the block," and was no wiser; it was too dark to read names or numbers. He passed another buttoned human effigy and said:

"Pardon me, officer, but where are River Studios?"

"Comin' away from them; last house on the right."

Francis Wilmot retraced his steps. There it was, then, by itself, back from the street. He stood before it and gazed at dark windows. Why, she might be behind any one of them! It did not occur to him that he was a fool to have come. He had "located" her; and in the rising wind he turned and walked home. He went up-stairs stealthily as he had come down, past the Dandie, who again raised his head, muttered: "Still more unusual, but the same trousers!" entered his room, lay down, and fell asleep like a baby.

VIII

ROUND AND ABOUT

General reticence at breakfast concerning the incident of the night before made little impression on Soames, because the young American was there, before whom one naturally would not discuss it; but he noted that Fleur was pale. In his early-morning vigil legal misgivings had assailed him. Could one with impunity call even a red-haired baggage "traitress" in the hearing of some half-dozen persons? He went off to his sister Winifred's after breakfast, and told her the whole story.

"Quite right, my dear boy," was her comment. "They tell me that young woman is as fast as they're made. Her father, you know, owned the horse that didn't beat the French horse—I never can remember its name—in that race, the Something Stakes, at— Dear me! What was the meeting?"

"I know nothing about racing," said Soames.

But that afternoon, at "The Connoisseurs Club," a card was brought to him:

Lord Charles Ferrar,
HIGH MARSHES, NR. NEWMARKET. BURTON'S CLUB.

For a moment his knees felt a little weak; but, the word "snob" coming to his assistance, he said dryly: "Show him into the strangers' room." He was not going to hurry himself for this fellow, and he finished his tea before repairing to that forlorn corner.

A tallish man was standing in the middle of the little room, thin and upright, with a mustache brushed arrogantly off his lips, and a single eye-glass which seemed to have grown over the right eye,

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so unaided was it. There were corrugations in his thin, weathered cheeks, and in his thick hair flecked at the sides with gray. Soames had no difficulty in disliking him at sight.

"Mr. Forsyte, I believe?"

Soames inclined his head.

"You made use of an insulting word to my daughter last night in the presence of several people."

"Yes; it was richly deserved."

"You were not drunk, then?"

"Not at all," said Soames.

His dry precision seemed to disconcert the visitor, who twisted his mustache, frowned his eye-glass closer to his eye, and said:

"I have the names of those who overheard it. You will be good enough to write to each of them separately, withdrawing your expression unreservedly."

"I shall do nothing of the kind."

A moment's silence ensued.

"You are an attorney, I believe?"

"A solicitor."

"Then you know the consequences of refusal."

"If your daughter likes to go into court, I shall be happy to meet her there."

"You refuse to withdraw?"

"Absolutely."

"Good evening, then!"

"Good evening."

For two pins he would have walked round the fellow with the bristles rising on his back, but instead he stood a little to one side to let him out. Insolent brute! He could so easily hear again the voice of old Uncle Jolyon, characterizing some person of the 'eighties as "a pettifogging little attorney." He felt that somehow or other he must relieve his mind. "Old Mont" would know about this fellow; he would go across and ask him.

At "The Aeroplane" he found not only Sir Lawrence Mont, looking almost grave, but Michael, who had evidently been detailing to his father last evening's incident. This was a relief to Soames, who felt the insults to his daughter too bitterly to talk of them. Describing the visit he had just received, he ended with the words:

"This fellow — Ferrar — what's his standing?"

"Charlie Ferrar? He owes money everywhere, has some useful horses, and is a very good shot."

"He didn't strike me as a gentleman," said Soames.

Sir Lawrence cocked his eyebrow, as if debating whether he ought to answer this remark about one who had ancestors from one who had none.

"And his daughter," said Soames, "isn't a lady."

Sir Lawrence wagged his head.

"Single-minded, Forsyte, single-minded; but you're quite right; there's a funny streak in that blood. Old Shropshire's a dear old man; it skipped his generation, but it's there—it's there."

"He called me an attorney," said Soames with a grim smile, "and she called me a liar. I don't know which is worse."

Sir Lawrence got up and looked into St. James's Street. Soames had the feeling that the narrow head perched up on that straight thin back was worth more than his own in this affair. One was dealing here with people who said and did what they liked and damned the consequences; this baronet chap had been brought up like that himself; he ought to know how their minds worked.

Sir Lawrence turned.

"She may bring an action, Forsyte; it was very public. What evidence have you?"

"My own ears."

Sir Lawrence looked at the ears as if to gauge their length.

"M'm! Anything else?"

"That paragraph."

"She'll get at the paper. Yes?"

"The man she was talking to."

Michael ejaculated: "Philip Quinsey! Put not your trust in Gath!"

"What more?"

"Well," said Soames, "there's what that young American overheard, whatever it was."

"Ah!" said Sir Lawrence. "Take care she doesn't get at *him*. Is that all?"

Soames nodded. It didn't seem much, now he came to think of it!

"You say she called you a liar. How would it be to take the offensive?"

There was a silence. Then Soames said: "Women? No!"

"Quite right, Forsyte! They have their privileges still. There's nothing for it but to wait and see how the cat jumps.

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Traitress! I suppose you know how much the word costs?"

"The cost," said Soames, "is nothing; it's the publicity!"

His imagination was playing streets ahead of him. He saw himself already in "the box," retailing the spiteful purrings of that cat, casting forth to the public and the papers the word "snob" of his own daughter; for if he didn't he would have no defense. Too painful! Too painful!

"What does Fleur say?" he asked suddenly of Michael.

"War to the knife."

Soames jumped in his chair.

"Ah!" he said, "that's a woman all over—no imagination!"

"That's what I thought at first, sir, but I'm not so sure. She says if Marjorie Ferrar is not taken by the short hairs she'll put it across everybody; and that the more public the thing is the less harm she can do."

"I think," said Sir Lawrence, coming back to his chair, "I'll go and see old Shropshire. My father and his shot woodcock together in Albania in '54."

Soames could not see the connection, but did not snub the proposal. A marquis was a sort of gone-off duke; even in this democratic age he would have some influence, one supposed.

"He's eighty," went on Sir Lawrence, "and inclined to gout in the stomach, but he's as brisk as a bee."

Soames could not be sure whether it was a comfort.

"The grass shall not grow, Forsyte. I'll go there now."

They parted in the street, Sir Lawrence moving north, toward Mayfair.

The Marquess of Shropshire was dictating to his secretary a letter to the County Council, urging on them an item of his lifelong programme for the electrification of everything. One of the very first to take up electricity, he had remained faithful to it all his brisk and optimistic days. A short, bird-like old man, in shaggy Lovat tweeds, with a blue tie of knitted silk passed through a ring, bright cheeks and well-trimmed white beard and mustache, he was standing in his favorite attitude, with one foot on a chair, his elbow on his knee, and his chin on his hand.

"Ah! young Mont!" he said. "Sit down."

Sir Lawrence took a chair, crossed his knees, and threaded his finger-tips. He found it pleasing to be called "young Mont" at sixty-six.

"Have you brought me another of your excellent books?"

"No, marquess; I just want your advice."

"Ah! Mr. Mersey, go on: 'In this way, gentlemen, you will save at least three thousand a year to your rate-payers, confer a blessing on the countryside by abolishing the smoke of four filthy chimneys, and make me your obedient servant,

'SHROPSHIRE.'

Thank you, Mr. Mersey. Now, my dear young Mont?"

Having watched the back of the secretary till it vanished, and the old peer pivot his bright eyes, with their expression of one who means to see more every day, on the face of his visitor, Sir Lawrence took his eye-glass between thumb and finger and said:

"Your granddaughter, sir, and my daughter-in-law want to fight like billy-o."

"Marjorie?" said the old man, and his head fell to one side like a bird's. "I draw the line—a charming young woman to look at, but I draw the line. What has she done now?"

"Called my daughter-in-law a snob and a lion-hunter; and my daughter-in-law's father has called your granddaughter a traitress to her face."

"Bold man," said the marquess. "Bold man! Who is he?"

"His name is Forsyte."

"Forsyte?" repeated the old peer. "Forsyte? The name's familiar. Now, where would that be? Ah! Forsyte and Treffry, the big tea men. My father had his tea from them direct—real caravan; no such tea now. Is that the——"

"Some relation, perhaps. This man is a solicitor—retired; chiefly renowned for his pictures. A man of some substance and probity."

"Indeed! And *is* his daughter a—a lion-hunter?"

Sir Lawrence smiled.

"She's a charmer. Likes to have people about her. Very pretty. Excellent little mother; some French blood."

"Ah!" said the marquess: "the French!

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Better built round the middle than our people. What do you want me to do?"

"Speak to your son Charles."

The old man took his foot off the chair, and stood nearly upright. His head moved sideways with a slight continuous motion.

"I never speak to Charlie," he said gravely. "We haven't spoken for six years."

"I beg your pardon, sir. Didn't know. Sorry to have bothered you."

"No, no; pleasure to see you. If I run across Marjorie, I'll see—I'll see. But, Mont, what shall we do with some of these young women—no sense of service, no continuity, no hair, no figures? By the way, do you know this Power Scheme on the Severn?" He held up a pamphlet: "I've been at them to do it since '90. My colliery could be made to pay with electricity; but they won't move. We want some Americans over here."

Sir Lawrence had risen; the old man's sense of service had so clearly taken the bit between its teeth again. He held out his hand.

"Good-by, marquess; delighted to see you looking so well."

"Good-by, my dear young Mont; command me at any time, and let me have another of your nice books."

They shook hands; and from the Lovat clothes was disengaged a strong whiff of peat. Sir Lawrence, looking back, saw the old man back in his favorite attitude, foot on chair and chin on hand, already reading the pamphlet. 'Some boy!' he thought, 'as Michael would say. But what has Charlie Ferrar done not to be spoken to for six years? Old Forsyte ought to know . . .!'

In the meantime Old Forsyte and Michael were walking homeward across St. James's Park.

"That young American," said Soames; "what d'you suppose made him put his oar in?"

"I don't know, sir; and I don't like to ask."

"Exactly," said Soames glumly. There was, indeed, something particularly repulsive to him in treating with an American over a matter of personal dignity.

"Do they use the word 'snob' over there?"

"I'm not sure; but it's a virtue in the States. To hunt lions is a form of idealism. They want to associate with what they think better than themselves. It's rather fine."

Soames did not agree, but found difficulty in explaining why. Not to recognize any one as better than himself, or his daughter, had been a sort of guiding principle, and they were not talked about. In fact, it was so deep that he hadn't known of it.

"I shan't mention it," he said, "unless he does. What more can this young woman do? She's in a set, I suppose?"

"The Panjoys——"

"Panjoys!"

"Yes, sir; out for a good time at any cost—they're very few and they don't really count. But Marjorie Ferrar's in the limelight. She paints a bit; has got some standing with the Press; dances; hunts; she's a bit of an actress; and she goes everywhere week-ending. It's the week-ends that matter, where people have nothing to do but talk. Were you ever at a week-end party, sir?"

"I?" said Soames. "Good Lord—no!"

Michael smiled—incongruity, indeed, could go no farther.

"We must get one up for you at Lippinghall."

"No, thank you."

"You're right, sir; nothing more boring. But they're the *coulisses* of politics. Fleur thinks they're good for me. And Marjorie Ferrar knows all the people we know, and lots more. It *is* awkward."

"I should go on as if nothing had happened," said Soames. "About that paper? They ought to be warned that this woman is venomous."

Michael regarded his father-in-law quizzically.

On entering, they found the man servant in the hall.

"There's a man to see you, sir, by the name of Bugfill."

"Oh! Ah! Where have you put him?"

"Well, I didn't know what to make of him, sir; he shakes all over. I've stood him in the dining-room."

"Excuse me, sir," said Michael.

Soames passed into the "parlor," where he found his daughter and Francis Wilmot.

"Mr. Wilmot is leaving us, father. You're just in time to say good-by."

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If there were moments when Soames felt cordial, they were such as these. He had nothing against the young man; indeed, he rather liked the look of him; but to see the last of almost anybody was in a sense a relief; besides, there was this question of what he had overheard, and to have him about the place without knowing would be a continual temptation to compromise with one's dignity and ask him what it was.

"Good-by, Mr. Wilmot," he said; "if you're interested in pictures—" He paused, and holding out his hand, added: "You should look in at the British Museum."

Francis Wilmot shook the hand deferentially.

"I certainly will. It's been a privilege to know you, sir."

Soames was wondering why, when the young man turned to Fleur.

"I'll be writing to Jon from Paris, and I'll be sure to send your love. You've been perfectly wonderful to me. I'll be glad to have you and Michael visit me any time you come across to the States; and if you bring the little dawg, why, I'll just be honored to let him bite me again."

He bowed over Fleur's hand, kissed it, and was gone, leaving Soames staring at the back of his daughter's neck.

"That's rather sudden," he said, when the door was closed; "anything upset him?"

She turned on him, and said coldly:

"Why did you make that fuss last night, father?"

The injustice of her attack was so palpable that Soames bit his mustache in silence. As if he could help himself, when she was insulted in his hearing!

"What good do you think you've done?"

Soames, who had no notion, made no attempt to enlighten her. He only felt sore inside.

"You've made me feel as if I couldn't look anybody in the face. But I'm going to, all the same. If I'm a lion-hunter and a snob, I'll do it thoroughly. Only I do wish you wouldn't go on thinking I'm a child and can't defend myself."

And still Soames was silent, sore to the soles of his boots.

Fleur flashed a look at him, and said: "I'm sorry, but I can't help it; everything's queered." And she, too, went out of the room.

Soames moved blindly to the window, and stood looking out. He saw a cab with luggage drive away; saw some pigeons alight, peck at the pavement, and fly off again; he saw a man kissing a woman in the dusk; a policeman light his pipe and go off duty. He saw many human and interesting things; he heard Big Ben chime. Nothing in it all! He was staring at a silver spoon. He himself had put it in her mouth at birth.

IX

POULTRY AND CATS

One who had been stood in the dining-room, under the name of Bugfill, was still upright. Rather older than Michael, with an inclination to side-whisker, darkish hair and a pale face, stamped with that look of schooled quickness common to so many actors, but unfamiliar to Michael; he was grasping the edge of the dining-table with one hand, and a wide-brimmed black hat with the other. The expression of his large, dark-circled eyes was such that Michael smiled, and said:

"It's all right, Mr. Bergfeld, I'm not a manager. Do sit down and smoke!"

The visitor silently took the proffered chair and cigarette with an attempt at a fixed smile. Michael sat on the table.

"I gather from Mrs. Bergfeld that you're on the rocks?"

"Fast," said the shaking lips.

"Your health, and your name, I suppose?"

"Yes."

"You want an open-air job, I believe? I haven't been able to think of anything very gaudy, but an idea did strike me last night in the stilly watches. How about raising poultry? Everybody's doing it."

"If I had my savings."

"Yes, Mrs. Bergfeld told me about them. I can inquire, but I'm afraid——"

"It's robbery." The chattered sound let Michael at once into the confidence of the many managers who had refused to employ him who uttered it.

"I know," he said, soothingly, "robbing Peter to pay Paul. That clause in the Treaty was a bit of rank barbarism

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camouflage it as they like. Still, it's no good to let it prey on your mind."

But his visitor had risen. "To take from civilian to pay civilian! Then why not take civilian life for civilian life? What is the difference? And England does it—the leading nation to respect the individual. It is abominable."

Michael began to feel that he was overdoing it.

"You forget," he said, "that the war made us all into savages, for the time being; we haven't got over it yet. And your country began it, you know. But what about this poultry stunt?"

Bergfeld seemed to make a violent effort.

"For my wife's sake," he said, "I will do anything; but unless I get my savings back, how can I start?"

"I can't promise; but perhaps I could start you. How do you get on with that hair-dresser below you? He wants an open-air job, too. What is his name?"

"Swain. He is an opinionated man, but we are good friends enough."

Michael got off the table. "Well, leave it to me to think it out. We shall be able to do something, I hope." And he held out his hand.

Bergfeld took it silently, and his eyes resumed the expression with which they had first looked at Michael.

'That man,' thought Michael, 'will commit suicide some day, if he doesn't look out.' And he showed him to the door. He stood there some minutes looking after the German actor's vanishing form, with a feeling as if the dusk were formed out of the dark stories of such as he and the hair-dresser, and the man who had whispered to him to stand and deliver a job. Well, Bart must lend him that bit of land beyond the coppice at Lippinghall. He would buy a war hut if there were any left, and some poultry stock, and start a colony—the Bergfelds, the hair-dresser and Henry Boddick. They could cut the timber in the coppice, and put up the fowl-houses for themselves. It would be growing food—a sort of experiment in Foggartism! Fleur would laugh at him. But was there anything one could do nowadays that somebody couldn't laugh at? He turned back into the house. Fleur was in the hall.

"Francis Wilmot has gone," she said.

"Why?"

"He's got to go to Paris."

"What was it he overheard last night?"

"Do you suppose I asked?"

"Well, no," said Michael humbly. "Let's go up and look at Kit; it's about his bath time."

The eleventh baronet, indeed, was already in his bath.

"All right, nurse," said Fleur, "I'll finish him."

"He's been in three minutes, ma'am."

"Lightly boiled," said Michael, sitting down on the taps.

For one aged only fourteen months this naked infant had incredible vigor; from lips to feet he was all sound and motion. He seemed to lend a meaning to life. His vitality was absolute, not relative. His kicks and crows and splashings had the joy of a gnat's dance, or a jackdaw's gambols in the air. They gave thanks not for what he was about to receive, but for what he was receiving. White as a turtle-dove, with pink toes, darker in eyes and hair than he would be presently, he grabbed at the soap, at his mother, at the turkey-towelling—he seemed only to need a tail. Michael watched him, musing. This manikin, born with all that he could possibly wish for within his reach—how were they to bring him up? Were they fit to bring him up—they who had been born, like all their generation in the richer classes—emancipated, to parents properly broken-in to worship the fetich—Liberty. Born to everything they wanted, so that they were at wits' end to invent something they could not get; driven to restive searching by having their own way? The war had deprived one of one's own way, but the war had overdone it, and left one grasping at license. And for those, like Fleur, born a little late for the war, the tale of it had only lowered what respect they could have for anything. Yes! With veneration killed, and self-denial "off," with atavism buried, sentiment derided, and the future in the air, hardly a wonder that modernity should be a dance of gnats, taking itself damned seriously! And sitting there above the steam, Michael frowned at his progeny. Without faith was one fit to be a parent? Well, people were looking for faith again. Only they were bound to hatch the egg of it so hard that it would be addled long

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before it was a chicken. 'Too self-conscious!' he thought, and pulled up the plug.

Fleur had finished drying the eleventh baronet, and was dabbing powder over him; her eyes seemed penetrating his skin, as if to gauge the state of health behind it. He watched her take the feet and hands one by one and examine each nail, lost in her scrutiny. 'Devotion!' he thought. 'That's what we want!' And oppressed by the difficulty, as a member of parliament, of being devoted, he left the bathroom. He went to his study and took down a volume of the "Encyclopædia Britannica," containing the word Poultry. He read about Leghorns, Orpingtons, White Sussex, Bramaputras, and was little the wiser. He remembered that if you drew a chalk-line to the beak of a hen, the hen thought it was tied up. He wished somebody would draw a chalk-line to his beak. Was Foggartism a chalk-line? A voice said:

"Tell Fleur I'm going to her aunt's."

"Leaving us, sir?"

"Yes, I'm not wanted."

"You'll see her before you go?"

"No," said Soames.

Had somebody rubbed out the chalk-line to Old Forsyte's nose?

"Do you think there's any money in poultry-farming, sir?"

"There's no money in anything nowadays."

"And yet the income-tax returns continue to rise."

"Yes," said Soames; "there's something wrong there."

"You don't think people make their incomes out more than they are?"

Soames blinked. Pessimistic though he felt at the moment, he could not take quite that low view of human nature.

"You'd better see that Fleur doesn't go about abusing that red-haired baggage," he said. "She was born with a silver spoon in her mouth; she thinks she can do what she likes." And he shut Michael in again.

Silver spoon in her mouth! How *à propos!* . . .

After putting her baby into its cot, Fleur had gone to the marqueterie bureau in the little sanctuary that would have been called a boudoir in old days. She sat there brooding. How could her father have made it all glaringly public? Couldn't he have seen that it was nothing so long as it was not public, everything the moment it was? She wanted to pour out her heart, to tell people her opinion of Marjorie Ferrar.

She wrote three letters—one to Lady Alison, and two to women in the group who had overheard it all last night. She concluded her third letter with the words: "A woman like that, who pretends to be a friend and sneaks into one's house to sting one behind one's back, is a snake of the first water. How society can stick her, I can't think; she hasn't a moral about her nor a decent impulse. As for her charm—Good Lord!" Yes! And there was Francis Wilmot! She had not said all she wanted to say to him.

"My dear Francis," she wrote, "I am so sorry you have run away like this. I wanted to thank you for standing up for me last night. Marjorie Ferrar is just about the limit. But in London society one doesn't pay attention to backbiting. It has been so jolly to know you. Don't forget us; and do come and see me again when you come back from Paris.—Your very good friend,

"Fleur Mont."

She addressed it to him at the hotel where he had said he would be that night. In future she would have nothing but men at her evenings! But would they come if there were no women? And men like Philip Quinsey were just as snake-like. Besides, it would look as if she were really hurt. No! She would have to go on as before, just dropping people who were "catty." But who wasn't? Except Alison, and heavy-weights like Mr. Blythe, the minor ambassadors, and three or four earnest politicians, she couldn't be sure about any of them. It was the thing to be "catty." They all scratched other people's backs, and their faces, too, when they weren't looking. Who in society was exempt from scratches, and who didn't scratch? Not to scratch a little was so dreadfully dull. She could not imagine a scratchless life except perhaps in Italy. Those Fra Angelico frescoes in the San Marco monastery! There was a man who did not scratch. St. Francis talking to his birds, among his little

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flowers, with the sun and the moon and the stars for near relations. Ste. Claire! Ste. Fleur—little sister of St. Francis! To be unworldly and quite good! To be one who lived to make other people happy! How new! How exciting, even—for about a week; and how dull afterward! She drew aside the curtains and looked out into the Square. Two cats were standing in the light of a lamp—narrow, marvellously graceful, with their heads turned toward each other. Suddenly they began uttering horrible noises, and became all claws. Fleur dropped the curtain.

X

FRANCIS WILMOT REVERSES

ABOUT that moment Francis Wilmot sat down in the lounge of the Cosmopolis Hotel, and as suddenly sat up. In the middle of the parquet floor, sliding and lunging, backing and filling, twisting and turning in the arms of a man with a face like a mask, was she, to avoid whom, out of loyalty to Fleur and Michael, he had decided to go to Paris. Fate! For he could hardly know that she came there most afternoons during the dancing hours. She and her partner were easily the show couple; and, fond of dancing, Francis Wilmot knew he was looking at something special. When they stopped, quite close to him, he said, in his soft drawl:

"That sure was beautiful."

"How do you do, Mr. Wilmot?"

Why! She knew his name! This surely was the moment to exhibit loyalty. But she had sunk into a chair next his.

"And so you thought me a traitress last night?"

"I certainly did, ma'am."

"Why?"

"Because I heard you call your hostess a snob."

Marjorie Ferrar uttered an amused sound.

"My dear young man, if one never called one's friends anything worse than that—! I didn't mean you to hear, or that poptious old person in the chin!"

"He was her father," said Francis Wilmot gravely. "I guess it hurt him."

"Well, I'm sorry!"

A hand without a glove, warm but dry, was put into his. When it was withdrawn the whole of his hand and arm were tingling.

"Do you dance?"

"Yes, ma'am; but I wouldn't presume to dance with you."

"Oh! but you must."

Francis Wilmot's head went round, and his body began going round too.

"You dance better than an Englishman, unless he's professional," said her lips, six inches from his own.

"I'm proud to hear you say so, ma'am."

"Don't you know my name, or do you always call women ma'am? It's ever so pretty."

"Sure, I know your name and where you live. I wasn't six yards from you this morning at four o'clock."

"What were you doing there?"

"I kind of thought I'd like to be near you."

Marjorie Ferrar said, as if to herself:

"The prettiest speech I ever heard. Come and have tea with me there tomorrow."

Reversing, side-stepping, doing all he knew, Francis Wilmot said slowly:

"I have to be in Paris, ma'am."

"Don't be afraid; I won't hurt you."

"Maybe I'm not afraid; but I mightn't be as ca'm as you think."

"Well, I shall expect you." And transferring herself again to her mask-faced partner, she looked back at him over her shoulder.

Francis Wilmot wiped his brow. An astonishing experience, another blow to his preconception of a stiff and formal race! If he had not known she was the daughter of a lord, he would have thought her an American. Would she ask him to dance with her again? But she left the lounge without another glance.

A typical young man would have gone to sleep that night with the jauntier importance. But he was not typical. Six months' training for the Air Service in 1918, one visit to New York, and a few trips to Charleston and Savannah, had left him a countryman, with a tradition of good manners, work and simple living. Women, of whom he had known few, were to him worthy of considerable respect. He judged them by his sister, by the friends of his dead mother in Savannah, who were all of a certain age. A Northern lady on the boat had told him that

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Southern girls measured life by the number of men they could attract; she had given him an amusing take-off of a Southern girl. It had been an extreme surprise to this young Southerner. Anne was not like that; certainly she had never had the chance to be, having married at nineteen the first young man who had asked her.

By the morning's post he received Fleur's little letter. "Limit!" Limit of what? He felt indignant. He did not go to Paris, and at four o'clock he was at Wren Street.

In her studio Marjorie Ferrar, clad in a flax-blue overall, was scraping at a picture with a little knife. An hour later he was her slave. Cruft's Dawg Show, the Beefeaters, the Derby—he could not even remember his desire to see them; he only desired to see one English thing—Marjorie Ferrar. He hardly remembered which way the river flowed, and by mere accident walked east instead of west. Her hair, her eyes, her voice! He "sure had fallen for her"! He knew himself for a fool, and did not mind; farther man cannot go. She passed him in a little open car, driving it herself, on her way to a rehearsal. She waved her hand. Blood rushed to his heart and rushed away; he trembled and went pale. And as the car vanished he felt lost, as if in a world of shadows, gray and dreary. Ah! There was "Congress"! Only one spot in London where he could go and talk of Marjorie Ferrar, and that was where she had misbehaved herself! He itched to defend her from the charge of being "the limit." He would be "some boob" coming back there to talk to Fleur of her enemy, but anything was better than not talking of her. And turning into South Square, he rang the bell.

Fleur was in her "parlor," if not precisely eating bread and honey, at least having tea.

"Not in Paris? How nice! Tea?"

"I've had it," said Francis Wilmot, coloring. "I had it with *her*."

Fleur stared.

"Oh!" she said with a laugh. "How interesting! Where did she pick you up?"

Without taking in the implication of the words, Francis Wilmot was conscious of something deadly in them.

"She was at the *thé dansant* at my hotel yesterday. She's a wonderful dancer. I think she's a wonderful person altogether. I'd like to have you tell me what you mean by calling her 'the limit'?"

"I'd like to have you tell me why you've reversed since Wednesday night?"

Francis Wilmot smiled. "You people have been ever so kind to me, and I'd like to have you friends with her again. I'm sure she didn't mean what she said that night."

"Indeed! Did she tell you that?"

"Why, not exactly! She said she didn't mean us to hear them."

"No?"

He looked at her smiling face, conscious, perhaps, of deep water, but youthfully, Americanly, unconscious of serious obstacle to his desire to smooth things out.

"I just hate to think you two are out after each other. Won't you come and meet her at my hotel and shake hands?"

Fleur's eyes moved slowly over him from head to toe.

"You look as if you might have some French blood in you. Have you?"

"Why, my great-grandmother was of French stock."

"Well, I have more. The French, you know, don't forgive easily. And they don't persuade themselves into believing what they want to."

Francis Wilmot rose and spoke with a kind of masterfulness.

"You're going to tell me what you meant in your letter."

"My dear young man. The limit? I hope you don't think she's a typical young Englishwoman! She's a sport!"

Aware that he was being mocked, and mixed in his feelings, Francis Wilmot made for the door.

"Good-by, ma'am," he said. "I guess you'll have no use for me in future."

"Good-by!" said Fleur.

He went out rueful, puzzled, lonelier even than when he went in. He was guideless, with no one to "put him wise." No directness and simplicity in this town. People did not say what they meant; and his goddess—as enigmatic and twisting as the rest! More so—more so—for what did the rest matter?

(To be continued.)

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The Conquest of Mike

BY JOHN W. THOMASON, JR.

Captain, U. S. Marine Corps, U. S. S. *Rochester;* Author of "Fix Bayonets!" etc.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE AUTHOR

THE service record book of Mike Guantanamo, private, U. S. Marine Corps, shows that he joined the guard of the flagship, Caribbean station, when that swanky cruiser put in for her annual small-arms practice. It is further noted that he was born there, under McCalla Hill, where the trades unceasingly flail the blue bay, rimmed around with barren amethystine hills. The first sounds his baby ears heard were the Marine bugles at the Fish Point Barracks, and the first men he saw in his life were the tall leathernecks of the station guard. Other data in his staff returns, duly signed by his proper seniors, give his height as 11 inches at the shoulder; weight, 22 pounds stripped; vision, 20/20 each eye—(noted: can see a bone better than that); religion, Scalawag; next of kin and home address, mother, Bessie, care Sergeant Eisenberg, M. B., N. S., Guantanamo Bay, Cuba. Complexion, black but comely, with four white feet. Filed with the other service records of the flagship's guard.

Reared thus among the bugles, imbibing the air of the profession of arms with his mother's milk, it was perfectly natural that he should follow his destiny down to the sea in the first battle-wagon that came along without a mascot. He took to his flagship billet without a rub. By the time his ship was shaken down for her cruise around the banana ports, Private Mike was as integral a part of her guard as the first sergeant. He knew all the bugle calls. He had his station for all the drills. Fire and Collision—you fall in at the port quarter for that. Abandon Ship—his place was in No. 2 motor launch; and when the high shrill notes of General Quarters went, he was on No. 5 gun crew, and he would cock a wise ear and scud like a black shadow to his own place—present and accounted for, Sir! When full guard and band were called away to the quarterdeck for the reception of distinguished visitors, or to attend the official goings and comings of the admiral, Mike formed up to the left of the left guide, facing the gangway, motionless as a blob of ink on the white planking; until the Captain of Marines rasped out "Pr'-sent—Hupp!" and the starched and shiny khaki ranks snapped up their rifles with one precise sound. Then Mike would elevate his smart slim body on his haunches, and stand as steady as the best of them. Placed so, he caught the eye of admirals and generals and others of the great, and received their compliments with composure.

Private Mike enjoyed the esteem of his own admiral, and had the privileges

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of the admiral's sacred hatch, and the admiral's barge, should he desire to go ashore at other than boat hours. It was, altogether, a good ship for a little dog, and he loved it; but he loved operations ashore best of all. "Away, Landing Force" always found his black head over the gunwale in the Marines' boat, between the automatic rifles. Ashore, he charged along the ramp, yapping excitedly, while the men doubled up from the landing to form on the road, and at "Squads right —March!" he swung smartly from the line of file-closers to his highest pride—a post one pace front and right of the Captain of Marines. This put him front and centre of the column; the Marines led the landing force, and Mike led the Marines. Occasionally he would drop back and leap at the captain's hand, just to assure his officer that everything was going well; it was plain that he felt his honors and responsibilities. Balboa, where the flagship lived at a buoy by the cross-roads of the world while not engaged in government business up and down the sea, knew Mike well and learned to look for him when the flagship's people came ashore. . . . A fine, taut little dog, elegant and ebony, his tail cocked at a three-quarter curve over his stern, leading three hundred sailors and Marines . . .

It is pleasant to relate that his conduct was for the most part exemplary—as was the guard's—under the hand of that large, jovial, and competent officer, Captain Steve Blade. Mike's book showed only one offence, a regrettable A. O. L., for which his commanding officer awarded him a week's solitary on dry bones and water. It was well known that a low Costa Rican slut from Port Limón was to blame; King David also fell. Nor did Mike sulk under punishment; discipline must be maintained, and his captain knew just where to tickle a little dog's ears, and when one can be tickled without loss of dignity. Mike was convinced that Captain Steve was a god, greater even than the big first sergeant.

But in the fulness of time Captain Steve Blade accomplished his sea duty, and his relief reported aboard. Mike heard the Marines discussing it in No. 7 gun compartment. . . . "Yeah—a tall, skinny captain. Came off in the 6.20 boat. His name—exec.'s writer told me his name—whatinell was that name? ——" "Anybody know him? What's he done?" "Bozo, he says he's heard of him —very diff'rent from Cap'n Steve, he is . . ." "You said it! They're all diff'rent from Cap'n Steve!— What was it Bozo heard? . . ." Such matters are always of uneasy interest to the files, and Mike, his beady eyes going from face to face, sensed the uneasiness and was troubled. The curl went out of his tail, and he turned in early that night.

Next day was Saturday—commanding officer's inspection. Mike stood this ceremony on the gun deck, with his bunkie, the police sergeant. When the gold and white of the naval uniforms went by, there was a new officer in khaki with Cap'n Steve—the new Captain of Marines. Mike was brought up to be introduced, and surrendered his paw without enthusiasm. He was sure he would not like this fellow. He listened attentively to the talk of transfers that went around later. (There's always such talk.) In the afternoon, Captain Steve Blade's non-commissioned officers rowed him ashore in the whaleboat, and Mike never saw him again.

Now, an outfit takes its tone from its officers. Napoleon said once: "There are no bad regiments. There are only bad colonels." Given proper recruit-training and decent non-coms, an organization will hang together and function after a fashion, but the officer transmits or kills the delicate thing called morale, that makes all the difference between a good outfit and a bad one. The new captain understood this as well as any man. He had taken over a splendid weapon, this guard: 103 marines, 80 rifles, 2 machine guns, and the 37-millimetre gun for landing force; it was an organization proved and competent and regarded with schooled respect by more than one frustrated Latin-American *junta*. He set himself diligently to learn it in all its parts, and to get the confidence of his people. The way to do that is to know your job—all your job—everything about it. The guard was quick to realize that, while this bird lacked the expansive personality of Cap'n Steve, he knew his stuff. He didn't talk much, but what he said meant something. And he

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did things. The guard conceded, somewhat grudgingly, that they were getting on about as well as ever. All except Mike, who was not consoled. When the new captain—who liked little dogs, in moderation—whistled to him one morning and would have fraternized, Mike affected not his tail at half-mast. Such a thing had never been seen before; the files stretched their necks at it, and the squads wavered all ways at once, so that the commander, landing force, a three-striper and a violent man, sent an orderly to the Captain of Marines: "Sir, the Commander's com-

Mike would elevate his smart slim body on his haunches, and stand as steady as the best of them.—Page 17.

to hear, and retired under the overhang of the after turret, where he would not be subjected to the indignity of caresses. The guard, standing in ranks for Quarters, observed. The snub was utter and direct. Mike would have none of him. Dragged out by a scandalized sergeant, his manner plainly said that he would carry on if he had to—but as to permitting any familiarities, he'd see that captain in hell first.

The situation was more distressing when the landing force went ashore for drill. Private Mike, openly insubordinate, hid under the 3-inch field-piece. He was carried over the side, regretting the day that he was born, and when the line swung into column and took the road, Mike was in the line of file-closers, with

pliments, and the Commander says what in hell is the matter with the dress of the first company?" Things were not so good, and continued so. "Yuh take a dawg, a dawg's got an instinct about things," said the croaker of the guard darkly. "Yuh know, Bozo said he heard somethin' about this——"

One morning, about the start of the rainy season, the flagship lay at her buoy by the cross-roads of the world, and the hard-driven deck divisions, having scrubbed down with sand, were clearing for muster. The brightwork winked in the sun, and the colors blew out in a little wind from the open sea. The admiral took the air on his quarterdeck, his satellites

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around him. The ship hummed with ordered activity. Into this came a radio —and by some mysterious underground, all hands and the bluejackets' cat, Nig, knew its contents almost before the marine orderly was out of the flag office with it. There were bugles, and yeomen dashed around in all directions, colliding violently with the commander's, the captain's, and the admiral's marine messengers. The engineer officer, who had been having a quiet pipe aft, scuttled below to his engines. The fat paymaster bawled for a boat and hustled ashore with a working party to lay in ice and things. The admiral's barge foamed out with such of the staff as slept ashore. In their compartment, the marines scoured rifles already speckless, and certain enthusiasts sharpened their bayonets with a file stolen from the armory. The gunnery sergeant overhauled his ordnance, and the property sergeant struck up field equipment. The commander and his heads of department held conferences all over the place, and the ensigns of the landing force feverishly refreshed their minds from the Army Training Manual.

Three hundred miles north, at Puerto Dios, a nervous consul, having sent frantic radios to everybody he could think of, called on God, wished poignantly that he had taken up the ministry instead of the consular profession, and turned again to his charts and mileage tables, sweating profusely all over the consular stationery. For General Sangrado was coming down from the mountains—General Sangrado, the liberator, with the Army of Liberation, its appetite whetted with the loot of the capital. The general's manifestoes sped before him like leaves before the gale. Several of these interesting documents lay on the consul's desk, flung there by certain heads of government, who had come with lamentable cries to take refuge in the consul's cellar, and firmly refused to take refuge anywhere else. Like Themistocles, or whoever it was, they said, they sought sanctuary under the ægis of the great Republic of the North. The consul re-read a manifesto in which General Sangrado described himself as the Scourge of God, and mentioned particularly his methods with the corrupt and unspeakable minions of envious foreign nations, who polluted the sacred soil of the motherland by their robberies, and shielded traitors from justice. It was, the consul reflected, especially unfortunate that the Captain-General, Angel Beaucrucis, whose federal army had been driven out of the capital, was at that minute hiding on the premises. The Captain-General's federal army was also in town, assuaging its bruised honor with the rum of the country, having, as General Sangrado so strikingly put it, been scattered in ignoble confusion, like buzzards when the eagle of the mountain swoops. This did not help. To cap it all, the consular doors were continually bursting open to admit emphatic creatures of the Fruit Company, who told the consul that something must be done: get the United States fleet down here. If not, letters will be written to Washington. And talked a lot of wash about supine and incompetent political job-holders.

"Job-holders!" reflected the consul bitterly. Anybody could have his job for two cents Mex. This was the third time the country had been liberated in a year and a half. You got tired of it. The last time, an elegant parlor piece he'd brought down from Iowa—stuffed scarlet tanagers, under glass—had been quite ruined by a stray bullet. And the time before that, a liberator had run off with the consul's pigskin puttees and portable typewriter. The consul calculated, for the fourth time, the sea miles from Balboa to Puerto Dios.

Meanwhile, the flagship was standing out to sea. The chief had lit off every can; the black gang was set for watch and watch. All the hands whose duties permitted were gathered on the fo'c'stle, Mike, emerged from his *cafard*, among them, where the ship's singer, his brown throat bare, sang a song he'd made to the tune of "Spanish Ladies":

"Farewell and adieu to you, Panama mamas—
Farewell and adieu to you, Balboa janes——"

"Expedite," the radio said. Good enough; the old flagship had exceeded her designed speed in her first fight, when she expedited to get a shot at Cervera, the time that valiant man of Spain came out of Santiago to be sunk. And now her veteran engines again dug up extra knots—ten—twelve—even to nineteen she mounted; then settled to a steady eighteen knots

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From a drawing by John W. Thomason, Jr.

He picked up the Springfield and emptied the magazine, squeezing off every shot.—Page 24.

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and held on with a white bone in her teeth across the blue sea, so that her mud-hook rumbled down off Puerto Dios just after midnight some twenty hours later. The town was, for the most part, dark; nothing seemed to be afire. The Fruit Company's radio had communicated that General Sangrado planned to attack the next morning; he was bivouacking at the foot of the hills, inland. The consul, who came off in a shore-boat and climbed the sea-ladder like a cat, confirmed all this and said he thanked God for the Navy. The landing force embarked and went ashore, to get between the liberator and the town.

Puerto Dios is on a point, very pretty as you come in from sea—low red roofs and pastel-tinted walls, seen through the palms, and a sea-wall the *Conquistadores* built, where white surf makes eternal agitation. The railroad to the capital follows the old *Camino Real*, passing inland behind a ridge that starts out of town and angles away from the sea. This country beyond the ridge is covered with palmetto scrub; the Fruit Company's limitless plantations run the other way, up the coast. The landing force, five companies and the artillery section, felt its way through the dark to the beginning of the ridge, and filed along it to position, its right on the road, and the Marines extending the left.

It is not easy to take position at night on a terrain you have never seen, guided by a doubtful map and a Jamaican consular clerk who fancied that General Sangrado was twelve feet high and ate nigger babies. The landing force swore as spiny plants pricked their knees and mosquitoes got home on their hot necks, but they took up their ground. Inland from the ridge they could see a great many twinkling lights; the Jamaican said these were the campfires of the Army of Liberation. The Marines, who had the best view, watched them hopefully. "Reckon those birds'll fight?——" "Well, if they don't find out it's us, they may give us a shot . . . no such luck, though." "Aw, they might—at ten to one, if they thought we had our pants down—but they don't fight—" "Well, how come the captain is rammin' us around in the dark, this away—why don't we wait?" "Shucks! he never fought anybody but the Germans and people like that. This war's diff'-runt . . ." "Pipe down, you animals—" "Automatic rifles—Aye, aye, Sir!" "Mike's up forward—Sergeant Hughes is carryin' him——"

As well as he could in the dark, the captain sited his line and noted that the lights over yonder were going out. Nearly dawn; stars were getting pale; the air was gray with dawn. As the country revealed itself, he was concerned about his left—"No such luck as their fightin'—but in case they do—mustn't miss a chance . . . have to get my flank on something . . . Consul says this Sangrado has a very smart German—ex-officer—with him . . . That scrub forward—that's the way they'll come, if there's one savvy soldier among 'em—not by the road—Corporal Snair! take your squad and cover the front of the company—extend a little past my left—go a hundred yards or so from the foot of the ridge and see if anything's comin'. If they do come along, fall back on me, keepin' contact. If they are too close, file around the left—I'll watch for you. And report back!" Himself, he took his bugler, and went along the ridge beyond the flank.

The light was strengthening; the sky glowed like an opal. The captain ran over his orders as he walked: "This is not punitive: it's entirely to maintain peace and protect lives and property in Puerto Dios. You are not to fire unless fired on, and then only in self-defence. You will not advance beyond this ridge. We are not taking sides with anybody—they can fight all they want to outside of Puerto Dios, but they can't fight there!" "Huh! Liable to run on us here, unbeknown-like, and somebody will get hurt. Nice position, though— Hi! Music, is that a ravine yonder?"

It was a ravine, starting near the top of the ridge and cutting back toward the sea. "Rest my flank on that—Music! beat it back to the gunnery sergeant and tell him to bring his guns up here—on the double! Then tell Mr. Godby to extend the infantry platoon until he connects with me—" The music galloped off, and the captain lit a cigarette and studied the lie of the land.

Down in the palmetto scrub, at the foot of the ridge, he heard movement. That would be the left-flank man; he started

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. . . a fussed and perspiring Scourge of God came in under a white flag as big as a table-cloth. . . .—Page 25.

down toward it. Then there was a lot of movement—several men—"Corporal must have met somethin'. That's a whole squad—filin' left—" There was a high Latin shout, and a shot—a Mauser! A spatter of shots, and the unmistakable answer of a Springfield. More shooting: a dog—Mike, surely—barked. The captain ran toward it, his pistol out. German fellow had his points forward, like a sensible man. The captain came upon a marine, behind a palmetto; the man, his shoulder against the trunk, was striving desperately to straighten his sagging knees and get his rifle up—you could see his back-muscles strain, and there was a bright stain, widening, on his shirt. As the captain reached him, his knees gave way, and he dived on his face. Ahead the scrub cleared a little, and, beyond.

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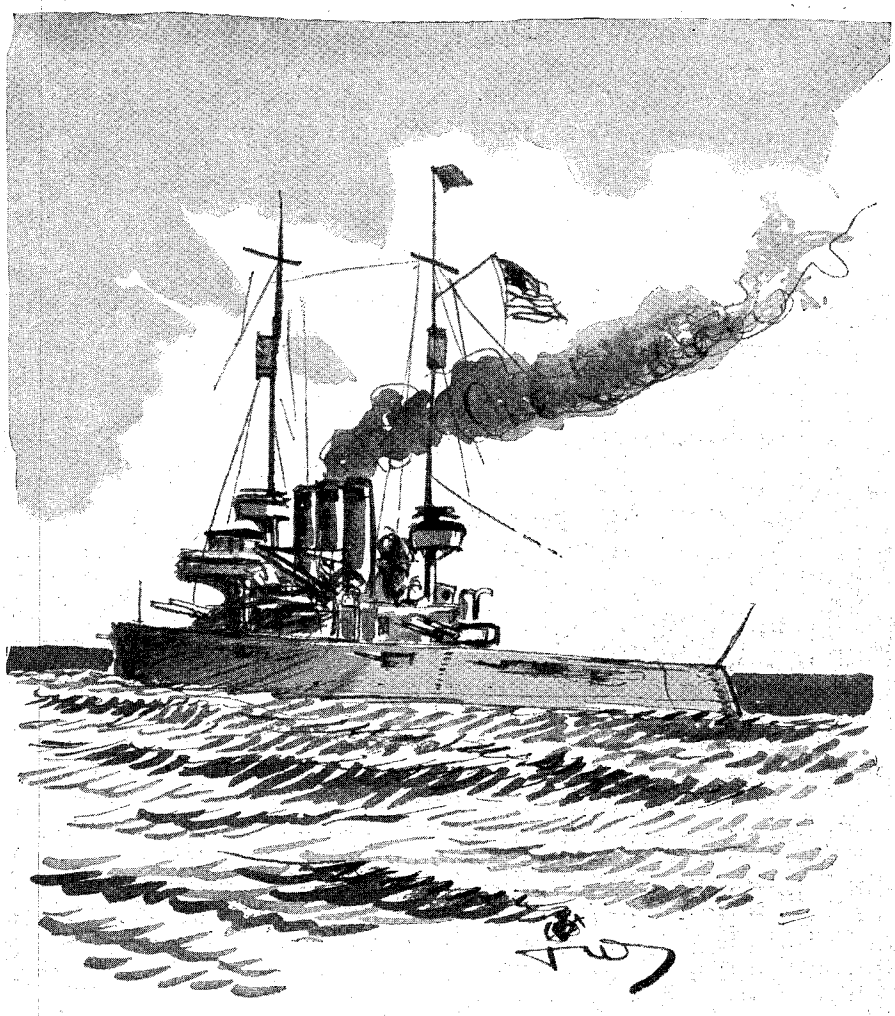

The flagship lying off, all her guns trained out. . . .—Page 25.

straw sombreros bobbed among the fronds, and rifles flashed; the tang of smokeless powder caught your nose. The captain considered that he could not be sure with his gat. He returned it, picked up the Springfield, and emptied the magazine, squeezing off every shot. There were screams and a groan, and a receding trampling. He was aware of Private Mike, his four legs planted, his little black face quite furious. Laboring—it is no light matter for a 150-pound man to get another, quite as heavy, on his back and walk up hill—he hauled his marine across his shoulders some way, caught up the rifle, and started back. It was not pleasant. A great many rifles seemed to be attending him, and he couldn't run. But the palmetto was some cover, and he noted with satisfaction that none of the shots came from this side of the place where a man still screamed in a curious choked voice. "Damn it, in a war I'd get a Medal of Honor for this. Now nobody will see me, and if they did, it ain't a war, anyhow!" He reached the shelter of the crest, eased his man down, and felt with practised fingers. "Raked his lungs—high. Hell! The bird's dead!" He looked anxiously toward the centre—out farther

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than he thought—there they were, coming on the run. "Here you are, sergeant! Get into battery right here. Lay number one on that road, and number two—about eleven o'clock—range 250——"

The naval officer commanding came now, on the skyline with a commandeered horse. "What force they got? Get anybody? Can't see a thing from the right!——"

"Quite a few in the scrub, Sir. Got one of my outposts. Mind yourself, Sir—shooting at you——"

"Mind, yourself! They shoot first? Go on—rake out that scrub a little—got to attract their attention . . ." And the heavy Brownings came into action——

The rest was without incident. The German fellow knew at once it wasn't the federals, and bade good-by to the Minister of War's portfolio that he had counted on. Presently a fussed and perspiring Scourge of God came in under a white flag as big as a table-cloth to get his instructions. He protested, at length and with tears; but from the ridge he saw the flagship lying off, all her guns trained out; and three hundred bluejackets and Marines watched him with wistful faces, like a cat looks at a canary bird. So he agreed to take his war up another alley. And that was that.

The captain sat on a rock among his Marines to watch the Army of Liberation file off toward the hills, and a damp, velvety muzzle came poking into his hand. Later, all things having been made peaceful, the landing force took the seaward road. Up forward the Marines stepped out, heads up, shoulders back, and pieces dressed, with just the touch of swank a crack flagship guard ought to show; and a whisper passed down from the front: "Say—say—d'yuh see it? Private Mike's back on his own station again!" Nobody stretched a neck to see—that wasn't discipline, but the company wise-guy in the last squad said, out of the corner of his mouth: "What did I tell you? Dawgs has instincts about these things. And Bozo, he knew the skipper before. He said, this skipper Jack—" "Silence in ranks, you!"

Puerto Dios observed, leading the column, a little black dog—an elegant, ebony little dog, with his head high and his tail curled in an arrogant three-quarter circle over his stern, who now and then dropped back to jump at his captain's hand.

Fear Not Love

BY LEONARD CLINE

WERE they vain that roof and door,
Tower and temple built their town
Laughing, vaunting neither war,
Flood nor fire should cast it down?
Though time strew their stones again
That was Babylon. Were they vain?

And they two that flower and stem
Growing, vowing law nor creed,
God nor prince should sunder them:
Though time sunder them indeed
Were they frustrate? They that are
Héloise and Abélard.

Fear not love and fail not strive.
Icarus even is alive.

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An outdoor pageant at Mount Holyoke College.

Playboys of the College World

BY FREDERICK P. KEPPEL
President of the Carnegie Corporation of New York

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS

TO one who spent many years in rather close contact with American colleges and American undergraduates, and who has now returned to these contacts after a lapse of seven years, the outstanding change between that day and this is the greatly increased interest on the part of the students in all matters which have to do with the arts. Although the advance in collegiate music is impressive, the situation is even more striking with reference to the drama.

The march has been so rapid that if I were to describe things as they were in the old days, say fifteen years ago, the average undergraduate of to-day would hardly believe it. I don't mean that there was no acting; of course there was, and some of it very good, but the typical play was fourth-rate rubbish, the stage accessories and the lighting were of the crudest, and no one seemed to mind. The actors knew no better, and it made no difference to the handful of their fellow students who formed the "house." Altogether, dramatics was a very minor sport indeed. To-day, in almost every college, from Portland to Portland, dramatics is distinctly a major sport. The students have the highest standards as to the literary and dramatic value of the plays they present, and their interest is not confined to acting itself, but includes writing for the stage and the direction of performances and goes deeply into questions of stage setting, lighting, and costuming. Indeed, it is the only undergraduate activity which can compete with athletics. The dramatic clubs are usually limited in numbers, with

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long waiting lists; but the student body at large is interested, and items of stage lore are taking their place with athletic dope in undergraduate conversation.

Just what has happened to bring about this change? For the past three or four years the drama has been epidemic and no one can say how a new victim catches the fever. But if we go back to the comparatively recent past of, say, six years ago, we can nearly always trace the infection in any particular college to some enthusiastic junior in the department of English, usually one who had come under the influence of George Baker at Harvard and who either woke up a dormant dramatic society or, more likely, built up a new one out of his own classes, or hers. Though the innovator's interest was normally in plays and acting, there is an interesting case where an enthusiast for the establishment of a standard English speech was the initiator of a strong acting tradition in a State university. These pioneers had to combat faculty inertia, on the one hand, and the student fear of being thought highbrow, on the other. But they had the real apostolic spirit, and they succeeded beyond all expectations.

This advance in college dramatics has been intertwined with the nation-wide Little Theatre movement. The undergraduate movement is by no means a mere offshoot of the other; on the whole, the influence runs rather the other way, particularly if one includes as college work such professional opportunities as Professor Baker offered at Harvard and Mr. Stevens and his associates have given at the Carnegie Institute of Technology. The direction of the non-academic Little Theatres is largely in the hands of college men and women—eleven Oberlin graduates, for example, hold such positions—and the players and audiences are drawn largely from college alumni.

Although the stage tradition is oldest in the men's colleges and the women's, these have been outstripped by the co-educational institutions, which we provincials on the Atlantic seaboard are prone to forget outnumber the separate institutions by 332 to 199, more than a third of the latter being Roman Catholic colleges. In other words, it is in the State and municipal universities and in the evangelical colleges which have grown up throughout the Middle West during the last century that college dramatics has taken the strongest hold. Most of their students come to these fresh-water institutions without ever having seen anything in the spoken drama better than their own high school play. Nevertheless, an astonishing number of them turn out to be excellent material. I am told that the first thing to be done is to eradicate almost wholly what they conceive to be acting, from what they have seen in the moving picture theatres. They all overact, because they have no realization of the differences between the necessities of the spoken and of the unspoken drama. In spite of all this, those who have taught on both sides of the Alleghanies say that there is a certain freshness and enthusiasm in the Middle Western youngster which more than counterbalances the greater sophistication of the Easterner. In the rapid spread of its influence, the stage seems to have broken down pretty thoroughly all the barriers of denominational and other restrictions. In the very colleges which used to avoid the immorality of the stage by teaching Shakespeare as literature (though they didn't try to teach music by a silent reading of the score), wings have now sprouted from the chapel platform. Perhaps there has been no such partnership between the church and stage since the Middle Ages.

Not so long ago, nothing was more local in its influence than a college play. Today the performances at Iowa City and Berkeley, at Cornell and at Chapel Hill, and a score of other places, are news in New York. Hillsdale College, in Michigan, and Ottawa University, in Kansas, can hardly be included among our more prominent institutions of learning; yet what they do in the drama is duly recorded in the serious theatre magazines. If you turn over the advertising pages of *The Theatre Arts Magazine*, you can learn that Stanford and Iowa and Northwestern are paying cash to tell you about their courses in the drama.

What do the students play? Perhaps the best way to answer the question is to record a few of the last year's actual offer-

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ings. The Cornell Dramatic Club, for example, put on thirty-two plays, usually giving two and three performances of each, and including the first performance in English, of a comedy by Cervantes, a mediæval farce, the third performance, in English, of a Jacques Copeau play, and

The University of Iowa presentation of "The School for Scandal."

examples of Sudermann, Anatole France, Drinkwater, and, nearer home, Booth Tarkington and Eugene O'Neill.

At Grinnell College, in Iowa, last year's bill included, in addition to notable one-acts by Synge, Lady Gregory, and Lewis Beach, "Romeo and Juliet," Shaw's "Arms and the Man," Rostand's "Les Romanesques," Barry's "You and I," Michael Arlen's "Ace of Thirteens," Henry Arthur Jones's "The Goal," and an original All College Revue.

At Iowa, a dozen long plays are staged, together with a number of one-act plays. Here is the list of the former: Flavin's "Children of the Moon," Barrie's "Alice-Sit-by-the-Fire," Shaw's "The Devil's Disciple," Mowatt's "Fashion," Kaufman and Connelly's "Beggar on Horseback," Galsworthy's "The Silver Box," Shakespeare's "A Midsummer Night's Dream," Jesse Lynch Williams's "Why Not?" Carel Kapek's "R-U-R," Lewis Beach's "The Goose Hangs High," Euripides's "Iphigenia in Tauris," Dekker's "The Shoemaker's Holiday."

In their six years' career, the Penn State Players have presented twenty-nine long plays and ninety-seven one-act plays; a normal school in Missouri has put on six different plays by Shakespeare in as many years.

By increasing somewhat the list of colleges, we can add Sophocles to Euripides, Marlowe and Beaumont and Fletcher, Molière and Lope de Vega, to Shakespeare. From the stage of the eighteenth century we can add Schiller and Sheridan, and from the modern London stage, Pinero, Milne, Synge, and Dunsany. From the continental, Ibsen, Tchekov and Andreyev, Brieux, Molnar and Pirandello—"and a great many more of lesser degree, in sooth a goodly company." I won't retail the American playwrights, but I can testify that the students prefer the works of men and women that deserve and receive success on the professional stage to the offerings of the "literary" theatre.

A most interesting and significant element in the whole movement is what has already become the tradition in certain institutions, namely, to encourage original plays written by students and with local settings. These "folk plays," as they are usually called, include not only one-act pieces but full-size dramas. The Univer-

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sity of North Dakota gives plays of this character, dealing with pioneer life, in its open air theatre, formed by an ox-bow in the small river that runs through Grand Forks. Since their professor of dramatics, Frederick Koch, migrated from North Dakota to North Carolina, the university at Chapel Hill has put on a number of plays, written and performed by students, and some of them of extraordinary merit, dealing with present-day mountain life or with local historical traditions. Georgia and South Carolina have followed their northern neighbor, and one of Professor Koch's pupils has carried the idea to the State University of Wyoming and thence to Arizona, thereby adding two new centres of local tradition, that of the Rockies and that of the Southwest border. The movement has been vital enough to impel two Chinese undergraduates in American colleges to write folk plays of their own land, and one of these has been deemed worthy of publication in full in "The Golden Book." Sometimes the director takes a hand and adapts some ancient

Wilbur Stout as Jake in his own play, "Dogwood Bushes," a country comedy of North Carolina, written for The Carolina Playmakers.

Frances Gray as Lilly Robinson in "Fixin's," the tragedy of a tenant-farm woman, by Erma and Paul Green, written for The Carolina Playmakers.

legend for the college stage—Mrs. Flanagan of Grinnell has recently put on two pantomimes of this character, one Egyptian and one Hindu.

It may be observed that the plays given by the college students for college audiences are as a whole distinctly not on what an Englishman would call the jolly side—perhaps because, as one of the college directors has pointed out, undergraduates are happy enough to love tragedy. On the other hand, the comic muse has a fair share of offerings, and the students and their teachers don't hesitate to turn from the classics to George Cohan, or to a home brew of what is perhaps the most characteristic dramatic form we have developed in America, our topical revue.

Oberlin was one of the first co-educational colleges to take up work in the drama, and its organization may be taken as typical. Dramatic activities are under the direction of one of the professors of English. The club is strictly limited in

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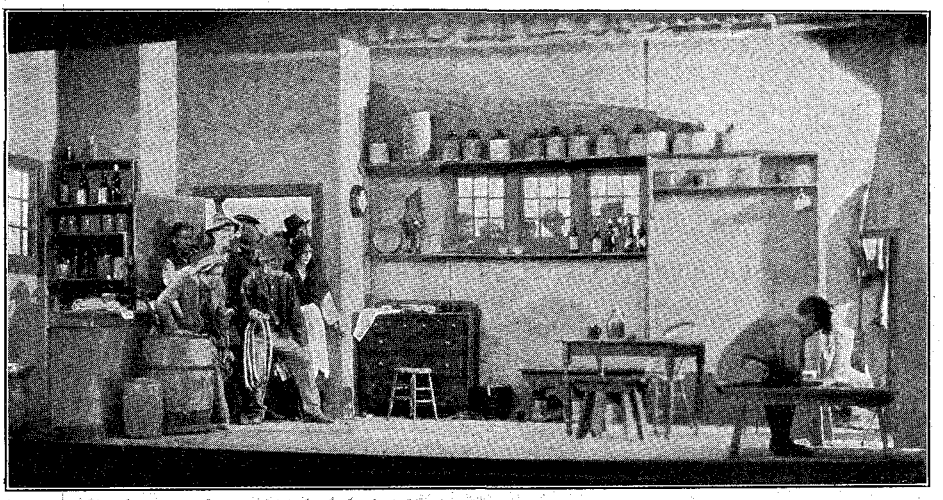
number to one hundred, and is divided into ten producing groups. A play is rehearsed by a group and is first performed before the club at large and criticised by the members. If it survives, it is given before the college, and finally goes farther afield—for the Oberlin actors, like many others, spend their Christmas and spring holidays on the road, their trips ranging from Chicago on the west to New York and Washington on the east. At Oberlin, as elsewhere, there is little or no outside help. The boys build the platform which enlarges the chapel stage. They look after the electrical work and plan and build the scenery, while the girls design and make the costumes. As an example of student co-operation in another college, the book and lyrics of a revue, in which the scenes are laid on the local campus, were written by the students of the English department; the music was "adapted" by students in that department; physical education students put on the dances, and those in art designed and painted the scenery and co-operated with domestic science students in providing the costumes. As a result, fully a third of the student body took some active part in the production.



J. M. Synge's "The Playboy of the Western World" as presented by Cornell University.

Next to its rapid growth, I have been most struck by the variety of the manifestations of this new student interest. It can't be pigeonholed as amateur, for Professor Baker's work at Harvard and his work to come at Yale are professional in spirit, as is that at Carnegie Tech. Furthermore, a college actor who takes up high school teaching to-day will find his stage experience to be a very definite vocational asset, because the interest in dramatics in the high schools is second only to that in the colleges. I am told, by the way, that the recent bachelors of arts who have become professional actors or playwrights far outnumber those who have devoted themselves to poetry or painting or music or any other of the arts, with the possible and understandable exception of architecture.

In a few places, stage work counts for a professional degree. In many others it may be offered toward the bachelor's degree, sometimes as a major; in still others the only reward is the fun of the game. Personally, I think these last are the most fortunate, though I fear the student wouldn't agree with me; because to do the thing for the fun of it is of the essence of the whole movement.

There is no blighting uniformity of eligibility rules. As Walter Prichard Eaton has pointed out, in the theatre your amateur standing isn't determined by whether you play summer baseball for money or sell golf clubs for John Wanamaker. The students living at International House, for example, who come from seventy-one countries and who

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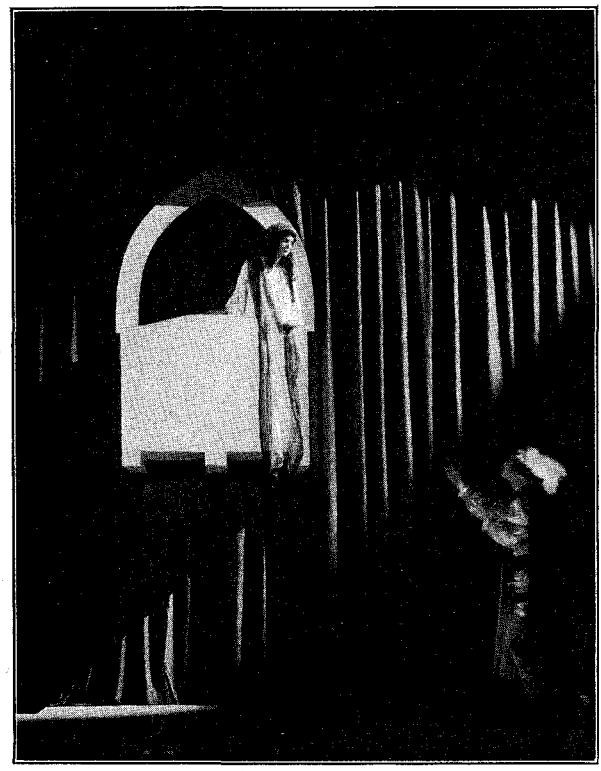
attend forty-three different institutions in and about New York, have their dramatic organization and put on their own plays. Last year they gave a remarkable performance of Drinkwater's "Lincoln."

In the men's colleges the players are beginning to avoid the artificiality of masquerading the women's parts in serious modern plays by calling in faculty wives and daughters. The separate women's colleges haven't yet made the corresponding gesture, but perhaps they will before long. The semi-detached ones are working upon an exchange basis—Radcliffe with Harvard, for example. In the Washington Square Players, of New York University, and in other groups, no line is drawn between undergraduates and alumni. At Evanston, the local Little Theatre and the student club of Northwestern University are closely interrelated, and there is a similar situation at Columbia, South Carolina. Even the faculty is welcome, a department head at the University of Illinois having recently challenged the laurels of Cyril Maude by his performance of Grumpy.



"Romeo and Juliet," given by Grinnell College.

After all, athletics and dramatics are branches of the same trunk. No human instinct is more deeply rooted than that for play, and this instinct, of which the first manifestations for young men and maidens was probably the dance, has from time immemorial tended to swing in one direction toward feats of physical prowess, and in another toward pageantry and the drama. Under the Puritan tradition which so deeply colored the early life of our colleges, physical sport did not happen to be specifically denounced as sin, and it came in time to be tolerated and then to grow into what we now find. The drama, on the other hand, though quite as normal an outgrowth of the play instinct, had to await a breakdown of the intolerances of the Puritan tradition. I don't mean that the breakdown is complete, there is plenty of evidence to the contrary, but within very recent years it has gone sufficiently far to give the drama its chance.

The fact that every sizable university and college has a stadium or is planning to erect one, points, whether we like it or no, to that permanence which comes with vested interests. The corresponding investment in facilities and equipment, though negligible as compared with that for athletics, is large enough to provide insurance, if insurance be needed, against our waking up some morning to find that college dramatics had disappeared overnight, like Mah-Jongg or the cross-word puzzle. I am not referring to the equipment for the professional study of the stage, such as that at the Carnegie schools, or that now being created at Yale, at the Chicago Art Institute, and at Rochester, where the Eastman School of Music has recently added dramatic action to its programme. Nor have I in mind the great

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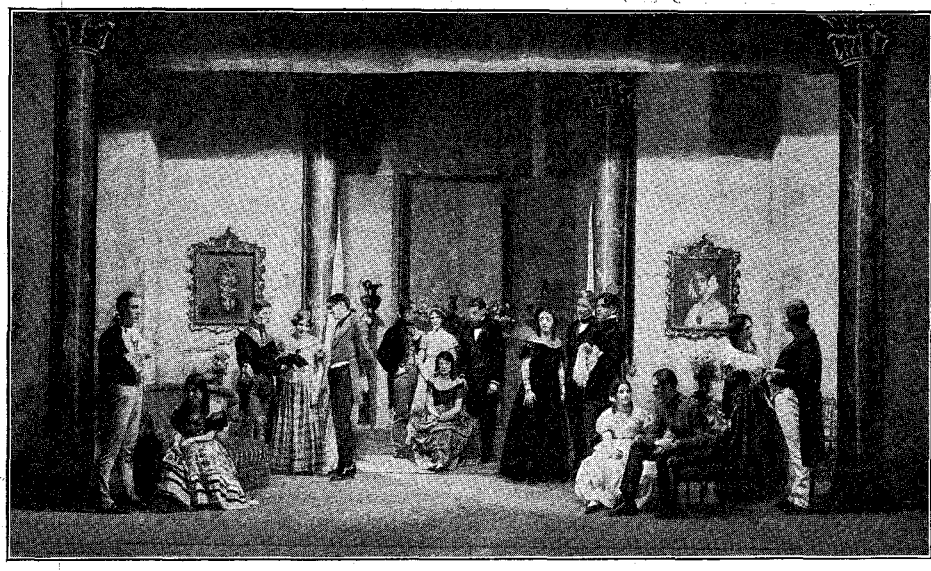
places of assembly like the Greek Theatre at Berkeley, for their use by the students is incidental. I am thinking, rather, of the rapidly increasing number of well appointed collegiate theatres, of which that at Dartmouth may be taken as typical of a building constructed for the purpose, and those at the University of Colorado and the University of North Carolina as adaptations of older buildings. A new theatre is being erected at Brown for the Komians, and on the campus at Iowa the



"Fashion," presented by the Carnegie Institute of Technology.

State is erecting a laboratory theatre admirably equipped, with an auditorium for six hundred people. In addition, the colleges are rapidly accumulating valuable collections of sets and other equipment, most of it home-made. That at Oberlin, for example, is valued at $10,000.

If, however, the development of dramatics has followed that of her elder sister in certain ways, it has broken sharply away in others. Thus far she has escaped the rigidity and conformity, I almost said the old-maidishness, of her senior. May she ever be free from it! In athletics, the country over, every one must do the same thing at the same time under the same rules, often without rhyme or reason. I have seen, for example, the University of Virginia playing football when it was too hot for the men to wear stockings.

The college theatre, on the other hand, embraces all types—professional, vocational, with or without faculty or outsiders. The Californians take advantage of their climate and give outdoor pageants. The success of the folk plays depends, obviously, on devotion to the *genius loci*.

Even more striking is the difference in attitude toward the world outside the college walls. In athletics, this world is counted on to fill the stadium and its youth to provide husky freshmen, and that is about all. The occasions are very rare where such interest as a college may take in the development of school or community sport cannot clearly be recognized as a recruiting move. Nothing could be more different than the situation in the drama. The students really want to help the work in the schools and to co-operate with that in the communities. They lend them props and other equipment with the greatest generosity. They give performances where there is not the slightest chance of meeting expenses. They don't hesitate to act in one-room schoolhouses lit by gasoline lamps. Here again, as might be expected, the missionary spirit is particularly strong in the institutions which emphasize the student folk-play. The Carolina Playmakers, for example,

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show their plays in three States, having given performances last year in twenty-nine different schoolhouses and town halls. The hill towns have no theatres, but they furnish the most critical audience possible for this folk drama.

The partial rising of the cloud of intolerance and the nation-wide revival of interest which the drama shares with all the arts, plus the influence of a few inspiring leaders—these are enough to explain the new impulse in college dramatics. But are they enough to account for the extraordinary hit which the drama has made? May there have developed inside the life of the present-day college some elements which make its advent peculiarly welcome? I have consulted several of the play directors and teachers of the drama about this, but they weren't greatly interested. Being enthusiasts, they see no reason to seek for other causes than the virtues of the drama itself. I may, however, set forth four suggestions as to possible internal influences—confessing that I think most highly of the last two (which are my own).

Some one has made the interesting suggestion that the current cult for selling one's personality may have something to do with the boom in dramatics. Certainly, students to-day hear a great deal of the value of college life as a laboratory of social adjustments and a preparation for the mastery of one's fellow man—in a word, for "putting things over"—far more than they hear of the benefits which will accrue from what we used to call a sound education. And they may well be forgiven if they place too high an emphasis on these qualities, not only for profitable business careers, but for the advancement of education and politics and religion. How far a student who comes to college full of these ideas of salesmanship of self, or who picks them up after he arrives, deliberately selects the college stage to give him poise, to learn to stand or sit without fidgeting or sprawling, to accustom himself to the sound of his own voice if not of his own words, I don't know. I do remember an awkward and tongue-tied student of my own who told me later on that he had in cold blood forced his way into college dramatics for these reasons, and who, I may add, became a good actor and is now a good professor. On the other hand, the coaches of to-day question whether this is often a conscious influence on the part of the students who take up dramatics; one of them goes so far as to say it never is.

A reader of recent fiction dealing with the life of American undergraduates may well wonder whether the theatre has profited by the absorption of the students in questions dealing with the emotional relation between the sexes, which is set forth in such detail in these novels. How far the student turns to the stage as dealing with matters which he and his friends are constantly discussing, either for further enlightenment or as a sort of safety-valve, I leave for more competent persons to determine. Here again the teacher of dramatics is inclined to regard the factor as unimportant.

The first of my own theories is that, the whole movement being so young, teachers and coaches have not had time to lose their own enthusiasms and become cut-and-dried; and to this extent they have an advantage in the unrelenting contest for student patronage which goes on silently behind the façade in our republics of arts and sciences. These teachers of dramatics haven't lost faith in the doctrine that the normal youth really enjoys working with his head as well as with his legs, provided in each case he regards the work as worth while. The actual mental labor which many a student active in dramatics must undergo to learn three or even four major parts a year would, if he were willing to apply it to their courses, perhaps astonish as many professors who have lost, or perhaps never possessed, the art of tapping these sources of student energy.

Finally, I think that in more cases than either undergraduates or teachers recognize, the students who go in for dramatics are unconsciously seeking an escape from the trivialities of the complicated and highly artificial life they have built up for themselves. The war gave the men students a chance to break away from the conventionalized pattern, but it was a chance from which they failed to profit, and nowadays, when it is as much the thing for the girls to go to college as for the boys, with almost the same disregard for

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intellectual qualifications, their community life is also becoming rapidly overloaded. In the days of youth real living is imaginative living, and, somehow, these young people have succeeded in building up for themselves a singularly unimaginative existence.

A part in a good play must seem much more real than the monotonous succession of the college days. Such a day for a boy begins, let us say, by skimming the college paper in chapel. Broken somewhat by two or three classes and desultory preparation therefor, and perhaps by some compulsory exercise, it continues with a round of chores for some "activity" or for the fraternity, with watching other students perform and cheering them to order. Sometimes there will be a "pep meeting" in addition. The evening's entertainment will be a movie, a dance, or poker party. Even worse than the banality of the life itself is the interminable discussion as to its details that goes on during meals and at other times.

The athletes are free while they are actually performing, and the few who are real students have a more permanent way of escape. But isn't many a boy, of the great majority who are neither varsity material nor natural-born students, caught in this squirrel cage of trivialities, unconsciously bored with it all and groping for something to give a real fillip to existence, likely to find that for him "the play's the thing"? And isn't many a girl, for somewhat different but equally cogent reasons, likely to feel so too?

Personages

BY FLORENCE WILKINSON

I'm but a poor road-mender with my spade;
At noon my jug by a rock's thankful shade;
I tend my job; of no man I'm afraid.

The thunder of *Their* chariots breaks the crust
Of the hard coach road. White cocoons of dust
Hide the cavorting horses. Heavy hoofs
Pound in a pattern,—galloping hail on roofs,—
Beginning big, crescendo,—dim and dimmer heard
Like that lone drop from eaves—long afterward.

Pit-patter on the dwindling road. Now echo is
All that remains of noise. Cicadas whiz,
One spiralling bird leaps to a dazzling crown
Of song. A leaf drifts punctually down.

Droll, come to think of it, we do not know
Where these loud chariots and trumpets go,
Or if a mighty city's glittering vanes
Rear just beyond my blackberry-bordered lanes.

As with blue-knuckled hands he drank his gin,
An old junk peddler chuckled, ripe in sin.
He said the road ends by a dirty inn,
Without a stable to house proud beasts within.
And all that's left of *Them* that drove so hard
Is crumpled wheels, a pile of powdery shard,
And golden harness tarnishing in a cobbled yard.

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Towing a River Junk

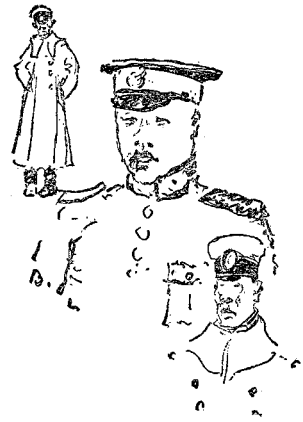
On the river stately junks move slowly past, towed by sweating coolies, who, with plaintive chant, haul and tug with every ounce of strength, to pull them up the stream against the current. If the wind is right, great sails, like huge wings, are raised to help them at their task.

CHINA

LINOLEUM BLOCK PRINTS

BY

LOWELL L. BALCOM



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Peking Archers

OUTSIDE the Chinese city, beyond the great gray walls of Peking, dignified Chinese gentlemen gather in the afternoon to try their skill at shooting with the bow and arrow and crossbow. With the care the golfer takes in buying his sticks, they examine and select the bows and arrows in the shops, bending and trying each so that they will have the best, as rivalry is keen.

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Temple Gate

BEYOND the western hills, across the rose-lit plains of China, the setting sun casts long shafts of light which touch and mellow the great red gates of the temple. An old priest comes quietly into the compound and, slowly pushing the ancient doors on their old stone wheels, closes them for the night.

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Man with Mule

At the stations are little mules with their drivers, the mules with saddle and blanket of carved and decorated leather, heads adorned with brightly colored tassels and tiny bells that tinkle as they trot—waiting for a customer, who may be a farmer in the inevitable blue, well padded with cotton against the cold, or merchant in sober silks, fur-lined.

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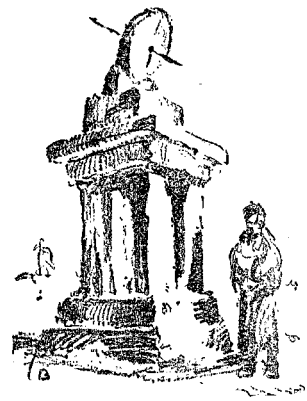
Ancestor-Worship

In the temple compound great tablets stand erect, some on the backs of carved stone turtles, with inscriptions telling of the merits of the deceased. Relatives come to worship and, kowtowing before them, bow their heads to the ground in prayer, while immense crows and magpies fly chattering about in the branches of the cedars ages old.



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Along Peking Streets

HERE and there along the streets men in their long, blue, thickly padded coats sell their wares. Here one sits with a display of odd bits of glass and china: delicate snuff-bottles of amber or carved with a thousand tiny figures in ivory, old gold pins for the black hair of Chinese women, a pensive goddess of milk-white porcelain, or strips of lovely silk, beautifully embroidered in gorgeous colorings.

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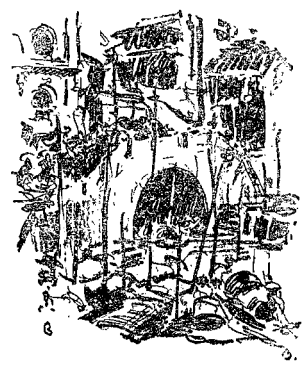
Hong Kong Streets

Up and down the steep sides of the mountain long vistas of shallow steps spanned by high arches make Hong Kong streets—narrow lanes of golden sunlight and purple shadows, filled with a never-ending tide of colorful humanity.



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Good Roads

BY THOMAS BOYD
Author of "Through the Wheat," etc.

DECORATIONS BY WILLIAM FLETCHER WHITE

FROM his shaded, deep-green yard Uncle John looked on the river road that morning, a wide gray path overarched with thick branches of sugar maple and black walnut. To the north the river road bordered a number of small farms of which Uncle John's was one, small farms on many of which weatherbeaten houses stood peacefully at the top of the slope; on the south ran the disused canal, separated from the Maumee River by a no longer distinguishable towpath. For several miles—from the village of Independence to the village of Paulding—the river road had the peaceful charm that only gliding water, lofty trees, and ragged fences of weather-stained rails and twisting vines can give. The land had been parcelled into one-man farms, and the implements for cultivation of the soil were of the older generation. Yes, that whole stretch of countryside gave forth a quiet, antiquated air. Independence, once a boisterous village, was now a cluster of empty houses, a white church, and a large graveyard; the red gates of the lock by the dam were rusty; and as you went farther eastward you encountered the stillness of a dense wood—though no wood was there: only sky, water, trees, and a road of powdery dust which is separated from the fields by half-hidden fences.

As he stood there that morning Uncle John was muttering. "So they calc'late to change it, do they! Make a state road out of it, join it up with the main road from Toledo to Fort Wayne—" he growled, "Gah-ahd damn!" For his sixty-seven years of life had not decreased the stubbornness with which Uncle John had been born. He did not want that state road to come past his property and he would never change his opinion.

For one reason, construction of that five mile stretch into a cement state thoroughfare meant that Uncle John and the other farmers with land adjoining the road would be assessed; it meant increased taxes, and the end of privacy except for a few months during cold

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weather. Uncle John had no money for assessments; and as for taxes, each winter he worried a good deal about how he would get enough money together to pay the second instalment. Even then Aunt Mary's hens helped greatly to supply the cash. And every year there was a little more economic pressure on the sixty acres, all that remained of the section of land which Uncle John's grandfather had cleared. But this remnant of the original farm was about all he could take care of. Spring ploughing tired him more and more; one reason was that his left shoulder was lower than the right, the difference in height being caused by the loss of two ribs which had been smashed a few years ago. For, as he sometimes said, horses had run away with him, but never from him. One day in Defiance when he was loading a barrel of salt on the wagon his team of six-year-olds had become frightened by the noises; had charged down the street as Uncle John leaped, caught a strap on the stallion's flank and was dragged three blocks over the pavement before the team quieted down. He was not aware of having fainted, must have been but semi-conscious as he climbed on the wagon seat and drove the runaway team out to the farm, a good five miles.

Had Uncle John been asked if he was fond of horses he would have rubbed the back of his hand across his short, blunt beard, stretched backward, and laughed —as he did at all nonsensical questions. Hearing him curse the pair of blacks as he jerked their halters and pushed them against the doubletrees so as to fasten them up to the wagon tongue, the sentimentalist would have thought him a brute. But he never carried a whip, and the fat bellies of the four horses were always glistening. Nor had he a kindly look. His eyebrows were heavy and uneven, his eyes were rather wrathful, his face was rugged, with high cheekbones, his arms were long, his hands gnarled, and his height just over six feet. Since his accident, one arm and shoulder hung much lower than the other.

He said, "Curse their state roads," as he walked up the yard to the house, a gray frame dwelling with rose and lilac bushes growing close by and a trench for flowers by the stone foundation. Out in the pasture behind the road barn the four horses were grazing, Gyp and Dolly, Calamity Jane and old Prince. Gyp and Dolly were the work team, the six-year-olds who had brought about Uncle John's accident. They were used for ploughing, harrowing, disking, hauling—all the heavy labor of the farm. Both were a glossy black, a little over sixteen hundred pounds, with supple legs, heavy bodies, and short, powerful necks, thickly maned. Their only perceptible difference was that Gyp had a white spot on his forehead while Dolly was black all over.

They made an enviable team; stock dealers had tried to buy them from Uncle John. But Belle and old Prince he could scarcely have disposed of as a gift, except perhaps to the rag man. Old Prince was nearly thirty years old and did no labor. But he ate as much as a draft horse. Except during bad weather, Aunt Mary drove him once each week into Defiance to buy whatever groceries that were needed and to market the surplus of eggs. But that was merely to exercise old Prince. With equal safety and much less time involved in travel Aunt Mary could have driven Dolly or Gyp. Prince had a stringy mane, a somnolent eye, but his size, though worthless, was magnificent. Long, slender legs and neck and a broad, muscular breast, he must have been a superb looking colt. But now he was slow and his joints were stiff. Uncle John was as careful of him as if he had been a prize racehorse. He kept Belle because he imagined that Prince would have been lonely without her; Belle, who had been born on the farm twenty-four years ago and was a smaller edition of Prince in decrepitude.

But there was no apparent reason for his keeping old Prince. And sometimes, when there was no money in the house and some bill had yet to be paid, Aunt Mary would grow impatient and grumbling, saying that if Uncle John had a speck of sense left in his head he would get rid of that old team, good for nothing except to fill their insides with feed that was worth ten times more than they were. But Uncle John was not stubborn for nothing; and Prince and Belle remained.

Uncle John leaned on the rail fence which separated the barnyard from the pasture and thought: "They'll never get me to sign a petition to have that damned

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road come through here. If the people in town want it let them put up the money for it, and not go around trying to shove the expense off on the farmers! Saying a cement road'll improve the value of a farm! So it will, if you want to sell your farm like Cal Young does. But if a man wants to keep his farm like I want to keep mine, I can't figure how a cement road'll make the land produce more crops. Nope, if the people in the towns want these roads then let them foot the bill . . . the small farmer comes out the little end of the horn every time these days." Angrily he stalked through the barnyard to the granary.

A few days earlier Cal Young had driven to his farm with some men from town, bringing a petition for the concrete road and wanting him, as one of the abutting landowners, to sign it. They had come a few minutes before the noon-day meal, which could be smelled from the kitchen, was ready, and had comfortably sprawled in the sitting room while they argued with Uncle John. They talked, and talked. Uncle John listened and repudiated the petition. Finally, hearing the dishes being rattled by Aunt Mary, he stood up and said: "Well, I see you wont take No for an answer. It's my meal time and I can't listen to you any longer." It was the first time in his life that he had turned a man out of his house without offering him a seat at the table. But they could think what they liked; he didn't want that damned road.

No matter what he did that summer, the threat of the new concrete road was not far from his thoughts. It was another grievance to rankle in his mind along with the chicanery of the Democratic Party, unfair legislation against the farmer, the capitalistic methods of the trade unions, and the immorality of the cities. And as he went about his work of hoeing in the fields, spraying the potato vines, milking the cows—whatever he did—he muttered against the conditions of society. His discontent was further increased by a thin crop of hay; and when he told Aunt Mary she said: "John, you'd better sell that worthless team. Winter will come, hay will go up to fifteen dollars a ton, and then where will we be?" But Uncle John only scratched his short, blunt beard and answered: "I guess we can stick it out all right." Aunt Mary tightened her lips and each step over the kitchen floor was a reproach.

But in August, though Uncle John still grumbled, his tone was lighter. For a letter had come from Toledo saying that Jack, his nephew, would be there for a week's vacation toward the middle of the month. Uncle John was fond of Jack. The nephew liked to help him about the farm and had had enough experience in farming not to be of more hindrance than assistance. Besides, Jack played a fair game of cribbage, and with him there Uncle John could spend his resting hour after meals saying "fifteen-two and fifteen-four and a pair's six."

Jack came one afternoon, and that evening at supper he pleasantly observed: "Well, everything's the same as it always was." "Yes," responded Aunt Mary sharply, "we've even got that pair of old nags still eating their heads off out there in the barn." Uncle John said, "Pshaw now, Mary," and Jack laughed. The sound of that laugh, thought Uncle John, would discourage Aunt Mary from trying to get Jack to devil him about old Prince.

But the laugh had no such effect. For, a few evenings later, when he and Jack faced each other across the card table in the front room and Uncle John was riffling the cards, his nephew said: "Uncle John, why *don't* you do something about that old team. You could sell both of those horses, and even if you had to pay somebody to take them you'd be saving money."

Uncle John dealt the cards without speaking. He spent some time in studying his hand, deciding on which two cards he would put into the crib. He scratched his head. "Let's see," he asked, "it's my crib, ain't it?" And it was not until the cards were again in the deck and the pegs advanced to their proper holes that he answered Jack's question.

"Sell old Prince! No, sir. Old Prince will stay right here on this farm as long as he's able to draw breath. He was born here and he'll die here—unless I can't keep up my taxes and the sheriff sells me out. I made up my mind to that long ago, young feller, before the old gentleman [Uncle John's father] died. You would not believe it, to look at him now, but Prince was one of the best colts in this part of the country, and he could be as

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devilish as they make'em when he had a mind to. I couldn't do much more than get a saddle over his back before he was off up the lane as hot as a hornet. I'd go to put my foot in the stirrup and before I could h'ist my leg he was gone. But the old gentleman, he took it into his head to ride him after the cattle. In those days we pastured them 'way up where the Jewell cross-roads are now, and that's a pretty fair jaunt from here. He'd throw the saddle over his back and he would stand stock still—well, he'd do that for me too. But for the old gentleman, Prince would stand there like a lamb until he had got both feet in the stirrups. He was well on in years, too—it was only a little while before he died—and you could see his hand shake as he put it on the pommel to raise himself into the saddle. But that colt wouldn't move until he was all settled. Hence Prince must have figured out how things stood with the old gentleman, because he'd ride him after the cattle every night and he'd stand there just as quiet as you please. But if I tried to straddle him—whoof! And I said to myself then, I said: 'That colt will always have good care; I'll see to it myself.'" Uncle John challenged Jack with a look, passed the cards to him, and said: "It's your turn to deal; carve the papes."

Jack had no answer to make. Probably he had forgotten that Aunt Mary told him to convince Uncle John that the old team should be disposed of. He sat and stared in a kind of abstraction that vanished only when Uncle John spoke again. He said: "Prince got kinda sick a few years back and I took him to the veterinary up at Defiance. The veterinary looked over the horse for a while and then he said: 'John, you better sell this animal. He wont live longer'n a year at the outside.'" He paused, and a look of profound satisfaction, sharpened by a little malice, gleamed out of his eyes, "Humph! That veterinary had been under the sod four years this November, and old Prince still travels right along."

Jack went back to his job the next week and left Aunt Mary and Uncle John alone once more. Throughout the rest of the month Aunt Mary put up fruits and vegetables for the fall and winter, Uncle John helped his neighbors with their threshing and in turn was helped by them. And in the pauses of the tumult of the loudly chugging engine, the teams of horses pawing, backing, being shouted at by their drivers, the thick cloud of chaff blowing up from the separator, and the molten stream of grain pouring into sacks there was talk of the new concrete road. "Ain't much chance of it goin' through," said Frank Evans, "not if the abutting landowners have anything to say about it. I don't know six that signed that petition that Cal Young and them dudes from town was around here with."

"Don't count too much on that," said Bill Osgood. "If the State takes it into its head to put that road through it'll put it through and all hell can't stop it. I was reading in *The Blade* the other night that they were figurin' on a scheme down at Columbus where the county'd pay so much, the State so much, the Federal government so much, and that would leave the farmers only about ten per cent of the cost in assessment."

"The hell you say," muttered Uncle John. "Damned skunks."

"Naw," said Jess Egley, who owned the house by the dam where the road jogged before it entered Independence and who was reputed the laziest man in the vicinity, "I calc'late it'd be a mighty good thing to have that road. I was figurin' that if it went through I'd put in a gasoline station and sell sandwiches and soft drinks to the tourists."

"Anything so you wouldn't have to work," grumbled Uncle John.

"Wouldn't last very long. First time that old river went on a rampage the water would turn up the concrete like it was so much paper." said Bill Osgood.

They talked and read about the possibilities of the road being put down throughout the fall and winter. Uncle John's haymow was but scantily filled. . . . You could see light through the cracks in the boards of the corncrib. By December he was buying grain. Aunt Mary grew worried, and a little frightened at seeing the money leaving the house. She said: "I'll declare, John, if I can see the use of scrimping and pinching every day if you're going to spend every penny we're able to scrape together on that team. I'd hate to see them go as much as you would, but we've got to think of ourselves once in a while."

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Uncle John answered: "We ain't on the point of starvation yet."

Aunt Mary retorted: "No, but we're pretty near it. It this keeps up we won't be able to pay the taxes."

Meanwhile the four horses continued to munch rhythmically in their stalls, Prince and Belle consuming as much as the work team. How quickly the hay, the corn, the oats disappeared in their champing jaws! About the farm hung the deep silence of winter, and over the fields and the yard, which stretched to the river road, lay the soft white snow. Inside the house was silence also, a kind of estrangement acutely felt. Uncle John would sit with his stockinged feet on the nickel fender of the big base-burner; Aunt Mary would quietly sew by the front room window. They spoke in monosyllables. No more talk about the team or the new concrete road.

But one day, after Uncle John had come in from the mail box with the daily paper which the rural carrier had brought, he muttered and cursed for so long a time that Aunt Mary asked from the front room: "Now what is it: has wheat gone up again or is it the concrete road?"

"They've got it through all right," he muttered. "The paper says that the abutting landowners will be assessed about four dollars and a half an acre. That's nearly three hundred for us."

"And the taxes," said Aunt Mary. "Won't it raise the taxes?"

"And the taxes," growled Uncle John. He sat with his chin in the palm of his hand, staring with smoldering eyes. Moments passed and he did not move. The great clock continued its ticking from the wall; the draft murmured through the coals in the base-burner; from the front room Aunt Mary's rocker kept up a measured creaking, but Uncle John was motionless. After a while a light flared out from his bushy brows, died down until the pupils were dulled. He rose.

"Well?—" said Aunt Mary.

"Well, hell," said Uncle John in a voice that shook. He slowly crossed the room and climbed the back stairs. And when he came down he carried the rifle which Jack had used in the war. One shell was in the chamber and another in his pocket. And without speaking he went out to the barn where old Prince and Belle stood unsuspiciously in their stalls, browsing over the hay in their mangers.

And now the old dirt road is gone, the rural quiet is gone, and old Prince and Belle are in the boneyard; but there is a nice new concrete road running past the house along the river; and tourists in Fords and Buicks find the countryside between that old house and the dam so picturesque that every year they stop in droves and camp there, and leave their old cans and bottles and pasteboard plates and paper littered over the trampled grass before they proceed on their bumpy but adventurous ways.

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Heat from the Stars

BY GEORGE ELLERY HALE
Honorary Director of the Mount Wilson Observatory of the Carnegie Institution of Washington

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS

LIGHT is the most universal of all languages. Its messages reach us with equal facility from the depths of the universe and from the electrons whirling in the nearest atom. Like the hieroglyphics of the Egyptians, its tones are silent, but, unlike them, it tells of the present as well as of the past. Its daily reports from the most distant stars were despatched millions of years ago, but within the limits of the solar system its slowest deliveries are completed within a few minutes, and on earth within small fractions of a second. The new knowledge that it brings is of the most varied character, ranging from the constitution of matter to the structure of the universe. Recently it has told us much of the evolution of the stars, whose life-cycles we are at last beginning to comprehend.

A few years ago Russell advanced his now famous theory of giant and dwarf stars. Starting from the early conceptions of Lane and Ritter, but developing them in the light of modern discoveries, he sketched for us the extraordinary characteristics of early stellar life. Nebulæ we had previously pictured as vast regions of space filled with faintly glowing rarefied gases, and stars were supposed to condense out of them. No one imagined, however, that a fully formed star like Betelgeuse, which marks the right shoulder of Orion, could actually be a gaseous sphere 300,000,000 miles in diameter, so highly rarefied that its average density is far less than that of the air we breathe. To test this theory and to prove beyond doubt the tremendous rise in temperature and decrease in diameter which it indicated for the successive stages of stellar life, has taxed the capacities of our ablest astronomers and best-equipped observatories. Fortunately, we are in the midst of a period of rapid progress, in which new instruments and methods are keeping pace with the demands of new theories. Some of these have been described in previous articles. But other vital steps remained to be taken, one of which was to measure with precision the radiant energy of the stars, and especially to determine the relative proportions of the visible and invisible rays emitted by the cooler ones.

VARIETIES OF RADIATION

It was in 1666 that Newton made the first analysis of sunlight with a prism. After him more than a century elapsed before Sir William Herschel took the next step. Fig. 1, from Herschel's paper in the "Philosophical Transactions of the Royal Society" for 1800, shows the simple but effective means employed by him to supplement the limited powers of the eye. The spectrum of sunlight, formed by a prism on the white surface of a table, was visible through the well-known range from violet to red. But at these limits it seemed to stop. A thermometer, exposed to the violet, showed a slight heating effect, but no sign of radiation was found beyond these visible rays. At successive points toward the red the thermometer rose higher and higher, but at this end of the visible spectrum the heating effect did not cease. On the contrary, the exposed thermometer continued to give higher readings after it had been moved entirely beyond the range of the red. In other words, the maximum heating effect of the sun's rays when analyzed by a prism seemed to lie in an invisible region beyond the red, since known as the infra-red. Herschel rightly concluded that light and radiant heat are identical, their observed effects simply depending upon the powers of the receiving instrument. The human eye responds only to the rays

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from red to violet, while his thermometer detected not only these rays but also others, which are less refracted by the prism. Later he gave further evidence of this identity, by proving that the invisible heat rays can be reflected, and also refracted by concave mirrors or lenses, in the same way as light rays. We are all familiar with such invisible heat rays, which are given by a stove long before it is heated to redness.

This first step into the invisible having been taken, within a year Ritter discovered the existence of ultra-violet rays, beyond the visible violet, by their effect in blackening silver chloride. Then followed, in 1802, the great advance of Thomas Young—the first measurement of the wave-lengths of light of various colors. He found that the difference between red and violet is merely a difference in wave-length, the waves of the former being about half again as long as those of the latter. A simple experiment will make this difference clear.

Take a long piece of rope and fasten one end to a post. Hold the other end in the hand, with the rope drawn nearly taut, and vibrate it up and down. It is easy to make waves run along the rope from the hand to the post. If the hand is moved quickly, the waves will be short. If more slowly, the waves will be longer. In the case of violet light the vibration frequency is high and the waves are very short. For yellow light the frequency is lower and the wave-length greater (about $\frac{1}{50000}$ inch). Toward the red and in the infra-red the wave-length continues to increase, as Fig. 2 illustrates. The extent of the spectrum has grown with the development of new and more sensitive instruments and the discovery of radiations, such as the X-rays, which were at first supposed to be utterly unlike the rays of light. Now we recognize no distinction, except that of wave-length and the diverse effect on our receiving instruments, as we pass from the shortest known radiations of radium through the ultra-violet into the visible spectrum, and then beyond its red end into the immense range of increasing wave-lengths which finally culminates in the longest radio waves.

The illustration (Fig. 2) is due to the late Ernest Fox Nichols, who presented it in connection with a paper read before the National Academy of Sciences as the last act of his life. Just as he concluded its presentation, after having described his success in producing the only type of waves previously undiscovered in this long sequence, he quietly sank to the platform and died. Such a passing, under the dome of the Academy's superb new building, dedicated on the previous day by the President of the United States to science and research, was the fitting culmination of a life devoted to the increase of knowledge. To Nichols, as we shall see in the course of this article, we owe some of the most important advances in the study of radiation and the first successful measures of the heat of the stars.

HEAT FROM THE STARS

Sir William Huggins, the great pioneer in astrophysics, was the first to attempt to measure the heat radiation of the stars. His discoveries with the spectroscope had taught him the advantage of utilizing laboratory instruments in the observatory, and he accordingly attached a delicate thermocouple (a junction of two metals very sensitive to radiant heat, see page 56) to his 8-inch telescope in 1869. Some of the brightest stars, when focussed on the thermocouple, seemed to give indications of heat radiation, but their accidental origin became evident twenty years later when Boys failed to detect stellar heat with far more sensitive instruments.

Thus matters stood in 1898, with no evidence of success after several serious attempts to measure the heat radiation of stars. The Yerkes Observatory had just been completed, and Nichols was developing the radiometer which, in the special form given it later, served so successfully in the classic investigations of Nichols and Hull on the pressure of light. It was already beautifully adapted for refined radiation measures, and as it greatly surpassed the best previous devices for this purpose, I invited Nichols to try it at the Yerkes Observatory during the summer of 1898 for the detection of stellar heat.

The special radiometer which he built for the purpose was an instrument of extreme sensitiveness. Its delicate mica vanes, suspended in a vacuum, received the star's image, given by a 24-inch con-

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cave mirror, after reflection from the mirror of a clock-driven heliostat mounted between the north and south domes of the observatory. By moving the heliostat means of testing, and also of measuring the loss of heat caused by absorption in the earth's atmosphere, were afforded by the observation of standard candles

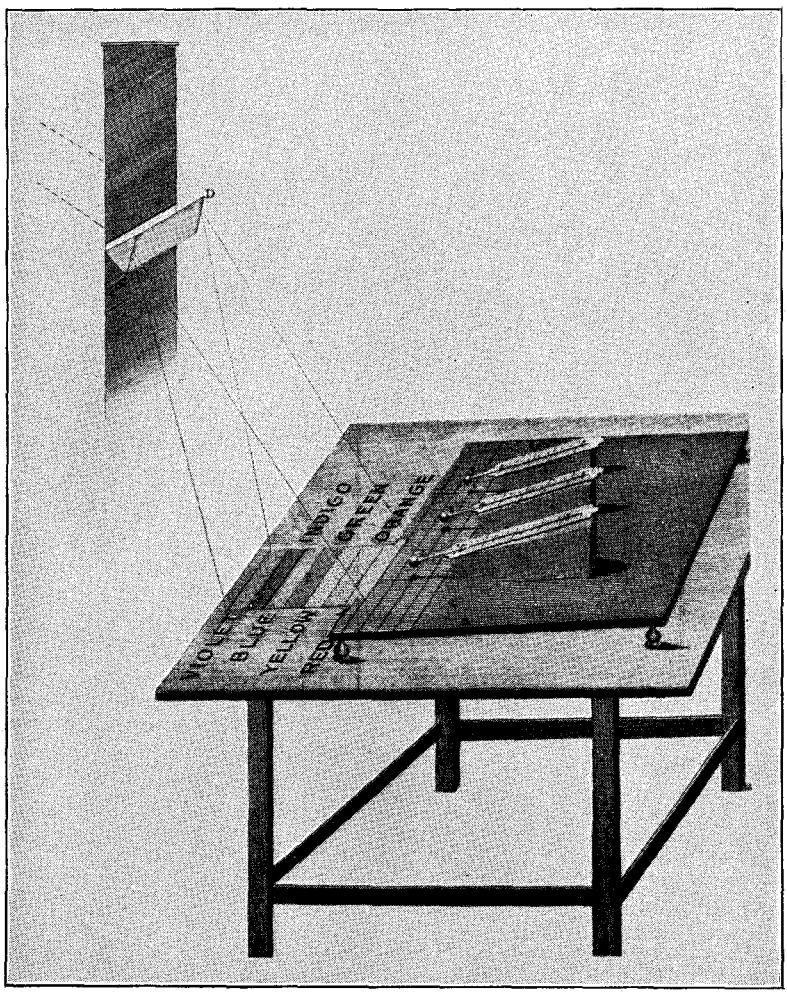

FIG. 1. Herschel's discovery of the invisible infra-red rays.

The infra-red portion of the solar spectrum, which cannot be seen by the eye, was detected by means of its heating effect on thermometers set at various points beyond the red end of the visible spectrum.

mirror, the star's image could be thrown on or off the vanes, and the resulting deflection could be measured by observing through a small auxiliary telescope the image of an illuminated scale reflected from a minute mirror attached below the radiometer vanes.

A standard candle, at a distance of about 27 feet, was used to test the sensitiveness of the radiometer. Additional mounted in tents at distances of 2,000 feet and 4,500 feet respectively. To give an idea of the sensitiveness of the apparatus, it may be said that the average deflection for a candle in the nearer tent, 2,000 feet away, was 67 millimetres (the apparent motion of the scale in the auxiliary telescope). One evening Doctor St. John, who was in this tent, extinguished the candle and placed his head in front of the

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candle-box when the signal to expose was given. The observed deflection, due to the heat radiation of his head at a distance of 2,000 feet, was 25 millimetres,

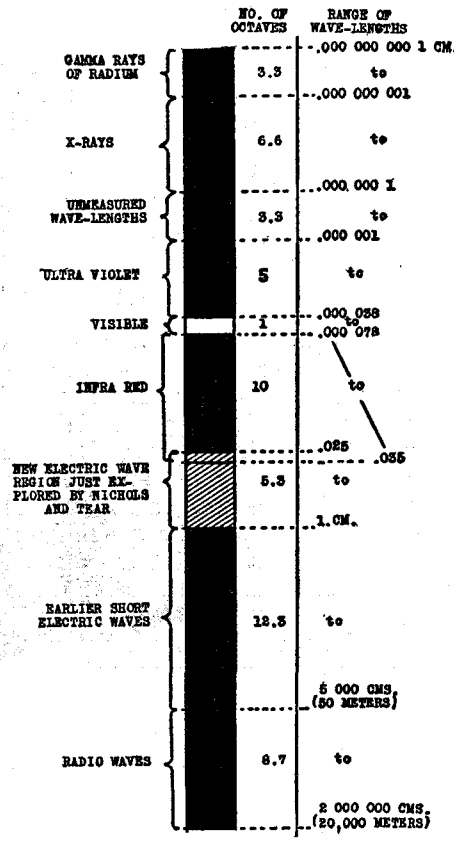

FIG. 2. Chart of the complete spectrum, showing the new electric wave region just explored by Nichols and Tear.

The entire length of the visible spectrum, from red to violet, is comprised in the narrow white region just above the middle of the chart. The immense range of the complete spectrum is thus apparent.

repeatedly checked! In fact, the sensitiveness of the apparatus was so great that, if there were no loss due to the absorption of the intervening air, the number of candles in a group at a distance of about sixteen miles could be determined from the average of a series of measures. The radiometer employed was found to be twelve times as sensitive as the radiomicrometer of Professor Boys, and this advantage, combined with the increase in diameter of the concave mirror from 16 inches to 24 inches, sufficed to make possible the first successful measures of stellar heat.

The average deflection produced by the bright star Arcturus, combining the observations of 1898 with those made with somewhat improved apparatus in 1900, was 1.08 millimetres. Vega, a star of equal brightness but bluer in color, gave an average deflection of 0.52 millimetres. Allowing for their difference in altitude, which involves a difference in atmospheric absorption, Nichols found that the total radiation of Arcturus was 2.2 times that of Vega. As these stars are of equal brightness to the eye, this means that Arcturus sends us more invisible rays from the infra-red region. This result, as Nichols pointed out, may be accounted for by the fact, now abundantly confirmed, that Arcturus, though of lower temperature than Vega, and therefore sending us a greater proportion of the longer wave-lengths, is so much greater in diameter as to give us about twice as much total radiation.

The pioneer results of Nichols, who also succeeded in measuring the heat radiation of Jupiter and Saturn, opened a new and very important field of astrophysical research. They pointed to the existence of comparatively cool stars whose radiation might be chiefly of the invisible sort and they hinted at the possibility of determining a star's diameter from a study of its heat radiation. Both of these possibilities have now been realized.

THE WORK OF PFUND AND COBLENTZ

I wish that time and space permitted me to describe in these pages the whole progress of modern astronomy. All I can hope to do, however, is to tell of some of the principal advances of my associates, with such historical background as to render their significance clear. But before passing on to recent work at Mount Wilson a word must be said of the important progress achieved by Pfund and Coblentz, who perfected the thermocouple, and applied it with marked success to the measurement of stellar heat.

The thermocouple is based upon a discovery made by Seebeck in 1822. He found that if two different metals fixed in contact are at different temperatures, an electric current is produced. Nobili, who had devised a sensitive galvanometer for

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the study of feeble currents, applied the thermocouple, with its aid, to the measurement of small temperature changes. In 1895 the Russian physicist Lebedew found that a thermocouple made of iron and the alloy constantan was more sensitive in a vacuum than at atmospheric pressure. Pfund made effective use of this principle in 1913 at the Allegheny Observatory, where he was very successful in measuring stellar heat radiation with a 30-inch reflecting telescope.

A year later Coblentz, of the Bureau of Standards, made another important advance at the Lick Observatory, where his improved vacuum thermocouple, employed with the 36-inch Crossley reflector, enabled him to measure the heat radiation of 105 stars. The variation of the heat radiation with the spectral type of the star, indicated by the results of Nichols for Arcturus and Vega, was beautifully shown by his results, which reached stars as faint as magnitude 6.7, just beyond the range of the naked eye. His most important conclusion is that "red stars emit 2 to 3 times as much total radiation as blue stars of the same photometric magnitude." In 1921, following up at Flagstaff some experiments begun at Mount Hamilton, Coblentz studied the relative proportions of radiations of different wave-lengths by means of absorbing filters, and thus obtained estimates of the temperatures of 16 bright stars.

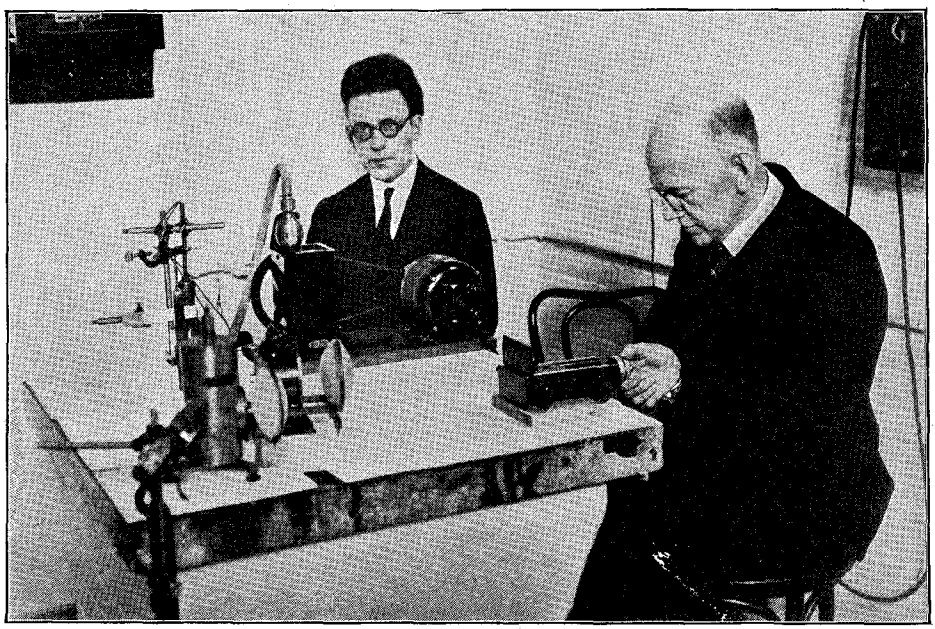

FIG. 3. Ernest Fox Nichols and his assistant, Doctor Tear.
The apparatus shown is that used in the exploration of the new electric wave region indicated in Fig. 2.

OBSERVATIONS WITH THE 100-INCH HOOKER TELESCOPE

The Hooker telescope on Mount Wilson* is admirably adapted for the measurement of stellar heat. Its concave mirror, 100 inches in diameter, collects more than seventeen times as much light as the 24-inch mirror used by Nichols at the Yerkes Observatory, and its optical and mechanical perfection permit observations to be made with far greater ease and certainty than was possible with the apparatus then available. It is astonishing to realize, however, that Pettit and Nicholson, using with this telescope improved vacuum thermocouples of their own construction, have been able to measure the heat radiation of one star as faint as the thirteenth magnitude—not far above the limit of visibility in Herschel's 20-foot telescope! Moreover,

*Described in "The New Heavens," p. 18.

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with a star of the type of X Cygni at minimum brightness (see below), it would be possible to reach five magnitudes fainter.

When employed for the measurement of the heat radiation of stars, the thermocouple is mounted at the upper end of the tube of the Hooker telescope, in the focus of the 100-inch mirror. The deflections of the galvanometer produced by the star's heat are recorded photographically, and under favorable conditions they can be measured with extremely small errors. As the atmosphere forms only a thin shell around the earth, its absorption decreases rapidly from low to high altitudes. This means that as a star rises from the eastern horizon toward the meridian, it constantly appears to grow brighter. The sensitivity of the thermocouple is so great that in the case of bright stars at low altitudes the resulting change in brightness in one minute can be detected. Thus under such circumstances the limit of precision in the measurements is set by the difficulty of correcting for the exact loss due to absorption by our atmosphere.

The thousands of observations made with this apparatus by Pettit and Nicholson during the last three years have led to many important conclusions. In harmony with the results of Nichols and Coblentz, the proportion of radiations of great wave-length (infra-red) emitted by the stars is found to increase with their spectral type. That is to say, the redder the star the greater the proportion of invisible heat radiation it sends us. In the case of red variable stars like Omicron Ceti this effect is surprisingly large. Thus at its minimum brightness, when beyond the reach of a telescope less than 3 inches in aperture, this variable sends us 1,300 times as much heat as a white star (type A_0) of the same brightness. As the variable is so faint visually, it will be seen how great a proportion of invisible infra-red radiation it must emit at such times. But Omicron Ceti is outdone by X Cygni, a variable star ranging from the fourth to the fourteenth magnitude. Observations show that while to the eye X Cygni is 10,000 times as bright at maximum as at minimum, the total radiation as measured with a thermocouple undergoes a variation of only 1.7 times. At minimum brightness X Cygni emits 50,000 times as much heat as a white (A_0) star of the same magnitude. Its diameter must therefore be enormous. The possibilities of the thermocouple used with the 100-inch telescope, which is sensitive enough to detect the heat of a candle 100 miles away if there were no loss due to absorption by the intervening atmosphere, are well illustrated by these results.

RECENT ADVANCES BY ABBOT

The success of Abbot's studies of the solar spectrum on Mount Wilson led to a trial of the bolometer (another instrument for measuring feeble heat radiation) for similar investigations of the spectra of bright stars. In his preliminary observations with the 100-inch telescope in 1923 he succeeded in making an approximate examination of ten stellar spectra. But the bolometer proved to be hardly adequate for this difficult task, and a Nichols radiometer was chosen to replace it. This delicate instrument, built under Doctor Nichols's direction by Doctor Tear, has proved to be a marvel of efficiency. Retaining the great steadiness necessary for measures of precision, it is nevertheless fully fifteen times as sensitive as the stellar radiometer used at the Yerkes Observatory. Combining with this the advantages to be expected from the large aperture and stable mounting of the telescope, the altitude and clear sky of Mount Wilson, and certain minor instrumental improvements, a thousandfold gain in effective sensitiveness appeared probable. In spite of the great weakening of the radiation caused by dispersing the star image into a spectrum, Abbot believed that energy curves showing the intensity of radiation in various parts of the spectrum might be obtained for some of the brighter stars.

Observations were made of nine bright stars in October, 1923. The resulting energy curves, after correction for the absorption of the earth's atmosphere and the utilization of certain visual observations of the brightness of these spectra in the visible region, are shown in Fig. 8. This illustration, for the sake of economizing space, contains two sets of curves, one (to the left) referred to the horizontal wave-length scale at the bottom of the figure, the other referred to the scale four

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squares above it. In both cases the infra-red region is on the right, the visible spectrum extending only from 0.4 to about 0.8.

The height of the curve measures the intensity of the radiation at the corresponding point in the spectrum. It will be seen at once that the maximum, which is in the ultra-violet, far beyond the violet limit of the visible spectrum in the case of the bright bluish-white star Rigel in the constellation of Orion, moves steadily toward the right in the following stellar sequence: Rigel, Vega, Sirius, Procyon, the Sun, Capella, Aldebaran, Beta Pegasi, Betelgeuse, and Alpha Herculis. In the last four stars the most intense point in the spectrum is beyond the red limit, in the infra-red.

This change in the position of maximum intensity has a simple and definite meaning, of the greatest interest. Take a bar of iron and heat it in the fire. It gets very hot long before it begins to emit dull-red light. Finally, when greatly heated, it becomes "white hot." During the heating the point of maximum intensity in its spectrum, at first far out in the infra-red, steadily advances from the invisible infra-red toward the visible red and then on toward the violet.

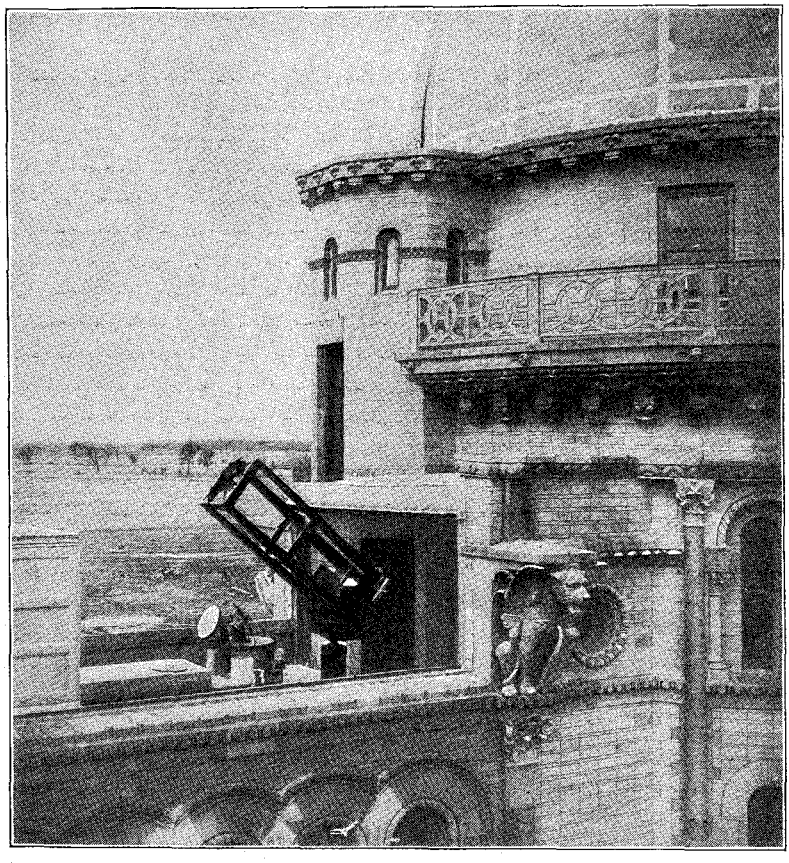

FIG. 4. Heliostat room of the Yerkes Observatory, where Nichols made the first measurements of stellar heat.

Light from the stars was reflected by the circular heliostat mirror to a concave mirror which formed the stellar image on the radiometer vane. (The larger instrument above the heliostat was not employed for this work.)

The corresponding differences found by Abbot in the stars, and confirmed by other observers in a different way, may be similarly interpreted. Along the route from Alpha Herculis to Rigel the surface temperature steadily rises from about 2,500° to about 16,000° C. (see Fig. 8), and the color changes from red to bluish-white. We are thus observing, with the

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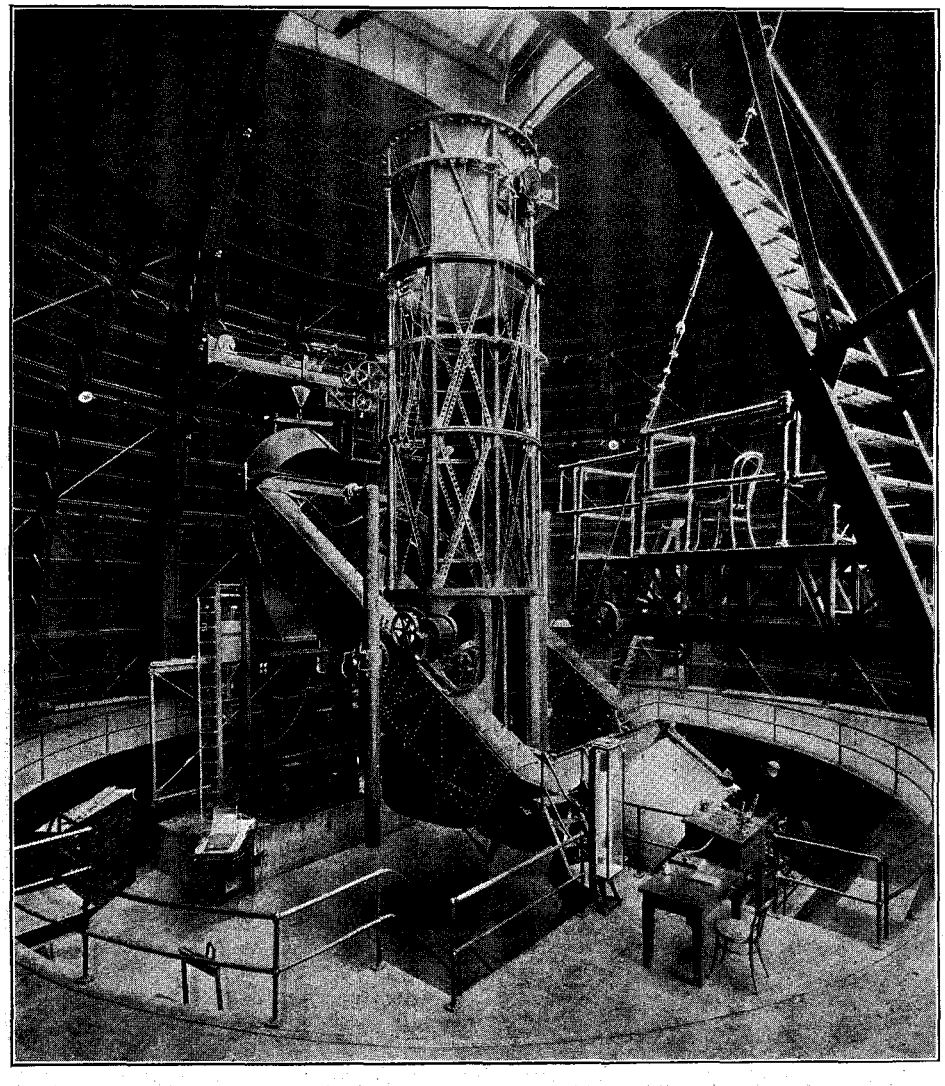

FIG. 5. The 100-inch Hooker telescope used by Nicholson and Pettit, and also by Abbot, for the measurement of stellar heat.

aid of a new device, the predicted progress of stellar evolution.

These results are not given by Abbot as final, but they are at least approximately correct, and they certainly represent great progress in astrophysical research. Making due allowance for the necessity of future revision when additional measures become available, Abbot has also deduced provisional diameters of these stars from his measures (supplemented by the visual observations of Wilsing and his associates and the photographic observations of Rosenberg), with results that are in most cases of the same order of magnitude as the interferometer measures of Michelson and Pease* and the theoretical determinations of Russell. Sirius and Procyon are found to be of about the same size as the sun, while the other stars observed range from twice to 500 times the sun's diameter. Let us see how these new results harmonize with the latest theories of stellar evolution.

THE LIFE HISTORY OF A STAR

Great advances in our knowledge of stellar evolution, made within the past

*See the chapter on "Giant Stars" in "The New Heavens."

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year, now enable us to sketch more precisely the life history of a star. We see it in its extreme youth as an enormously distended mass of gas, sometimes exceeding 300,000,000 miles in diameter. The diameter, shown by the Michelson interferometer to be more than 300 times that of the sun.

Such a star radiates much heat, slowly decreases in diameter, and increases in

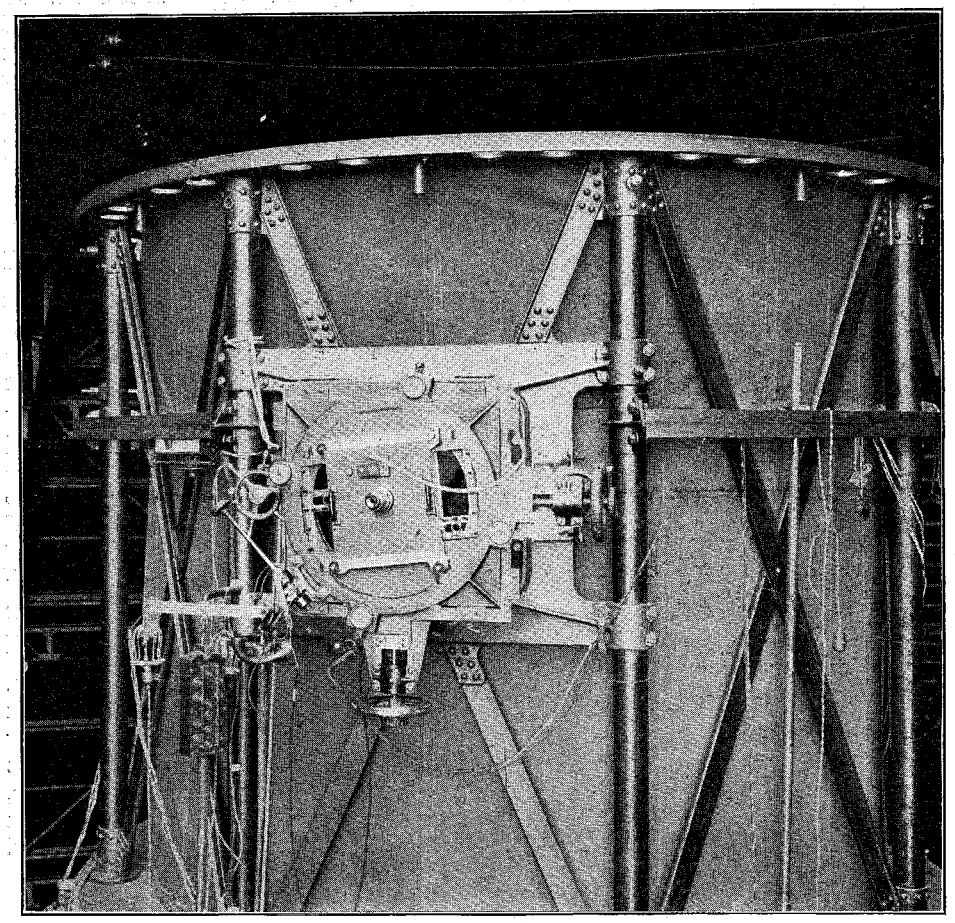

FIG. 6. Upper end of the tube of the Hooker telescope with thermocouple attached.

surface temperature of this red giant is comparatively low, ranging from 2,500° to 3,000° C., and the density of its outer parts is so slight as to be comparable with that of the residual gas in a vacuum tube, from which most of the contents have been pumped. At the centre of the star, however, the pressure must attain thousands of tons and the temperature two or three million degrees. The well-known red star Betelgeuse in Orion is an excellent example of this early stage of stellar life. Although its surface brightness is comparatively low, its great total brightness is accounted for by its immense density. These changes are accompanied by a steady rise in temperature, which becomes greater and greater as the star changes in color from red through yellow to white. The surface temperature of the white stars may exceed 20,000° C., and their central temperature may reach 30,000,000°. After the maximum surface temperature is attained the surface temperature begins to fall, but the central temperature may remain nearly constant for a long period. The color meanwhile changes from white through yellow to red, so that at one end of the scale we have huge expanded red giants and near the

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other small condensed dwarfs, also comparatively cool at the surface but with internal temperatures of many millions of degrees and enormous internal pressures. The sun, which is an early dwarf star, has a surface temperature of about 6,000° C., and a central temperature perhaps as great as 30,000,000° C. Thus far the history of stellar life does not differ greatly from Russell's theory, but some new and surprising modifications of the theory have recently become necessary.

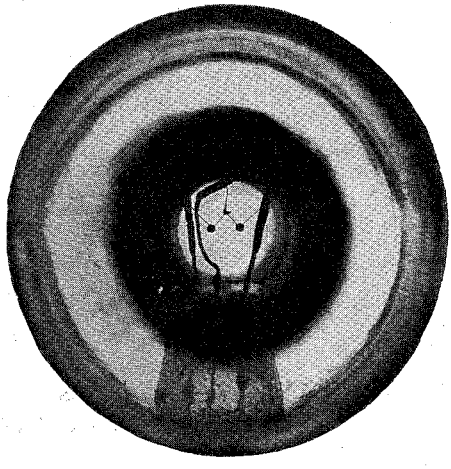

FIG. 7. The junctions of the vacuum thermocouple, as seen through the eye-piece.

Galvanometer deflections in opposite directions are obtained by setting the star first on one junction and then on the other.

STRIPPED ATOMS IN THE STARS

We are becoming accustomed to think of atoms no longer as fixed entities but as planetary systems, in which from one (hydrogen) to ninety-six (uranium) negative electrons whirl in their orbits about a central positive nucleus. With the aid of his "hot spark," taken in a high vacuum, Millikan has just been able to strip the seven outer electrons from their orbits in the atoms of chlorine and other elements, thus reducing these atomic systems to simpler forms. A cosmic counterpart of the modern physicist would be some Titan, operating upon the solar system, hurling into space first Neptune, then Uranus, Saturn, Jupiter, Mars, the earth, and Venus, as he brought more and more powerful thunderbolts to bear upon the planets.

The spectra of the sun and stars plainly reveal the existence of similar phenomena. In the great flames or prominences which rise thousands of miles above the sun's surface, the calcium atoms are shown by the spectroscope to have lost one electron, torn from the outermost orbit. In the atmosphere of the hottest stars the loss of from two to four electrons changes the spectra of the metals so completely that all of their lines in the visible and accessible ultra-violet regions disappear, while the remaining lines, in the extreme ultra-violet, are completely shielded from our view by the absorption of their light in the earth's atmosphere. In the hottest stars only the lines of certain elements whose atoms are less easily disrupted are found in the regions open to our study.

The highest temperature attained in the atmospheres of the stars does not greatly exceed 20,000° C., whereas 300,000° C. would be needed to accomplish the effects of Millikan's most powerful sparks. Within the stars, as we have seen, the temperature rises to many millions of degrees. Under such conditions the lighter atoms must lose all their electrons, and be reduced to completely stripped nuclei, resembling the sun deprived of all the planets. The heavier elements may still retain a few of their inner electrons.

A dense body is one in which the atoms are closely packed together. In ordinary matter, with its electrons intact, this process of crowding cannot go very far, even under great pressures. The orbits of the electrons are widely separated and the outer orbit acts like an impassable boundary which cannot be broken down by any pressures attainable in the laboratory. Platinum, the densest substance we know on earth, is only 21.5 times as dense as water. But when the atoms are stripped of all or most of their electrons, as they are within the hottest stars, the gravitational pressures of hundreds of millions of tons per square inch may crowd the electrons and protons much closer together, and thus produce densities up to 100,000 times that of water.

The faint companion of Sirius is a case in point. It is one of the exceptional white dwarfs (most dwarf stars are red), of small diameter, great surface brightness, and enormous internal temperature. If Eddington's calculations are correct, its density must be about 50,000

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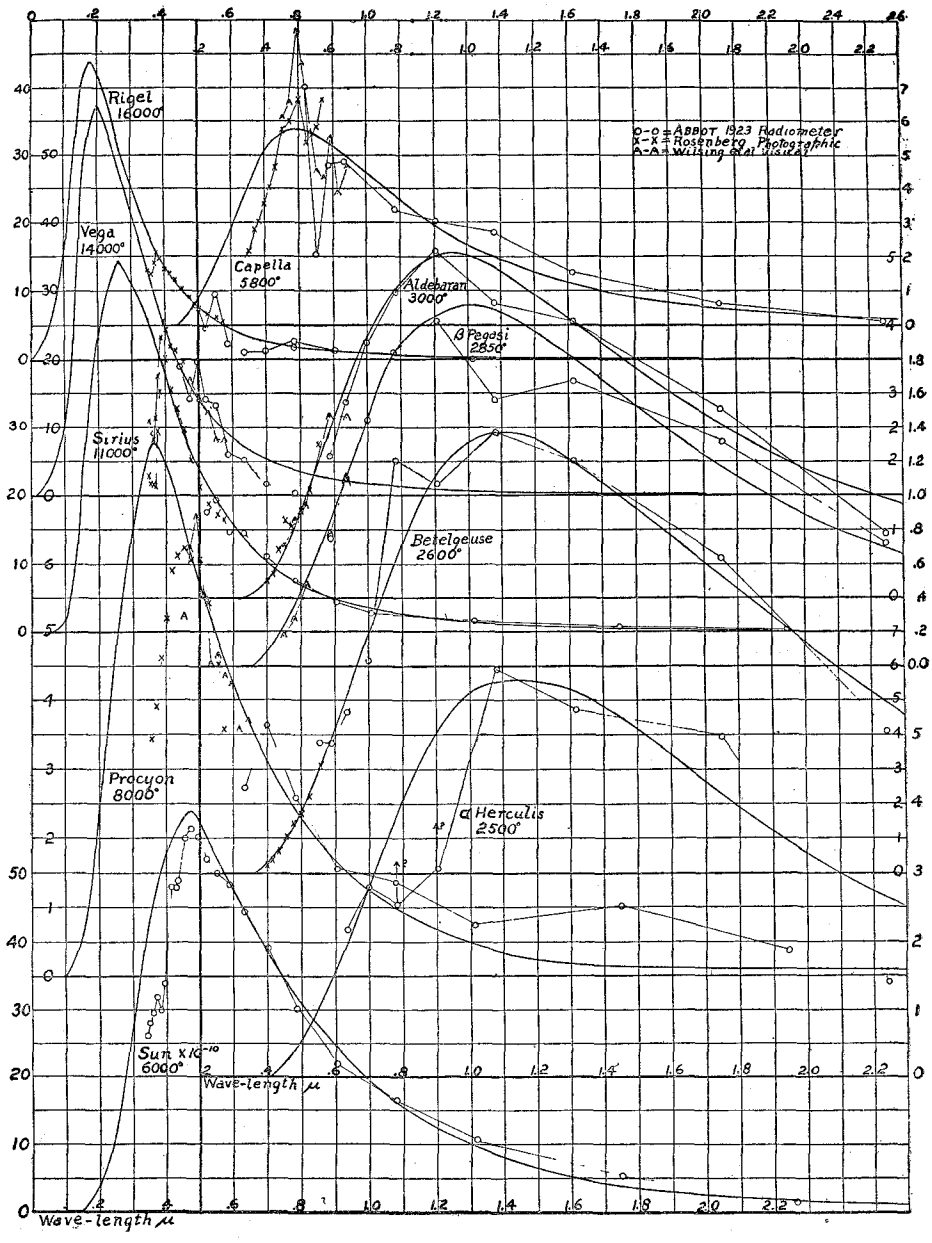

FIG. 8. Abbot's energy curves of stellar spectra.

The height of the curve measures the intensity of the radiation at the corresponding point in the spectrum. The maximum of intensity, far in the ultra-violet for the very hot star Rigel, moves steadily toward the red in stars of lower and lower temperature.

times that of water. With such a density the lines in the spectrum ought to be greatly displaced toward the red, according to Einstein's theory of relativity. It is very difficult to photograph separately the spectrum of this faint object, because of the close proximity of Sirius, the brightest star in the sky. With the aid of the 100-inch Hooker telescope on Mount Wilson, Doctor Adams is at work on the spectrum of the companion, and it is probable that he will be able to determine whether this shift of the lines occurs. If his results confirm Eddington's prediction, we shall have every reason to believe that in this strange ce-

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lestial object a density about 50,000 times that of water, enormously transcending anything known on earth, has actually been attained.*

Until recently it has been supposed that the compressibility of a condensing star would rapidly decrease when the density began to approach that of water. But Eddington has shown that stellar atoms, reduced as they are by the loss of electrons, may have only about $\frac{1}{100000}$ of the bulk of ordinary atoms. The substance of a star may then continue to act like a perfect gas, of high compressibility, until a density greater than 10,000 times that of water is reached.

THE SLOW REDUCTION OF STELLAR MASS

Three years ago Seares found from a study of over a thousand stars of various spectral types that their masses showed a progressive decrease with increasing age, the dwarfs being of much smaller mass than the giants. He accordingly suggested the possibility that the mass may decrease with loss of energy by radiation. Eddington, who has recently investigated this question, has come to a similar conclusion. He suggests that a star may gradually lose mass by burning itself away through the liberation of subatomic energy. Jeans believes that this might result from the falling together of positive and negative electric charges and their consequent annihilation, their energy being transformed into radiation. In any event, Jeans holds that a star's development must involve a steady decrease of mass. The rate of transformation of mass into radiation is fixed by the theory of relativity, which states that when a given mass is destroyed, the energy set free is equal to this mass multiplied by the square of the velocity of light. Knowing the energy radiated by the sun, Jeans calculates that the sun must consequently be losing mass at the rate of 4,200,000 tons per second. Some of the giant stars of large mass must be decreasing at 10,000 times this rate. Thus it seems probable that we must give up the old idea that a star's mass is constant, and substitute the conclusion that the red dwarf stars, after ages of copious radiation, are so reduced in substance that their faintness is fully accounted for in this way.

The exceptional white dwarfs, in Russell's view, represent the last stage of stellar life, when the remaining material is so "intractable" that it requires an enormous internal temperature to transform it. The central temperature would therefore rise far above 30,000,000° C., and the surface temperature would return to that of the white stars or perhaps to an even higher level.

This remarkable conception of stellar development has been made possible by the powerful resources of modern physics, both experimental and mathematical. But theories are made to be tested, and without adequate means of observation their value would be lost. Thus we must depend in the final analysis upon the capacities of our instruments, which have now been augmented by the devices described in this article. In measuring the heat radiation of a star we are measuring the outpouring of its energy as it burns up its substance and passes through the various stages of its life.

In the work of the future, measures of stellar heat radiation will play an increasingly important part. We therefore owe a debt of gratitude to Ernest Fox Nichols, who not only was the first to measure the heat radiation of a star but who also devised and perfected the radiometer which in Abbot's hands has given us the last word on the subject. We are still more deeply indebted to him for his unwavering devotion to scientific research, to which he returned again and again in spite of all obstacles and in defiance of a mortal disease. Twice drawn into administrative work, and at last permanently incapacitated by a serious organic affection, he adhered to his determination to renew research in his favorite field of radiation. Many a man of science will envy the sudden close of his life, at the very moment when his latest discoveries had made complete the long sweep of the spectrum. To men like Nichols, with a heart devoted to the most fundamental interests of mankind and a mind therefore concerned before all else with the advancement of truth, science owes its rise to its present heights and the world its escape from mediæval ignorance.

* Since this article was put in type Adams has confirmed the prediction of Eddington.

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A Florentine Face

BY BERNICE KENYON
Author of "Songs of Unrest"

ILLUSTRATIONS BY HARRY TOWNSEND

"DON'T believe them. They never tell the truth."

In plain English, the words sounded straight against his mind, without the intermediary process of translation; therefore they had a singular force, and captured his attention. He traced their direction—some tables down and to the right across the dining-room. From his lonely vantage-point he saw two people, a man and a woman; the man faced him, and had, now that he noticed it, one of the strangest faces in the world. High domed brow, shrewd eyes, and satyric mouth, very little color at all, but wrinkles indicative of cruel humor. Julian Henderson, watching, put his age at fifty, and wondered why the face seemed so familiar here in Italy, where he knew no one. Then it dawned on him—it was the face of a famous drawing of Machiavelli's "Prince."

"Don't believe them, I say. They never tell the truth." The repeated sentence brought up a second time against Julian's attention. To what part of a conversation, he wondered, did it apply? But what followed was less distinct, and he could not make it out. Well, it really didn't matter, and it was no affair of his; still, English was pleasant to hear.

In that dining-room of the Casino Hotel, in Rapallo, were some three hundred people, of whom about two hundred and fifty were wealthy Germans, and the rest a bad assortment of French, English, Italians, and Americans. Julian felt more alone than ever before in his life. It was impossible to be interested in his American countrymen here represented, and the English were not much better. He wondered what brought all these people together. Italy was no place to come for rest or diversion. One's very mind shrivelled in the cold Riviera wind, and with it all pleasant sentiment and fellow-feeling. The best one could do was sit and look on at the rest of the dreadful hotel guests until, from disillusion and persistent hardness, one's face grew to look like that of Machiavelli's "Prince" over yonder.

Julian Henderson himself made a striking, dark, clean-cut figure in that room full of rotund Germans. They had no style, no apparent breeding or culture. Still, they appeared to be enjoying life, while he could not shake off a persistent uneasy sadness. Yet he didn't envy them their jollity, for somehow, at that moment, it seemed to him obscene. They laughed without humor, heavily, and with their mouths full. In their harsh Teutonic chatter, the softer voices speaking French or English were lost and confounded; he could no longer hear distinguishable words.

To forget for a moment the unpleasantness of the surrounding scene, he pulled a letter out of his pocket, and began to read:

"Villa Paraggi, Paraggi, Italy.

"My dear," (it began). "The happiness that you give me is not given to many women. It is more than I can express to you in words. It takes immense courage to do what you have done. And because you make me so very happy, I can wish much good to the whole world—I can even wish that your ex-wife may enjoy her new freedom as much as I shall enjoy yours.

"But I am writing like a fool. What I want to say is come—come immediately. This villa which I have lived in so long, with a fair amount of content, seems suddenly empty, waiting for you, though you have never seen it. At last I find some

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reason in all my work. I never knew why I planted flowers, or rebuilt terraces, or constructed the breakwater to the west of the point. Now I know—it was for you, my dearest.

"And if I cannot write you a warm and moving letter, remember all my letters of the past, that were warm, and did move you. All that I said in them is true today. Come, and you will know this beyond a doubt. Forgive me if I have forgotten persuasion. There's something about this country that turns one hard; and when the need or the desire for softness comes, there's no way left to express it.

"I wonder, are you as happy as I am? If I could only make you so, dear Julian!"

Happy! Happy! When had he been happy?

Nevertheless, through his mood crept a warm excitement. It colored his thoughts to sudden irrational loveliness, as a vision of this woman took shape before him. Ten years since he had seen her; she would be thirty-five now, and he only five years older. Something startling and overwhelming would come of their meeting; with both of them grown mature, but not old. They would both have changed, but what did that matter, since their letters had already bridged whatever differences lay between them?

And yet— It was absurd, this mood; and yet, something in that letter did have an ominous sound that frightened him profoundly. "I cannot write you a warm and moving letter," and "there's something about this country that turns one hard." Was it true? Did the country do it, or did one's own life and character cause the hardness? If the first, then he could win again to all the woman's fascination that had charmed him; but if the second, it would be gone, there'd be nothing left to win. Always his excitement gave way in the end to the uneasiness which had possessed him since he reached Italy the week before. His coming would fulfil the happiness he had put aside for ten years and almost given up as lost; but being here to claim it made him neither happy nor assured.

The great dining-room emptied gradually, and grew quiet. Julian smoked and drank his *strega*, and watched the remaining couples move out. Every one was gone now except Machiavelli's "Prince" and his companion. With the woman's back toward him, it was still safe to imagine that she, too, might have an interesting face. Her black curly hair was cut short in the back like a boy's, in the latest neat French fashion; the shoulder-straps of her dinner-gown were sea green in color, and fitted smoothly over the well-formed shoulders. She undoubtedly had on a pretty gown, though he did not hope to find her a pretty woman. There weren't any in the hotel. Not that prettiness mattered, but one did need beauty now and then—beauty of faces—human, live, changing. It grew tiresome finding one's share of beauty always in distant and impersonal things like clouds and sea and trees. Even music, to Julian's being as necessary as bread, satisfied him now only while it lasted, and at its end left in him the same empty craving that had been there before it began.

On his way out to the terrace, where he intended to smoke a cigar in the dark, Julian passed the last occupied table, and turned to catch a glimpse of the woman's face. No, she wasn't really pretty.

He went quickly by, and out. For a time, strolling up and down the different levels of the garden, he listened to attenuated dance-music coming from across the drive, through the curtained glass of the casino windows. Nobody gambled over there any more since Mussolini put a stop to roulette. Not that he wanted to gamble—but what was a casino for? To dance in, apparently, round and round aimlessly between the little tables, under the glaring light, like dazed moths. Last year's American jazz, on a tuneless piano and an uncertain violin, sifted toward him through the darkness and the shadows of trees.

But one could always look at the water and the small lights of the town. Rapallo, clustered under bleak hills close to the sea, settled early to sleep. By day its tiny, crooked, arched streets, between rose-tinted walls, streamed with market-people intent on their own simple affairs, oblivious of tourists. Along the water-side, where spindling wooden docks ran out as landings for the fishing-boats, children played and women sat before

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"I drink to the happiness of your stay in Italy, monsieur."—Page 64.

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their bolster-shaped colored pillows, making lace in the sun; and barefooted old men crouched mending nets, the wooden shuttles flying in their stubby fingers. Toward twilight, as it grew cold, they would move back from the water into their houses, calling out their good nights to each other in a friendly way through the dusk. A few lights would shine in the doorways of bars and shops, but they were put out soon. The village lapsed into evening quietness.

But there was no quietness in Julian's being. Here, where he hoped to have a moment of strengthening peace, his thoughts would not let him alone. It had been that way in Genoa, but vaguely he had believed that coming to the small fishing-town would steady him. What was it he needed? Maybe the exchange of words with his own kind. He should never have come to this tourists' hotel.

He shivered in the dark. The cold mistral was blowing up, destroying the softness of the air, chilling him through.

He went back aimlessly into the salon and found a chair. At his right, her back half turned, sat the woman he had noticed in the dining-room, and beyond her the man with the extraordinary face. Julian contemplated him out of the corner of his eye. A hard face, distorted by a queer personality. Presently Julian was surprised to see the woman turn aside from her companion and address him in French.

"I beg your pardon, monsieur, but perhaps you would be kind enough to assist me? You will forgive, I hope, the unconventional way in which I enlist your services. You can help me greatly if, by any chance, you are English or American. Am I right in taking you for one or the other?"

"Yes, I'm American, and I should be delighted to help you if I can, madame." Julian moved his chair around toward their table. She was attractive when she talked, he thought; a warm, intuitive person, and very much at her ease.

"That's splendid," she said. "I'm glad you are American, because, you see, I'm French. Would you be good enough to translate a little English for me? For some foolish reason, I never learned your language. However, my friend here has been instructing me, but he refuses to translate anything—says I should get the meaning by intuition. And I left the dictionary up-stairs."

"If I can help you, madame—" began Julian. But at this point her companion interrupted, using English, his sharp, lined face breaking into a crafty smile as he spoke.

"Please do not help her. You will readily see why. As a lesson for to-night I have been teaching her the following wisdom: 'Don't believe them. They never tell the truth.' You understand me, I hope, my dear sir? And seeing that you do, we may as well change the subject, with this lady's permission. But I note that you are sitting alone. Will you not join us in more general conversation? I have given enough wise instruction for one evening." He put enough of this into French so that the woman could understand him, and after that they spoke no more English.

"Wisdom is all very well, you see," laughed the "Prince," in Julian's direction; "but it would be displeasing to have this lady learn too much. For if you have a great amount of wisdom—or rather I should say if you have more than you need—you get to have a face like mine. Now you wouldn't care for that, would you, my dear Odette?"

The shrewd deep-set eyes sharpened with mirth as he bent his brows in a pretended scowl. Julian had never before seen such a great domed forehead on a living human being. The colorless wrinkled face looked like a gray mask, moulded to reveal a diabolic wisdom. There was nothing exactly evil about that face; rather, it astounded and fascinated you at the same time, till you doubted its reality. Sardonic was the only adjective that fitted it.

"My companion," remarked the lady, "always boasts about his countenance, or else threatens me with the possibility of looking like him some day. But I confess to you that I am accustomed to his appearance, which no longer awes me as much as it did once. But the threat—the threat is useless. No woman could ever grow to look like that, no matter what she might learn of the world. Is it not true?"

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They sat laughing at each other, and presently the older man pulled out a pack of cards and set up a game of Canfield. He played along for a time, and when the cards didn't come to suit him, he misplayed them so that they did.

"Oh, don't be surprised at the way I play," he remarked pleasantly as he saw Julian watching him. "I always cheat at cards, when I play by myself. It's the only thing I do cheat at, and I come by it quite naturally. It's part of an old desire to fool myself. I always hope, vainly of course, that when I win by manipulation I'll be able to forget how I won. But it's quite hopeless. And I've won enough times fairly to understand how that feels, too, and to know that it really doesn't matter." And he went on quietly putting down one card after another.

"Now I am French, as I told you," smiled Odette, "so of course I don't see the charm of playing like that—taking no chances. But monsieur my companion is a Florentine, and therefore feels differently."

The "Prince" continued to play without looking up.

"She's right," he said. "The difference in our feelings is purely national, and relates to national standards. Now the French patrician standard is charm, a partially interior quality; while the Italian patrician standard may be described as fineness of finish—success on the surface, if you will. At any rate, it's nothing very interior. Look at our frescoed houses, made to appear from a distance like marble palaces or like picture-galleries. Or look at our beautiful decorated leatherwork, or our lace. But perhaps this bores you, my dear sir?"

"Oh, not at all," exclaimed Julian Henderson. "I've been trying to understand Italy ever since my arrival, and what you say helps a great deal. Please go on."

"Then you must remember always that what I say does not apply to peasant Italy, or to such joyful young manifestations as those of the Fascisti and the like. I'm speaking about people of our own class.

"We're old, and some of us are charmingly corrupt. We're polished, like our jewels or our leather; but first we are hardened, before we can take the polish. And some of us are so fine-grained that we have no grain at all. There's nothing mysterious about us except our future. What will become of us? We older Italians have a terrible way of lasting, you know; and what is the use of lasting, will you tell me, when you look like me? You frighten the world ahead of your face. Maybe you think me cynical, but I tell you, my dear fellow, I am one of a type, and I know what I'm talking about. I haven't lived for nothing. None of us have, I suppose. But unhappily, all my life I've had a genius for finding out the wrong things about life, the things that take away illusion. I leave you to guess from your own experience what sort of things these were. And now, even if I achieved a new illusion I could never make it apparent, on account of this surface—this face. You remember, people sometimes dared jokes about the nose of Cyrano, and those jokes kept him sensitive and humble; but nobody has ever been known to make a joke about my forehead. You can't make a joke about the Rock of Gibraltar. My forehead isn't a sad, misfit feature. It's just the forehead I ought to have. It's reality."

And he continued to play.

"Please try to forgive my companion his horrible conceit," the woman remarked. "And don't take him for a typical Florentine. I assure you he is not typical of anything. As for me, I am conceited too, but it's about another matter. I have a son eighteen years old. I was married at fifteen. I'm proud of that. You see, now and then as I travel around giving my concerts (for I'm a singer), I find myself near to Fontainebleau, where he's studying, and it makes me very proud to have him doing so well. But possibly you have children of your own, and therefore understand me. Now my companion, who has an American wife in Florence, but no children, thinks me a fool." She blew out a deep cloud of smoke.

"Nevertheless, Odette, I think you have one good thing about you besides your charm: you're the only woman I've known well who's never been afraid of me. That's rather foolish of you, too, but I can't help liking it. It makes you a delightful travelling companion.

"But I do feel, my dear sir, that we've bored you with too much talk about our-

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selves—a failing that the bourgeoisie can never forgive, but which, I'll venture, you don't really count as a failing. And tell me, have you been seeing the sights about here? It's really a beautiful coast when the weather serves, and I'm quite fond of it. Between here and Genoa there are many charming places. You've been to Portofino, I suppose?"

"Not yet, no." The vague excitement stirred again in Julian. He would be going in that direction soon.

"Well, when you go," the poised voice continued, "you'll like to drive by the sea-road; and when you're nearly there, you'll pass Paraggi, a town so small that it barely serves to mark a loop in the road. But before you get there you'll reach the Villa Paraggi, on a point jutting out to the left into the bay. I used to know one of your countrywomen who lives there. She's had the place a long time for an American—nearly ten years. A lonely sort of woman. But she's lately taken a great interest in the old villa, and made modern improvements. She's even built a breakwater back of which small boats can anchor. You'll see as you go by." For a moment the gray mask of the Florentine's face was lifted from his successful games of patience; and he appeared to be gazing not at Julian or at Odette, but past the two of them in the direction of an entertaining memory.

"She used to be a very pretty woman," he said.

As he listened, the fear that had been in Julian rose again suddenly and grew to a formless pain. He did not reply but sat perfectly still, trying to control his hands so that no motion of them, as he smoked, would betray him. He could feel the eyes of the Florentine slipping toward his, and presently he looked up into that face. There was no change in it—but of course there could be no change. He could not tell whether the Italian read at all what had been passing in his mind.

"But you are surely going to Portofino sometime?" the quiet cynical voice was asking him. "The loveliest miniature sea-town in Italy. And yet, on second thought, I do not see why you should go. One loves a country just as well—better, perhaps—for not seeing everything in it. I tell you I have seen too much, or the wrong things. And yet, though I have lived on the Continent most of my life, Europe remains studded with famous sights I have not seen. In Paris, for instance, where I lived many months, I never went to look at the Mona Lisa. I prefer to keep her a mystery, because I know very well what I should discover if I gazed at her: a hard, complacent woman, smiling not mysteriously at some secret of her race, but fatuously and sneeringly at her own selfish triumphs. I should understand her perfectly, and her smile, too; but I could not like her. But then, she was an Italian woman, if you remember. And one understands one's own kind."

During this speech, a frankly worried look had come into Odette's face. She crushed out her cigarette hastily against the tray, and kept glancing at Julian.

"I think," she remarked, "that we have been taking liberties with this gentleman's interest and with his time. He is probably tired, and would prefer to leave us. We might drink another liqueur before we break up our little party, though, might we not? Waiter, three *camparis*, please. I hope, monsieur, that you like the Italian cordials? You may have noticed that they are strong and full-flavored, but they do not warm you as do the French ones."

When the pale-gold liquid had been poured out into their glasses, the Florentine lifted his, with a queer twist of his wrist, to the light.

"I drink to the happiness of your stay in Italy, monsieur," he proposed. "I have always liked Americans." And he tilted the glass to his fine, narrow lips. Odette, watching the faces of the men, took a sudden gulp of her liqueur; and Julian quickly raised his glass, and acknowledged the toast with a bow.

"I suppose in Italy as in France," he said, "one drinks to his own happiness? It is a custom I find very hard to remember, it being quite against my national superstitions. Still, I thank you both." And he drank, and then went up to his room.

He was alone, and, being alone, came gradually to wonder what his sudden renewed distress had all been about.

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From a drawing by Harry Townsend.

It was better not to know the wrong things—better to keep one illusion.—Page 67.

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A chance meeting with a strange couple in a hotel full of unpleasant people. A conversation about racial and temperamental differences.

No, no. Might as well face it. This terrible man, this cryptic gray-faced fellow, had destroyed what little assurance remained to him.

And what could it mean to a woman, association with men like this—listening to this sort of philosophy? For of course she would have met many people like him, having lived in the country so long. She would not have stayed friendless for ten years. And if this man were typical of his race— Still, whatever powers changed most people need not have changed her, for hers had never been a weak character.

To keep himself from fearing, he turned on the light over his table, and started to compose a letter. It began well enough.

"Your message reached me in Genoa, and I have come on here, but only for a day or two. I should be with you in three days. I could make it sooner, but I am not quite ready yet to meet you after so long a time. I want to come in a boat and take you away with me. We won't have to speak about my recent life, or yours. A trip along the Mediterranean, by ourselves, ought to cut us off at last from the rest of the world, and give us what we have wanted.

"My dearest, it is only now that I can believe, being so near you, that ten years has not been long to wait. It has been an eternity. But for some things one spends an eternity gladly, and when at last I've reached the end of this one, and can rejoin you—can see you—touch you—hear you speak—hear you laugh again because we have both something at last to be happy over——"

He could not write any more, for somehow, at that moment, he knew he would never reach her. The ten years were gone for nothing.

He thought of his wife, a light, unthinking person. She had not greatly cared whether he existed or not. People like himself went through hell when they made the mistake of marrying the wrong person. Everybody's precious time was wasted—life, years of it—thrown away for some reason no deeper than a whim. His wife—his wife no longer—had a nature that did not brood too much over things. She would not take her experiences very hard. There were fortunately no children to worry about, so that she was now entirely free. She'd do as she pleased, and forget him easily. One thing cleared up, anyhow.

Outside the mistral was blowing harder, and the sky beginning to cloud over. A jabber of guttural German came to him through the thin walls of the hotel room. The old war feeling of hatred surged up in him, as it always did when he was forced to live among these people. The war hadn't humbled them in the least; it had merely coarsened them. And it had tempered the British, and stung the French to a lasting fury, and made the Italians laugh, though somewhat unsteadily. Their own private war wasn't over yet, and they were being nice to the Germans now, and sneering at the English, and paying no attention to the French. Italy—Italy of the old great days—where did it remain? Surely, not only in the minds of a few patricians, proud, uneasy, cynical, behind some moveless Florentine mask like that of the fellow down-stairs? He would never really live again, that man. He was a pathetic figure, if you could look at it that way.

No, he was a devil. He was evil incarnate. And he had put into Julian's head the idea of not going to Paraggi, ever, after all, not by land nor by sea. He had established Julian's fear—made him feel he did not dare to go to the villa, nor to discover what woman was living there, at the end of ten years.

That night in his high room overlooking the sea, Julian fought it out with himself. What business had he in Italy at all, if not to see her? Possibly she would not be the same woman that he had known ten years before; still, he had no right to deny himself or her any pleasure they might have of this late meeting. And had not everything in his recent life been leading up to this? The divorce with his side of the case uncontested, his business arranged to run without him for a year, and, more important than that, his hope and his every desire—the long hurting want of her at last to be healed,

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the happiness just beyond him to be taken and possessed after so many days.

"Don't believe them. They never tell the truth." The words from the dining-room echoed across his mind without relation or meaning. Who never told the truth, or what? His fears? If they would only once be untrue! If he went to her house, he knew what he would find: some one hard and strange, not the woman he had hoped to meet again.

He would have to go and see for himself. Really, all he was facing was a possible disappointment. It sounded quite simple when put like that.

"Don't believe them. They never tell the truth." A nightmarish feeling came over him, till his thoughts lost coherence. "Florentines never tell the truth. They cheat at cards, they have ghastly gray faces, and smile horribly— Good God!"

Outside he could hear the sea roaring up against the rocky terrace below the hotel. It would be roaring up against her house, too, and against the breakwater, behind which a boat might anchor in safety. She, too, must be very tired of loneliness and the cold mistral. She wanted to see him; she said so, and he could not now refuse her. He needed to know what had been happening to her.

He ought to take his chances—claim what he had fought for. Did it matter, really, whether or not that thing proved empty? If it did, one could go about the world forever, gazing out of a mask-like face—a grim Florentine face—and nobody would know whether that meant triumph or defeat, for both of these are frightening things, and mark the end of illusion.

There stood his hope and his fear.

And he kept saying to himself something which sounded like a lesson he was trying to learn, or to understand: "Don't believe them—" Don't believe which, hope or fear?

But he already knew—had known for a long time. Hope lied. Hope lied.

He could not go. It was better not to know the wrong things—better to keep one illusion.

Deliberately he took the half-written letter, tore it into small pieces, and flung them down before him on the table.

Possession

BY BARBARA FROST

THEY say I own the cottage on the hill.
But it ain't so.
The cottage owns *me*, though,
That's how it really is. It ain't *my* will
To just keep staying on, year after year.
I've often thought I'd get away from here.

Just half way up—guess you can see it now—
Faded and brown,
It kind of snuggles down.
The trees bend over it, you notice how?
Protecting-like, and whispering so low
It's quieter than anything I know.

My married sister wrote and sent for me.
And I did try—
She couldn't figure why
I never came. Queer, how a house can be—
The house they say I *own*, up on the hill—
So little and so *stubborn* and so still.

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Angling in the Antipodes

BY HENRY VAN DYKE
Author of "The Newness of New Zealand," etc.

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS

THE only native fresh-water fishes in New Zealand (so far as I have been able to learn) were various kinds of minnows, large eels, which the aborigines loved, a few fugacious grayling, and an inferior species of trout so sluggish that the Maoris called him Kokopu, "the Sleeper." Of salt-water fishes there always were, and still are, a great plenty and variety all around the coasts. Sea-fishing with rod and line has been much improved and developed in a sporting direction during the last few years. The Bay of Plenty and the Bay of Islands are the most famous places. Mako sharks, kingfish, hapuka, and swordfish of imposing dimensions are taken and recorded by ambitious fishermen every year. It is said to be huge and exhausting sport—but no more so than you can get off the coasts of California and Florida, if you like that sort of thing.

To the confirmed fly-fisherman, however, all this is but "as sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal." He listens to the wondrous tales of four hundred pound swordfish and three hundred pound mako sharks with polite attention, but without envy; and gives credence according to the moral character of the tellers of the tales.

But for him (this mild, though incurable, type of anglimaniac) no fishes seem truly worthy and desirable unless they may be taken with the artificial fly. It is an irrational prejudice, an artistic bigotry, a fantastic fad, a harmless hobby—call it what you will. But the man who is afflicted with it can not shake it off even if he would. He does not defend it with shrewd arguments, such as the superior skill required to cast the feathered lure afar upon the waters, the joy of seeing the fish rise to take the fly, the swift, nervous reaction needed to connect the thrill of that vision with the automatic strike of the wrist which hooks the fish, the delicacy of the tackle suited to this sport, and the consequent difficulty of playing and landing the fish. All such reasons for his preference he could well adduce. But to what purpose? They might not convince, they might even annoy, fundamental addicts of the worm, the live bait, and the troll. So he keeps his own counsel and remains rooted in his belief that fly-fishing is the "top-hole" form of angling.

Of this special sport the original Maoris had no experience. They had no opportunity. Besides, their appetite always exceeded their taste. Food, not a trial of skill with a fish, was what they wanted.

But when the sporting British came to New Zealand they felt that the innumerable lakes and rivers were fit and worthy to receive nobler inhabitants so that they might furnish better sport. Accordingly they turned their resolute minds to the problem of stocking the new waters with old kinds of game fish.

It is not very easy to trace all the historic details of this laudable enterprise. But I shall try to give a brief outline of it, relying upon meticulous ancient anglers of the Dominion to correct my mistakes. This is a thing that meticulous ancient anglers are always ready to do, sometimes with joy, sometimes with acerbity.

It was in 1868 (so far as I can learn from the books) that the first planting of European brown trout, *salmo fario*, was made in the province of Otago, South Island. The eggs were brought from the island of Tasmania, but the original stock came from England. A number of other plantings followed with success. The fish multiplied, and replenished the waters, and grew immensely in size without losing their fighting spirit. In 1885 a hatchery

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was set up at Clinton, fed by a cold mountain-stream with a temperature of forty-one degrees in the spawning season. This establishment now turns out hundreds of thousands of ova and fry every year. In the province of Wellington, in the North Island, the first hatchery was set up at Masterton, about 1883. In both islands other species were added to the brown trout—Scotch burn trout, Loch Leven trout, American brook trout (*salvelinus fontinalis*), and California rainbow trout (*salmo irideus*).

All these species have survived. But the two which have flourished exceedingly and above measure are the English brown and the California rainbow; the former predominate in the South Island, the latter in the North, where the waters are a little warmer. But "browns" and "rainbows" have been caught weighing over twenty-five pounds apiece. One "brown" of forty pounds was reported from a certain lake; but I am not sure that he was weighed by any scales except his own. Catches of a dozen or fifteen were made in the good old days with an average of ten or twelve pounds per fish. Every hotel in New Zealand that is reputable and patriotic has a huge stuffed trout—sometimes five or six of them—displayed on the wall. But I noticed that most of these enticing and encouraging effigies bore a date of some years back. This led me to moderate my personal expectations. I considered the fact that in every true Fishermen's Resort one hears two familiar sayings: "You ought to have been here forty years ago," "You'll find great fishing forty miles further on." Why forty? I don't know. 'Tis a mystical, symbolic number. Let us leave speculation and go after the trout.

The first place where we tried our luck was at Temuka, a thriving small town on the South Island, and a noted angling station since the olden time. The Crown Hotel was a square, uncompromising structure on a corner of the main street; but beside it was a long garden full of roses and other joyous flowers. Here we could pull off our wet waders and brogues before dinner and sit on a secluded bench after dinner while "Mac," the white-bearded Scotch landlord, talked to us of the glories of "auld lang syne," and of his desire to retire from the hotel business, and told my girls about the admirable qualities of his girl who was in Sydney studying to be a singer.

The inn was quite full of people. There were various travellers; a local wool-buyer, of prosperous connections and cordial manners, who told us all about the wool trade; an electrical engineer from Ohio, who had been in New Zealand for twenty years and liked it; several native anglers who were keen on sport; and an agreeable Australian and his wife who were touring the Dominion in their own Fiat car, fishing everywhere.

Close to the town there were two lovely little rivers flowing down to join their waters a mile or two below and run together into the sea. The Opihi was the larger and ran in a broad bed of shingle. The Temuka was smaller but prettier; well-wooded, especially in the upper reaches around the sleepy village of Winchester, where the great willows overhung the clear stream just as in England, and the lazy cows came down to drink and then to cross the river just where you wanted to cast your fly.

"But the fish? The fish, old Piscator. Come to the point!"

Well, we tried, and the Australians tried with us—we had two happy all-day picnics together—and all the brethren of the angle tried their best. I even went out night-fishing with the three most esteemed of the local fishermen, they using bait, I sticking to the fly. (I took three fair trout and they two between them.) But the net results were always the same. Not a fish was brought into the Crown that week which weighed over a pound and a half. The most that I got in a day was eight trout, running from half-a-pound to a pound. But in spite of all, the fishing itself was lovely. To wade down the Temuka between the wooded banks; casting the fly now on this lovely ripple, now on that eddying pool; watching the obese rabbits bounce through the bushes like furry rubber balls; listening to the small birds, wrens and tits, warbling in the thickets; taking shelter in a hollow willow-tree from a fierce thunder-storm that swept down from the far-away mountains, and coming

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out again into a sun-dazzled world of dripping leaves; hoping always for a big trout in the next pool—the *fishing* was delightful, I tell you, though the creel was not full.

About this time I saw a curious item in the newspaper of the neighboring town of Timaru. It read thus: "Fine sport is being had by the anglers now at Temuka. Large baskets of very heavy trout are being taken in every pool on the Opihi, etc., etc." This set me wondering whether the inhibitory effect of angling on the human nerve of veracity is universal. Grover Cleveland used to maintain that fishermen are not necessarily liars, though some of them embroider a little for picturesque effect. Perhaps the man who wrote that paragraph in the Timaru paper was only an enthusiastic artist. Perhaps he was not a fisherman at all, but only a publicity promoter.

Our Australian friend had just been through the most celebrated fishing regions of the South Island. He certainly was no "embroiderer," though he could cast a beautiful fly. "Two weeks," he said, "we travelled and fished, and we only got five trout that were really worth keeping." So I made up my mind that this was probably a poor year for the southern waters; and after we had seen Mount Cook and the region around about we set out for the North Island again.

We spent another pleasant week with our friends in Wellington—receptions, dinners, teas, cinema parties, and other innocent diversions—and then took the so-called express train for Rotorua. Railway travel at night in the Dominion is still bumpy and simple enough to satisfy a person of the most primitive tastes. Early in the morning we had to change cars. The new train (local) crept slowly through a cattle country where the pastures were green and the waters still, into a sheep country where the innumerable woolly flocks roamed the hills checked only by the invisible wire fences, and so on to the high ridges of a timber country where the rich and tangled virgin forest still clothed the steeper hillsides and choked the deep ravines. From the crest we looked down on open slopes, and a broad valley dotted with low farmhouses, and the lovely oval lake, Rotorua, and beside it the little metropolis of the thermal region, in which the principal occupations are bathing, angling, and gossiping.

It has numberless small hotels and private boarding-houses, in one of which, Waiwera House, we found a snug abode. There are churches and neat little stores, schools, and garages, souvenir shops, and tourist offices (the best is the Government Bureau), and a fine hospital on the hill, which was built for wounded soldiers of the World War, but is now devoted to crippled children, mainly those who have been victims of infantile paralysis. But by far the most imposing affair at Rotorua is the fine state bath establishment. The large and handsome central pavilion is set in a splendid park, full of all manner of trees and flowers in opulent bloom. There are excellent tennis courts and velvety bowling greens, open to all. You can have all imaginable kinds of baths, if you need them and the clever balneologist, Doctor Duncan, prescribes them—hot, cold, sulphur, iron, soda, or mud baths—according to your necessity. If you don't need any particular kind, you can go to the beach and bathe in the lake just for fun.

The principal point of interest for curious tourists is the hot-springs village, Whakarewarewa, commonly called Whaka for short. The geysers and thermal waters did not attract me so much as the Maoris who dwell around them and show them off. They are no longer cannibal savages, though they still live on strangers. In the deep pool below the bridge two women—mother and daughter, I think—swam and dived for pennies and sixpences, preferably the latter. A few of the best-looking and cleverest girls are chosen as guides. Of one of these I heard a good story.

Maggie Papakura was handsome and amiable and spoke perfect English. One day she guided a Cockney tourist from Sydney through the wonders of Whaka. As the visitor was going she said to Maggie: "W'y you're quite the lydy! You speak h'English h'almost as good as me." Maggie smiled, and her black eyes flashed. "Good 'evings," she said, "'ow proud you myke me!"

At the top of the steep hill above the hot-springs valley we saw a Maori "pa,"

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or fortified village. Here were the ditches and palisades, the carved gateway, the "where," or dwelling, the storehouse raised on a post, and the images of unknown gods—all faithfully reproduced from antique models. It was from strongholds like this that the warlike tribes used to repulse marauding and hungry neighbors, and even British infantry. But now the Maoris give concerts and "poi" dances twice a week in the Town Hall (tickets three shillings each). We found the singing good and the dance amusing.

Meantime we angled faithfully. *Nulla dies sine linea*—"let no guilty fish escape"—was our motto. Mr. Moorhouse, the able and jolly state superintendent of game in the district, took us under his friendly wing and out every day in his motor boat or car. He told us about the problems and trials of his job.

"A few years ago," said he, "the size of the trout in these waters began to lessen, but their tribe increased. Evidently the lakes were getting overstocked. The food was running low, minnows disappearing. If you want big trout you must not let the number outrun the food supply—that's the rule. So we went to work to net out some of the superfluous trout in order that the minnows might increase. Hearty approval from the wiser fishermen! Violent and even profane objection from some of the others, who said we were spoiling their sport! But we kept on and got some improvement. Next year we may have to do it again.

"Another thing we have to contend with is this disease among the trout—a kind of intestinal parasite, whose eggs they pick up in the water. It lodges and hatches in their stomachs, bores through their insides, and finally into their flesh, coming out sometimes in a sore or a big lump just under the skin. Trout with this disease are long and lanky and weak—"slabs" we call them. A slab long enough to weigh twelve or fifteen pounds will turn the scale at only eight or ten pounds.

"Now the devil of it is that this bug or worm or parasite, or whatever you may call it, is brought to maturity inside of a bird, a very ugly and greedy bird—the shag—of which there are many species and great numbers in New Zealand. So the shags eat vast quantities of trout with worms in them; and the worms lay their eggs in the shags and they drop them into the water; and the trout pick them up, and the worms eat the trout. It's just a vicious circle, and the only one who enjoys it seems to be the shag."

"It is just the same," said I, "as the story of the pelicans and the trout in Yellowstone Park. Why don't you exterminate the shags?"

"For the same reason," said Moorhouse, "that you don't exterminate the pelicans. If you try to do it, all the bird-lovers cry aloud in horror: 'Why do you slaughter those quaint and picturesque birds? They have as much right to live as you have.' Besides, it's impossible. There are too many shags, and they are too clever—clever as crows. They always know when a man has a gun."

There must be more than a dozen fine lakes about Rotorua. We visited seven of them and fished in three. The day that I remember best is the one that we spent on a small lake called Roto-ehu. We motored over twenty-five miles of a billowy mountain road to the head of a large and beautiful lake called Roto-iti. Then we turned into the thick woods and came to the broad trail which Hongi, an educated but particularly ferocious Maori chief, cut through the forest a hundred years ago.

His enemies, the Arawa tribe, were encamped on the hilly island of Mokoia, in the middle of Lake Rotorua. They stuck out their tongues and shouted insults at Hongi, who raged on the shore and had no boats. But defiance did not mean defeat to Hongi. He went back to the seacoast, gathered his war canoes, hewed a broad track thirty miles through the bush, and made his slaves drag his navy to the head of Roto-iti. From there it was an easy paddle through the Ohau channel into Rotorua. Then the mocking Arawa trembled and fell before the muskets of the Ngapuhi. There was a great slaughter, and Hongi presided at an abundant banquet that night on the isle of Mokoia.

It seemed to us unreal, like one of the

"Old, unhappy, far-off things"

of which the poet Wordsworth speaks. Yet here was the track by which the war

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canoes travelled overland. The stately bush grew thick around it, but had not obliterated it. Huge pines stood like clustered columns; dark totaras spread their glossy shade; wide-armed ratas let down their tendrils to make new roots; plumed cabbage palms threw up their blade-like leaves; feathery tree ferns trembled in the light breeze; all shades and forms of green undergrowth, and air-nourished orchids, and trailing vines wove their wild tapestry among the interspaces of the taller trunks.

As we walked through this rich and tranquil confusion of forest life, we heard the wonderful sweet song of the tui (the parson-bird, they call him, because he has two white tufts on the breast of his dark coat). Then from the other side of the thicket the bell-bird struck his clear chime. But when we came down to the willows by the lake, it was the tiny wren that welcomed us, warbled and trilled to us, just as he does beside the Swiftwater or the Neversink in America.

We had no boat, so we must wade for our fishing. At one corner of the bay by which we had come out there was a tributary stream—a stream so small and still that you could hardly detect its flow, save by the waving of the moss at the bottom. But it was colder than the lake, and here, in the deepish water between the shore and a shoal covered with reeds, the trout were wont to gather.

We stepped into the water, waded out beyond the waist-line, and began to cast. I was using a fly called the "Gold Demon," which seemed to have a charm on it that day. Presently there came a swirl beside it. I let it sink, drew in a couple of inches, felt a touch, struck lightly, and was fast in a good fish. After some lively play he came to the gaff—a plump rainbow trout of about seven pounds. Five others, larger and smaller, were deluded by the Gold Demon that morning. Then we had lunch under the willows with the girls. After that I took three more trout of about the same size. We had a round dozen of pretty fish to spread on the grass in front of the kodak before we went away. It was certainly no great catch, but it was a very lovely day. The wren was still singing when we left.

This may be a good place to interject some information about salmon-fishing in New Zealand, not based upon my own experience (for I did not try it), but drawn from the books and from skilful and apparently trustworthy anglers.

The first game fish which the sporting Britishers tried to acclimatize in the Dominion (1864) was the king of all, the Atlantic salmon (*salmo salar*). These early efforts were not successful, so the acclimatizers turned their attention to a variety of the Pacific salmon, the quinnat (*salmo oncorhynchus*). The first planting of eggs was made in 1875, and many others followed. But it was not until 1906 that the first quinnat was taken, in the Waitaki River, and in 1909 one more was captured at the mouth of the Rakaia. Slow work, you see; two fish in thirty-four years. But through perseverance the results improved. In 1911 the quinnat started running up the southern rivers, and are now taken in considerable number—*by trolling*, for the quinnat does not seem to care for the fly here any more than in California.

Meantime his nobler cousin (*salar*, "the leaper") began to make himself at home. In 1922 fifty-six Atlantic salmon were taken in the Waiau and its tributaries. In 1923 larger numbers were caught, especially at Lake Te Anau, in the South Island.

I asked an honest angler who had fished salmon in Scotland, Norway, and Canada, and had tried Te Anau with good luck, to tell me his experience and opinion.

"Well," said he, "almost all my fish were taken by trolling with the spoon or minnow. They ran from three to seven pounds in weight. They were rather dark in color. They did not look to me like the real Atlantic salmon which I have caught in Europe or America. The trout-fishing is still the great thing in this country."

My own guess is that New Zealand may be developing her own variety of "land-locked" salmon, or ouananiche—a fine fish, which goes up to twenty pounds in some of the lakes of Maine and Newfoundland, and fights splendidly. He also rises to the fly in rapid water. But if a man desires to take *salmo salar* with the fly, he doesn't need to go to New Zealand; he can do better in Great

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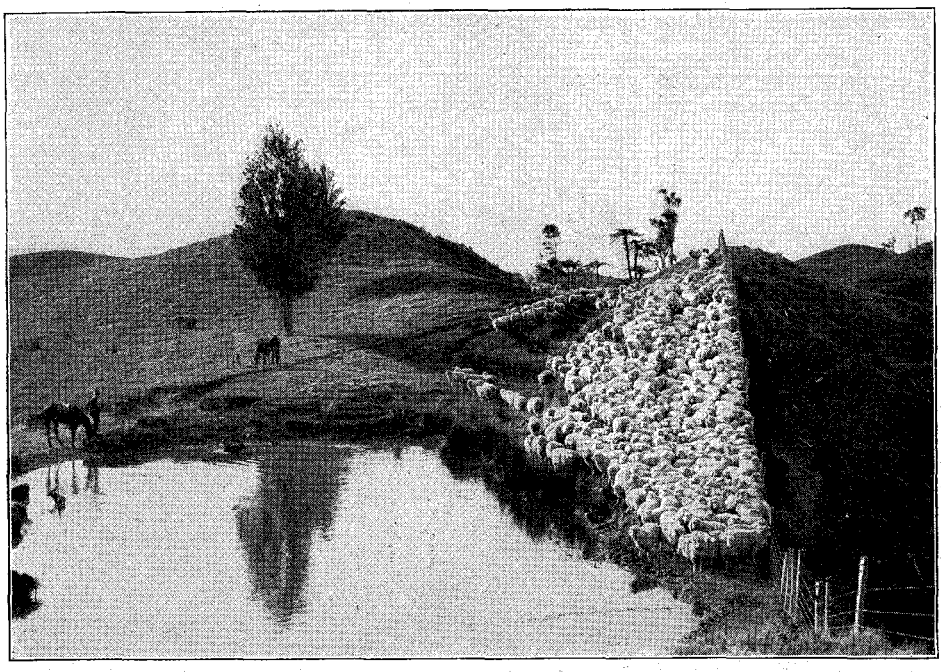

A flock and a fence.

The tribe at Waihaha, Maori chief new style.

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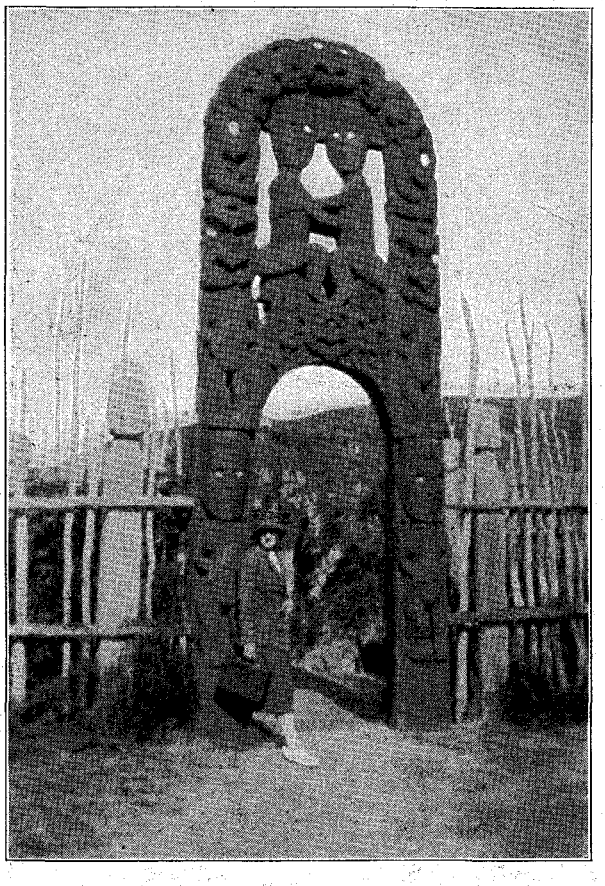
Britain, Norway, or Canada. Not in the United States, alas! For we fool Americans have absolutely ruined all but one of the fine salmon streams of our Atlantic coast, and that one is running mighty low.

In a book written by Captain Hamilton, in 1904, called "Fishing in Maoriland," more than nine hundred and ninety lakes, rivers, streams, and burns are listed: in regard to all of them he gives careful information about "banks" and "bottoms," wading and landing places; of all he says: "Contains brown trout," or "rainbows," or "both." Evidently a field too vast even to scratch in a couple of months! So I left the girls at Waiwera House to enjoy the tennis and dancing and bathing and picnicking, and hied me away with Moorhouse to Taupo, the centre of the rainbow-fishing and the largest lake in New Zealand, twenty-seven miles long, and nearly as broad. It is a fine open sheet of water; mountains near and far surround it, huge cliffs rise on the western side, and at the southern end, the head of the lake, you can see in the distance three ancient volcanoes, one of which still fumes and shows a dim red glow at night, while another is snow-capped.



Gate of Maori "Pa."

The hotel called "The Terraces," a couple of miles from the village of Taupo, at the northern end of the lake, is a beautiful and comfortable anglers' rest, with a bath in the little valley of warm springs behind it fit for angels—if angels ever bathe. There was good fishing in the vicinity, but too many fishermen. At the mouth of one little river, the Waitahanui, we saw twelve anglers wading and casting; and when we came to the stream we had chosen, twelve miles farther on, we found four other fishermen there. Naturally, our total catch was not large. But the next day a boy eight years old caught a thirteen-pound "rainbow" in the same place. That small boy will remember it as long as he lives—a gold-letter day in his autobiography.

Moorhouse said that I must abandon the Capuan luxury of The Terraces and go over to a hut on the Western Bay, twenty miles away. When the motor launch landed me and my bag and my rods on a white, curving beach at the foot of the rugged cliffs, I found that the English hut was already full—two anglers there, and room for no more. But there was a Maori hut near by, and in this there was only one angler, a very pleasant, quiet Englishman named Smallwood, who fished well and read a two months old copy of the London *Weekly Times* for diversion. So I got the other room, with a clean bed, but not a chair nor a toilet

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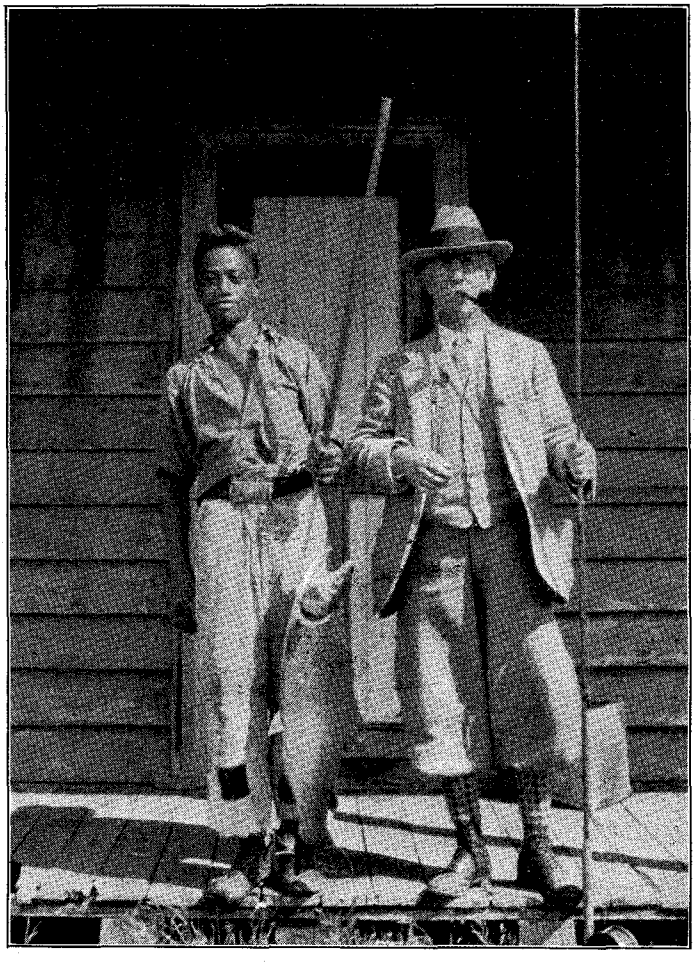
set, nor even a fragment of looking-glass, in the house. When I wanted to brush my hair or shave, it was necessary to go outside and try to catch my reflection in one of the windows.

But, after all, there was no real hardship about it. The Maoris were smiling and friendly: the women mostly very fat, except a few who were very thin; the children numerous but tractable; the countless dogs and pigs peaceably inclined; the big, stout chief of the Waihaha valley, Pidi (or Peddie, I could never quite make out his name), most good-natured and obliging.

"You see that little pig," he said, as a litter scampered past us, "how you like him to dinner?" But when I explained that fresh pork did not agree with me, he bethought him of other expedients, and our table was supplied with rabbit and wild duck, as well as plenty of fish, of course.



The boy "Tai," and my best trout.

"Have you always lived here?" I asked him one day.

"Born this valley," he answered. "Gone away nine year. When I come back, two uncle and two niece dead. Put in ground out there beyond wire fence. I get cement, make tombstone—see?" (He pointed to four long, low erections of concrete among the bushes.) "Please you make photo those and send me, eh?"

Of course I did it. There was a cross on the front of each of the tombs. Peddie was a real chief, loyal to his tribe.

Evenings, when the dusk was falling, we would go out to fish the little river Waihaha—a deep, slow stream with dark bottom and clear water, overhung with willows, and sometimes divided into channels by bushy islands. We came home when it was too dark to see without a torch, bringing two, or three, or four good rainbows. One day the score ran thus: 9 pounds, 9½, 10, 11½, 12½. It was exciting, playing the fish at night. But, after all, there is something queer about it, not quite as good as daylight fishing.

Mornings I went out on the lake at the mouth of the stream. Peddie got an extra boat for me from another river, with a nice Maori boy, named Tai, to row it.

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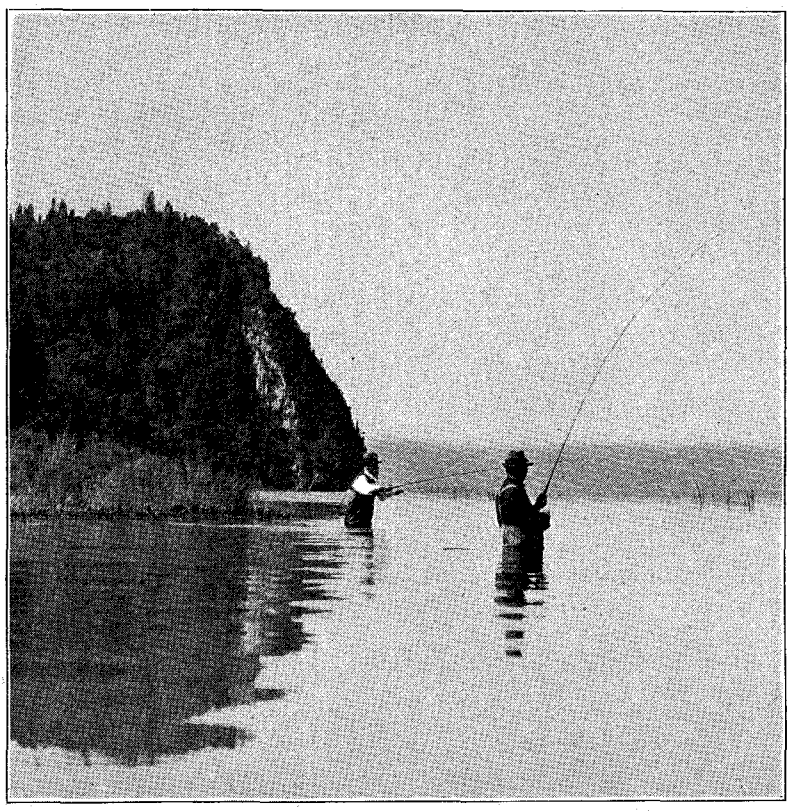
One day, about ten o'clock, the supreme moment of my angling in the Antipodes unexpectedly arrived. I was casting with a claret hackle, getting the fly out sixty or seventy feet, letting it sink, and then pulling in slowly by hand—the regular method of fly-fishing in New Zealand. There came a sudden touch on the line. I struck. A great rainbow leaped three feet in the air. Then he turned and rushed toward the middle of the lake, not less than two hundred and fifty yards before I could stop him. There he made three more fine leaps, and then the fight to get him in began. We had to follow him with the lumbering boat. Tai was tense but calm. Again and again the fish was brought near, only to turn and run out more line. At last he was close to the boat and quiet. Tai took the little gaff and made a clean stroke and a steady lift. The fish was ours—a plump, perfect, sunrise-colored trout—weighing sixteen pounds. It was not a monster, to be sure, but it was the best rainbow that I saw or heard of being caught with the fly while we were in New Zealand. I had set my modest limit of satisfaction, before we came, at fifteen pounds. So you see, I was more than satisfied and took the rainbow's picture twice.



Fishing in Lake Roto-ehu.

Of my further adventures at the Hut Camp on the Tongariro River, where I met three prime anglers (Dyer of Wellington, Whitney of Auckland, and Neilson of Poverty Bay) and caught some fine trout as well as a vile neuritis from wading too deep and long in the snow-fed stream—of the happy reunion with my sunburned offspring at Rotorua, and my kind, efficient treatment by Doctor Duncan at the big bathing establishment—of the indolent voyage homeward, by way of the Fiji Islands and Honolulu, to Vancouver—there is no need to write. It is better to consecrate the last moments of an ill-

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spent article to a bit of moral advice for the gentle reader.

First, if you are addicted to the pernicious but agreeable habit of smoking, take your cigars with you when you go to New Zealand, for those that you can buy there are both dear and disappointing. Second, "put money in thy purse"—Dominion money—for the rate of exchange on travellers' checks and letters of credit is simply godless. Third, clear your mind of the fond dream of a place where you can walk down to the water any day, chuck out a line, and haul in enormous trout. There is no such place. Even if there were, you would not be happy in it.

For, as of many other things, so of angling, uncertainty is the secret charm, even in the Antipodes.

Ancient Footprints in the Grand Canyon

BY JOHN C. MERRIAM
President of the Carnegie Institution of Washington

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS

ALTHOUGH our libraries and museums furnish a wealth of evidence regarding the meaning of history, no source of information can ever equal in interest actual original records when we find them undisturbed since the time of their making. So it is that the arrow-point which a boy discovers deep in the body of a tree makes real to him the picture of frontier days described by his grandfather. Or a finger-print in cement of an ancient wall causes our vision to flash back across the centuries and brings the builder before us as an unavoidable reality. The thrill that comes from examination of such first-hand evidence serves as does no other kind of experience to lay solid foundations for education and belief.

It was while searching for materials of value in a special study of ancient life that the writer first had opportunity to see an original record of surpassing interest in the form of a trail crossing the south wall of the Grand Canyon. The finding of this trail was described by my guide as we stood on the Canyon rim with the panorama of the gorge open before us.

As the story ran, the caretaker on Hermit Trail was clearing away rock from the lower end of the White Zigzag, a thousand feet below the rim of the Grand Canyon. Lifting the slabs of sandstone he noticed that they were smooth like stones of a pavement. As he uncovered a long block in widening the path, he was thinking: "Here is one which no foot of man or brute ever touched." Then his eye caught the print of a little clawed foot with toe-marks thrust deep into the sand—and then another, and another, and another, as the tracks, evenly spaced, reached across the slab. The last showed only the tip of a heel where the overlying rock bordered the path. It occurred to him that the toes of this foot might be under the rock. Looking more closely, his eyes stepped again from print to print until they rested on the heel pointing beneath the cliff. Seizing his pick, he carefully pried up the slab above. The heel stretched forward into imprints of toes, and just beyond it another heel marked a continuing trail leading under the wall.

Leaning against his pick-handle, the trail-maker looked up at the cliff—across the thousand feet of rock, layer upon layer, that built the wall above. He turned and looked out toward the Can-

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Footprints of several individuals differing considerably in size, from Coconino sandstone on the Hermit Trail, Grand Canyon of Arizona.

yon, cut nearly a mile into the earth since the topmost rock stratum was finished, and said to himself: "It was sure feet that made them tracks, but it's a long while since they passed this way."

Mike and Bert, who had told me this story, promised to point out the spot where the trail with ancient footprints marked in solid rock crossed the White Zigzag on the Canyon wall. Next morning found us dropping over the rim at Hermit Rest. Passing down into the gorge, we crossed a great thickness of limestone layers, filled in places with shells of animals that lived in the sea in which these deposits were formed and left their lime-bearing remains to make a part of the accumulating mass. Lower in the Canyon the rocks changed to sandstone, spread originally as even sand layers but hardened during the lapse of ages to plates and slabs of stone now called the Coconino sands. Where strata of different texture were separated we could see the surface of each bed of sand exactly as it was before succeeding deposits were laid upon it.

Resting on the way for a moment, in the shade of a projecting rock, we were talking of the object of our excursion when Bert pointed to the foot-

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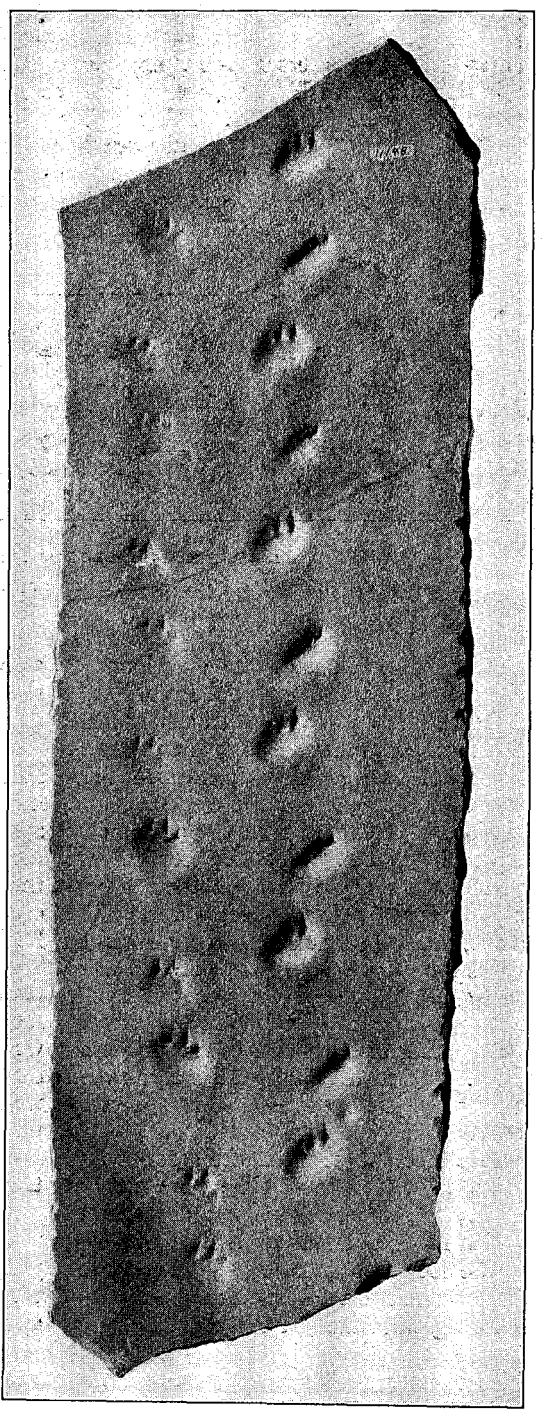
prints of a wildcat which had followed the path some hours before us. Then we hurried on down the slope—following the trail which the big cat had marked in the dust.

In crossing the strata of the lower Zigzag, every exposed surface of ancient sand layers was inspected with care until Bert, somewhat in advance of other members of the party, waved his arms in indication of success in his search. We hurried to the spot. At this point the trail was cut into the rock. Below it was a mass of loose blocks, partly formed by natural disintegration of the cliff and partly torn out in cutting the path. On the upper side, undisturbed sandstone was exposed in a succession of thin layers readily pulled apart.

Bert pointed to a wide slab extending into the wall. Bending eagerly to examine it, we saw on the fine sand of its surface marks of feet walking from the dust-sprinkled floor of the trail over the face of the rock and disappearing beneath the layers above. The four feet had been set down daintily and yet firmly—the sharp toes cut deeply into the sand. The spread or straddle of the double row of footprints indicated limbs set wide apart, as in salamander-like forms whose bones are found in rocks of the age in which the Coconino sand was deposited. The tracks were not those of any animal known in the life of Arizona to-day, but their clear imprint, and the regular spacing of footsteps crossing the surface, left no room for doubt that we looked upon the trail of a creature that moved alive over this sand.

Looking back to the spot where the slab with ancient footprints crossed the path over which we had come, I noticed the touch of a wildcat's foot showing faintly in the dust. Kneeling, I wiped the rock with my hand, and then with closed eyes blew away all remaining particles. When the air



Footprints of a single individual from Coconino sandstone on the Hermit Trail, Grand Canyon of Arizona.

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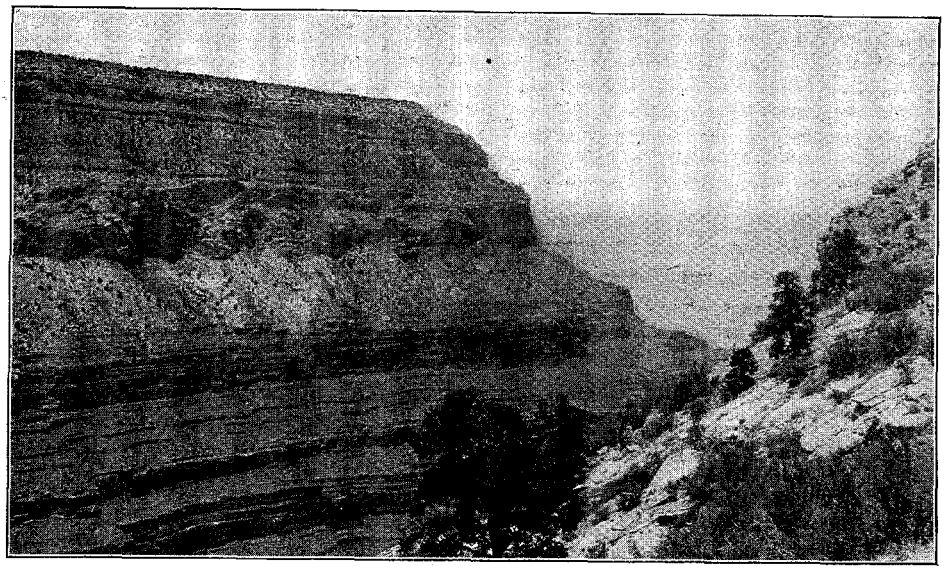

Looking across Hermit Basin, in the Grand Canyon.
The Coconino sandstone is included in the lighter portion of the section in the opposite wall.

cleared, I looked again. There, where the cat had left its imprint in a film of dust a few hours earlier, were tracks of little feet marked on the sand, now hardened to stone, and between them in the same rock was the sharp cut of a mule shoe.

No one of us had seen the cat quietly tiptoe by in early morning, nor had we watched the mule with its tourist passenger tramp circumspectly down the slope, but we needed no further evidence to assure us of their recent passing. We knew also that even the venerable cliffs rising around us could not have viewed the making of footprints in the Coconino sand. We realized that the Canyon with all its majestic expression of antiquity and stability must have been still in the future of creation when the seconds and minutes of that early time were marked off by rhythmic movement of the feet which made this earlier track. And yet, as we looked upon the two records, the prints on ancient sands, preserved through time beyond human understanding, were not less real than were the traces of feet of cat and mule made in the morning of the day on which we found them.

Here was the crossing of two trails. Each was clear and unmistakable; one made that day, the other held unchanged as by a miracle from time so remote that we could only vaguely appreciate the magnitude of intervening ages.

Down into the gulf of the Canyon we had followed the tracks of wildcat and mule zigzagging over uncovered edges of strata piled upon the surface marked by the older trail. Each successive layer of the multitude traversed contained a record of events that marked years leading back to the day of the Coconino creature. Then, as we halted where this modern trail crossed that made by the ancient footprints, we had seen the path on which we came reach down across still greater depths of strata in the gorge below. And we knew that this further volume of history extended into periods that already represented a distant past at the time these imprints were being made.

Looking out over the gorge with its wonderful records we were impressed beyond measure by the effects of the power that opened the earth to make this chasm, and by evidence of vast forces involved in building and moulding the world everywhere laid bare on the walls. It seemed that, with all its overpowering grandeur, the Canyon could tell us nothing so impressive as the story of making the earth, opened to view along this path crossing

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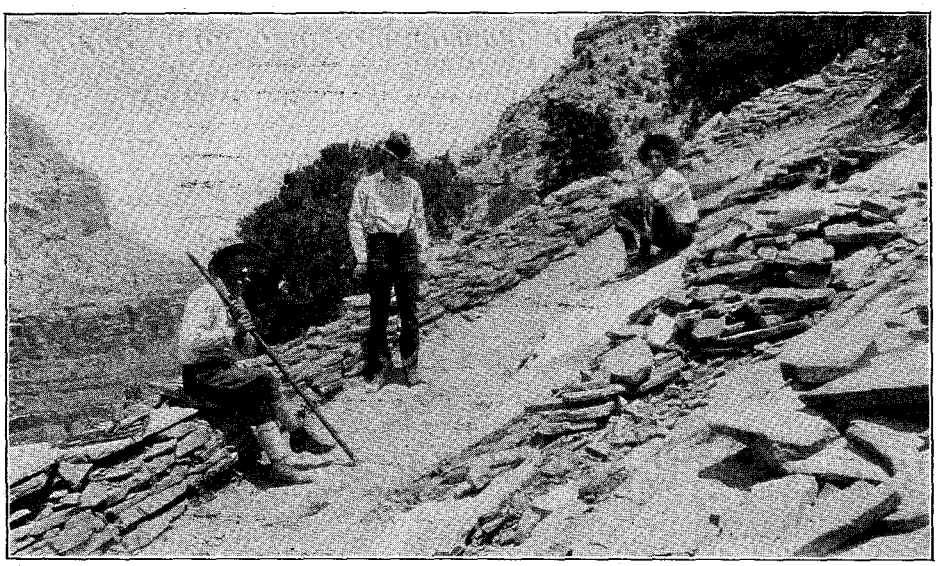
from to-day to yesterday. But when, in the midst of evidence of vast changes in the face of nature, we saw the touch of moving feet, still fresh and clear upon the sand, the ancient earth with its unstable continents and shifting seas was transformed from a theatre for play of lifeless forces to the scene of eons of growth and struggle in a world of living things. Expressing with surpassing vividness the reality of beings that walked about on feet like those of man and beast, these traces on the shore brought clear realization that in this early time life resembling ours was making its way and meeting the difficulties of a changing world. With this added story the record of the great gorge was given a meaning such as it could otherwise never have possessed. The creature that walked the Coconino Trail brought a message, which made us see the majesty and beauty of the Canyon as a background, over which there moved a picture of that greatest of all dramas—the story of life.

After a morning spent in learning something of the account of ancient life given in this record of the rocks, we stopped for rest and luncheon under a juniper on a steep slope near the trail. Mike sat quietly looking out over the Canyon where we could see the Coconino sandstone marked clearly in its place among the strata on the opposite wall. Then, turning quickly, he asked me how far the makers of the footprints had probably travelled. I said: "Do you mean horizontally or vertically? We have a moving picture of them as they passed. We cannot follow them as individuals to the journey's end, but we know that generation after generation of their descendants saw layer built upon layer above the sand in which these tracks were buried. As the pile grew they moved upward over the changing landscapes formed upon it. With passing years a sea came in to replace the land, but the procession kept on its way over other steps that the gorge has not opened to view."

We looked again at the ladders and stairways formed by strata in the Canyon wall rising around and above us. "Well," said the youngster of our party, "it was the game to keep moving and climb as fast as the stair was built."

As I think back to the thrill of this experience on the Hermit Trail, there is impressed upon me with increasing emphasis the wonder and beauty of the story one reads along the way. But I realize that with all the joy of discovery we only begin to understand the meaning of what we see.

To-day, at a time which may be merely in the beginning of a great span of earth



A portion of the Hermit Trail bordered by slabs containing fossil footprints. Grand Canyon.

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history, we as human beings represent one stage in a procession of generations that have played the game and climbed as fast as the stairway opened. We have made our paths over continents, and seas, and through the air. We have walked back into the past across trails of almost infinitely remote eons, bringing into our life to-day the experience of this world through vast periods of trial and experiment. And yet, with all our compass of knowledge and our wide reach through time, the future toward which we travel is but little clearer than was the future Grand Canyon to the maker of footprints on the Coconino shore.

Standing on the very sands in which these traces of moving feet have remained so long to tell their story, we look up to the cliffs and out over the Canyon, seeing as reality what could have been only a vision of the future when the ancient creature pressed its feet upon the same surface. Then we turn and read the story of that still greater past opened to view in the record of the gorge below. And we ask whether, with all our knowledge of this movement of the world through time, we may not learn to build upon the past—to build, as well as wait to climb the stairways when they rise before us.

The Bleeding Cross

BY EMERSON LOW

Author of "The Man Who Had Been Away"

ILLUSTRATIONS BY SIMHKA SIMKHOVITCH

THERE were footsteps. A slow dragging of feet came over the road outside. Janusz Karski raised himself in his chair in the garden. He saw above the hedge a group of men and women: figures that were black and worn: like dim factory smoke against the sky: like sorrow. He started.

"Who are they?"

Mr. Balcerek's blue eyes smiled strangely, and he glanced at his daughter. "They?" he replied. "They're pilgrims. . . ."

"Pilgrims!"

"Yes, from Zmigrod. It's a mining town about ten miles up the railway, and these are workmen in the mines."

"But where are they going?"

"To the crossroads. . . ."

"The crossroads?"

"Aye, about a mile up."

"But I had no idea that there was a shrine in this part of the country——"

"It's something rather recent," began Mr. Balcerek. He was apparently embarrassed, and kept glancing at his daughter. Janusz looked at her. Her face was fading from him in the darkness of the trees. But it seemed intense: as if she were listening to the footsteps.

He was surprised.

"What is it, Uncle?"

"Well, you see, it was two months ago—or was it three, Nastusia? Eh, was it three? Och, well, it doesn't matter, perhaps. . . . Anna, old Anna, was coming along the road from Krosno late at night. She wanted to see the doctor about a niece of hers. . . . She was walking fast, because it was dark and a storm was coming.

"Do you remember that where our road meets the road to Krosno there's an old calvary? And four pine trees? It was put up about a hundred years ago by a wealthy landowner on the death of his wife. Some say that he killed her. The rain took the paint off years back, so there's nothing left but the boards. Well, our Anna was passing there just as the storm came. She crouched under the cross, thinking she'd be safe. But the wind nearly dragged her out—she said it was like fingers tugging at her. . . . And then it suddenly stopped

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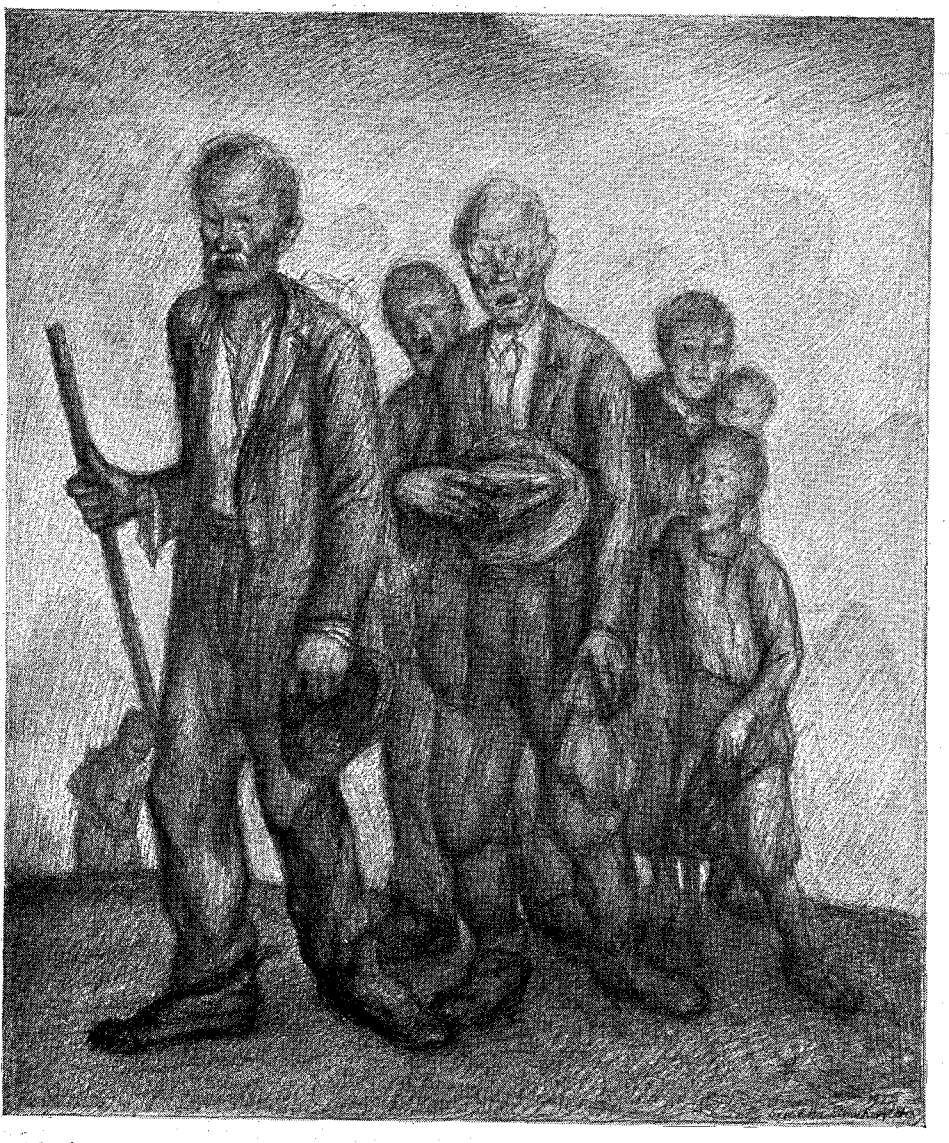

Figures that were black and worn: like dim factory smoke against the sky.—Page 82.

—like a sob, she said. And all was still. Anna looked to the Saviour to thank him. . . . When she felt something trickle down. . . ."

Mr. Balcerek stopped.

Nastusia, who had seemed not to be listening, spoke up in a voice that was almost angry: "Father thinks because you've been at the *university*, you're against religion. He's been reading about Communism—and that they don't believe in God."

"Nastusia! I never said Janusz didn't believe in God!"

"No. But you said he'd probably have new ideas——"

"I haven't any! Oh, I've seen enough of Communism! I assure you, Uncle, of that!" he cried, lighting a cigarette. The cigarette, miles away from Krakow, tasted different from any he had ever smoked. "No! I have no new ideas, thank God!"

Mr. Balcerek hesitated a moment.

"She felt something trickle," he went on slowly. "It came from a hole in the *left* side of the body. . . .

"Old Anna told me the next day, and I went to the mayor, of course. Then we

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drove up there with Stach, the butcher. Stach took some of it and found that it was—blood. . . .

"They come now from all over the country. I can't begin to tell you, Janusz, of the miracles that have happened to our villagers! Of the protection! We had some bad cases of fever—just a week ago. And now there's only old Karol and his son left in the infirmary."

Mr. Balcerek glanced hurriedly at his nephew—at the young doctor—as if he still expected some cynical remark. But Janusz said nothing. His eyes were on a figure in white that was moving slowly along by the hedge, outside of the darkness of the trees. Was it old Anna? His uncle called down to her—the figure moved on as if it didn't hear. Then it turned and came slowly across the soft grass.

"I heard some one call," said an old woman in a curious hollow voice and addressing them all.

She was a little woman, almost deformed, with a large head, and shiny, quick eyes—like the backs of beetles under a stone, Janusz thought. He remembered her on his first visit: she was dirty and had seemed to be doing all the heavy work about the place; and now stood before them in a white starched apron, and city shoes—by the manner in which she kept lifting her feet. It was plain that she was living up to her new position of prophetess!

"I have just been telling Doctor Janusz about the bleeding heart. . . ."

"Aye and you well might!" spoke up the old woman, swaying a little from side to side like the lilacs, "for it is the miracle of the age. It has come to us in our sin. It has come to wash away our desires. . . . It is Christ bleeding for us that we may be saved. Every few days, Doctor. Tuesday it did, and now. . . ." She stared up at the dark sky. Two or three stars appeared through the branches of a tree. "*Now*. . . . I feel it *again*. . . ."

Another crowd went by in the road. They were singing.

Mr. Balcerek gazed after them, and then disappeared.

"It is the first happiness that has come to the village," Nastusia said, eagerly, "Papa didn't tell you half about it. You can't imagine all that it means. . . . Above all, what it has given the peasants. For their life is shut in. They work like gray insects, beating their wings in the sun, until they are tired and drop to earth. Day after day. For there is nothing in their lives. No reason. No opening. This faith has brought them—an opening. If you'd seen what I have seen. . . ."

"Yes, I think I have——"

She looked at him expectantly.

"And that is the chief thing," he went on, tugging at a long grass. "I'm a doctor and yet I believe in cures by faith. It doesn't make much difference *what* it is, as long as one has it. . . . Take the old Hindus and their white cows——"

He stretched back. She had been only twelve when he had last seen her; and who would have imagined then that she *could* have grown into what she was! . . . He glanced at the curve of her healthy cheek; there was a fascination, he was thinking, in everything about her—in her slenderness, in her dress, her plump brown arms, her shoes. . . .

"I felt so too," she said suddenly, thoroughly disappointed. She didn't know whether to go on or not. It was like a dark cloud. She half got up. "You see, I'm more like you in one respect—that is, I've had a modern education, although I haven't been through the university yet. With papa it's different: he's of the old school. So in some ways I was the only modern one here. I thought it was something that Anna had made up: she used to be stupid. And old Stach the butcher is nearly blind. . . .

"I went there one afternoon—out of curiosity. It was rather late and I was standing in the road looking at it. I saw there was some one there and was about to go away. It was old Helena, the butcher's wife. Suddenly she rose from her knees and gave a shout and ran down the road. She had been lame all of her life. . . ."

Janusz was looking at her again. He had never seen her face as compelling. There was at that moment for him an excitable beauty about her. Her lips were opened, and her eyes of a distant blue were alight with the energy of her thoughts. He leaned over toward her.

They heard a voice.

Looking up, they saw another face that was staring at them from the hedge. Yes, catching every motion of them, as a re-

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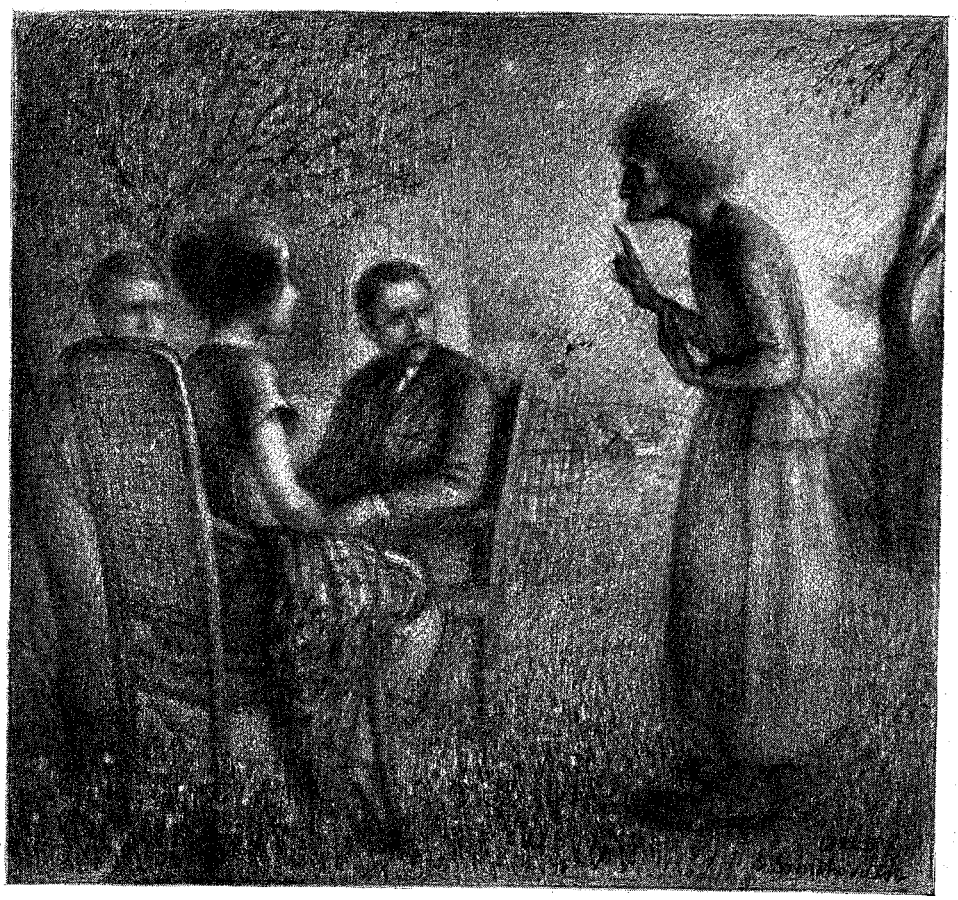
flector does the sun. The eyes were like bits of tin, and about them hung gray strings of hair.

"It's Anna," said Nastusia, rising quickly to her feet. "She wants me."

He walked slowly after her. He watched her green dress skimming over the field thing for the peasants, no doubt, whose lives were drab enough. But for a young, imaginative girl. . . . He felt that he knew her nature and the intensity of it. There was something distinctly unpleasant in the idea that she too believed in this superstition. . . .



"It is the miracle of the age. . . . It has come to wash away our desires."—Page 84.

grass and daisies, like a bird over water. Until she disappeared.

He walked on. He remembered her as a little thing with bare legs. . . . Yes, that was pleasant to think of. And now it seemed a wonderful thing . . . like a *fulfilment* of Wodna . . . the little village which had remained, during the long years at the university, a romance in his memory.

Yes, a little thing with bare legs . . . and now talking religion.

As he thought of that he felt annoyed. This miracle cross: it was a providential

He let himself through the gate into the garden. There was no one about. The air was still.

He felt troubled.

II

Old Karol's son was delirious. They could hardly hold him down. A rash had broken out all over his long body. It was typhus.

Four more peasants were brought in that afternoon.

At one damp hut in the village, Janusz

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Karski found a young woman with child. She said she had been working in the field but had found the sun too hot—putting her hand in a bewildered way to her forehead. She was a little dizzy: with a child so nearly coming. . . . She did have a slight rash on her arm. Yes, now that the doctor spoke of it, one arm had broken out a little. . . . It was the sun, very likely.

Go to the infirmary? She? She began to laugh boisterously. "Och, Doctor, no doubt some do! But do you know my husband was nearly dying this last month —aye, there were sores for you! There were sores! But he was carried up. And now he is at work in the field. And the cross gives us *all* things, Doctor. Yes," she went on in a quieter voice, "it is the cross—the cross—that watches over us. . . ."

But she grew weak, somewhat, with talking. . . . A trifle unsteady. . . . She reeled once; and so after a time promised to go to the infirmary until the evening, when he would come back.

And her Marja might go up. . . .

A child raised its little head. A black eye danced on either side of a running nose. The child was off. Janusz watched the little thing dart down the mud.

He was amazed at one house to find Nastusia. It was warm, but she was bending over a fire, one cheek in her hand; sitting by the side of a fat peasant woman. She looked up casually.

Janusz explained what had taken place. He said that he was making an inspection of the villagers. The woman began to laugh.

She was big and half rolled herself over to the window. "There, Doctor! So!" She planted herself stubbornly in the light. He examined her thoroughly but found nothing. She began to laugh again. She grew hoarse. "Ho! And did you see how he looked at my skin? Och, Doctor, I was sick enough if you had come yesterday! But I wouldn't stay in bed—not I! I *went up*—and was healed, may God be praised!"

Janusz Karski's one thought was to take his cousin Nastusia away. Heaven knows how many cottages she might intend to visit. . . . He had left the priest and the old peasant woman, who was acting as nurse, to care for his patients; whom he had isolated as far as possible. "Are you going home now?" he said.

"I have the carriage," said Nastusia, quickly. "I'll drive you up if you like."

As they drove along he took the opportunity to look carefully at her: she was strong and healthy: as far as he could see, there were no signs of a fever. But that evening he would make certain. Whether she liked it or not! Yes, she would probably make a scene! He grew angry. He felt again that sense of unpleasantness. She was a modern girl, and clever, and yet she had given in to this superstition—body and soul—like a peasant. He'd probably have the most trouble with her!

He said quickly: "I'm afraid of a bad epidemic. I think it wiser for you to stay away from the village for a time——"

She held the whip upright in her gloved hand. He could see her eyes cloud over, and in them the stubborn look of a peasant. She evidently had no intention of doing so.

"I must insist on that," he began.

"Do you think I'm afraid of it!"

He grew angry. "No, I suppose you're not! I can only *ask* you, then. You see I'm working on this alone—it is practically my first case. I want to be as free as I can —and naturally——"

Her cheeks, which had been on fire, softened somewhat. She sat there with the reins loose in her hands, her blue eyes looking over the quiet fields. In thought. There was something about her eyes like Anna's, something restless. . . . something not at ease. . . . No doubt *this* was the time to tell her once and for all—but probably they were too near the house to begin it then. And he must be back at the village. Och! he had rather tell her that he loved her! . . . After all, why should *he* be the one? It would come soon enough. . . . He felt the opportunity slip from him as if it were a physical object. And an actual pleasure in it. It was always so in Wodna . . . the last time, for instance, he had taken all his books down and never looked at them.

Even now, above all else, he was thinking that he loved her.

He saw Anna standing by the gate. She was standing with her feet spread apart, muttering something, her white face against the hedge. Janusz laughed heartily to himself. Old Anna! prophetess!

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She rode on the mist like a witch on clouds.—Page 91.

old Anna and her cult! He shouted, but she didn't hear.

Nastusia pulled in the horse.

"Better drive back," she said brusquely and jumped down onto the road.

He bent over. "Nastusia, you'll not go again?" he said.

She looked thoughtfully at him. Her cheeks were still unnaturally flushed and in them he seemed to see pain. As if she were making an effort within herself. "No," she said at last, with a softness that surprised him. "I won't. No—not now! —" And then, as if she could hardly help herself: "But if you stay here long enough you'll change!"

At the edge of town Janusz Karski saw the priest without a hat. He was running.

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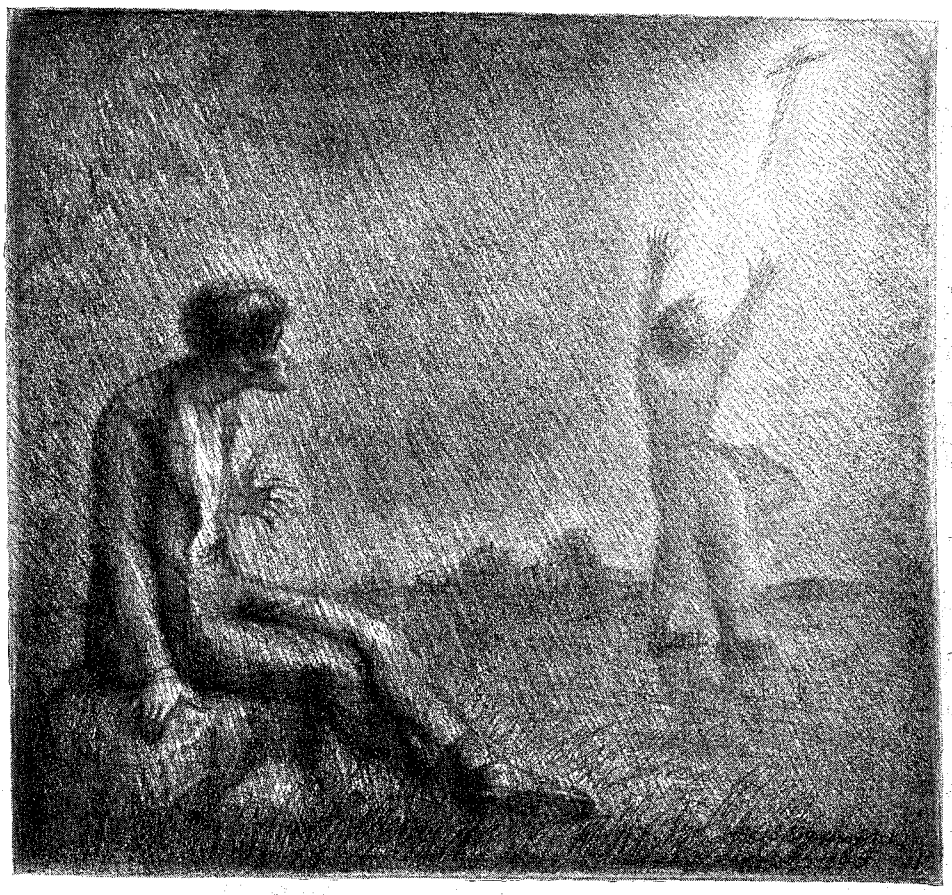
"Doctor! there are more! God in Heaven!—it is as if the devil were working behind our backs!"

The room was low and damp that he led him to. In the centre was a cot surrounded by candles. Janusz recognized

She stared at him wildly, and her little body, covered with a rash, stiffened in excitement. She seized his hand and raised herself over it in her delirium.

And Janusz Karski saw, in the light that came through the door, her lips



"Father in Heaven! I have found it again. We have it back!"—Page 92.

with a start the room where he had seen an old woman die only a few days before.

"It is her sister," said the priest in a whisper.

Janusz Karski bent over her. She was dead.

He was just going out when he heard a stir in one corner of the room. He went up. Something was on the floor . . . a dog? He stooped down and felt it. It was a child. He carried it over to the light of the doorway. Saw two black watery eyes like a dog's. . . . It was little Marja, whom only the other day he had sent up to the cross.

gather like a purple spider and press down upon his hand. . . .

He was driving quickly along the road now. It was hours later, and suddenly close, as if a storm hung in the air. He sped by a group of pilgrims headed back toward the town. They were singing in a strange dialect—miners from Zmigrod—and their feet tramped in time. . . . He saw the pine trees, and the miracle cross, and some one at the foot of it. It was one of the pilgrims, a woman who had lingered behind, with one last desire. . . . He leaped out and drew closer. He heard her groan, and saw her press her thin lips

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slowly, as if her whole existence was in it, on a spot at the base of the cross. . . .

Some rain was coming down, and he heard the sound of a gig. He heard the wheels cutting against the rocks. He stood in the middle of the road.

The gig stopped. A man with a delicate face and thin white beard and waterproof leaned forward.

"Are you going into town?" asked Janusz.

"Certainly."

"You must help me! It is a matter of life and death. Can your man take my carriage?"

"Certainly. Get in. . . . You say a matter of life and death? I am a doctor. I am Dr. Slawski, of Krosno."

"Then you've come—at last!"

"I was called away to Nida—it was God's will."

"There is an epidemic of typhus in the village!"

"Typhus!"

"It's the cross—the disease must have been carried there."

"The miracle cross! Are you a doctor?"

"Yes." Janusz roused himself. He said, putting his hand on the man's arm in the darkness: "We haven't any time! —Some one must send a telegram to-night to the authorities at Krakow. There are some pilgrims further down the road—they mustn't be allowed to leave town ——"

The doctor rose and lashed his horse. The rain came down hard, blurring all things.

"There won't be any more going up to-night," cried Janusz Karski.

"You look completely worn out. Where are you stopping?"

"At the Balcereks'."

"Och, yes. We're almost there. Have you had any supper?"

"No."

"Hadn't you better have some first? Excuse me, you are young. . . ."

Janusz Karski was silent. The rain hurled against the leather apron that reached to their waists. They sat there, their heads cramped against the storm, their knees together. While the gig lifted and swayed. . . . The doctor was muttering under his breath. He rose and lashed his horse. He lashed his blot of a horse.

A light appeared through the trees. Janusz Karski was held by a sudden fear. He sat there unable to move. The gig stopped before an iron gate, and without a word he slipped down into the rain. He made his way, blinded, up the garden. Ahead was a light: one of the lower rooms was lighted. He reached the porch. On it was a figure in white. It was Anna. She did not see him. Her eyes were fixed on the storm and her arms were lifted above her head. He caught her roughly by the arms.

Her knees gave way. "Oh," she cried in a thin wailing voice, "there is something—there is something wrong with Nastusia!"

III

It was growing light with the rising sun: the night was over. The little group at one end of the infirmary gathered nearer the window. It was the deputation which had arrived from Krakow early on the previous morning and had taken up its quarters here in the storeroom. It comprised a police official, a doctor, a bacteriologist, and three nurses. With them had come a supply of morphine, and screens to isolate the patients. The circumstances had been explained. Janusz Karski knew how deep the faith of the village was in the bleeding cross, and was anxious that the shrine be removed with as little agitation as possible. The commission had driven up that first morning to the crossroads. In about an hour they had returned. They had discovered a red liquid trickling from a hole in the side of the figure a little higher than the level of the eye. They had found deep in the hole a rusty nail, which held the figure in place, and which had splintered the back of the cross, so that the rain leaked through. The "blood" was rusty water.

The bacteriologist had begun immediately to take the culture of the wood where the pilgrims had pressed their lips.

All day and all that night he had been at work in the adjoining room.

And now the little group was waiting. Waiting and staring at the sun, which spread slowly over the field of daisies.

He appeared in the doorway at that rosy

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moment with red eyes. "There is typhus on the agar plates," he said in a low voice.

The police official was of the opinion that if this were revealed to the people it might make a difference. The disease had been reported at Zmigrod, the mining town, he said, and had probably been carried here. The shrine must be destroyed.

If necessary they would use force. . . . The day was growing lighter . . . wider. . . .

By noon the town had heard. Had pushed its way to the door of the storeroom.

A shiny little man stepped out of the crowd. He took off his cap, but his eyes were red and stubborn.

"We hear you want to take the cross."

"You see," said the police official, lighting a cigarette to make himself less nervous, "we find it—the cause of the disease."

There was an angry shout.

"The *miracle cross!*"

"Give us a disease!"

"The liars!"

"They want it for their own village!"

"Let them try to steal it!"

"Where's Halka?"

"Show them Halka!"

"Halka!"

A young woman red as a carrot was pushed forward. Janusz Karski, who had just come up, recognized her as the woman with child whom he had sent on the first day to the infirmary. . . .

She stood there with her fat hands on her hips. She looked straight at Janusz Karski. "They said *I* had it!" she bellowed, "and now look at me!" She threw back her head and laughed. "There's the doctor—he'll tell you! Och, Doctor, didn't I say? Didn't I? Didn't I say I wouldn't go to the infirmary? Eh, Doctor? I think too much of *this* inside of me for that!—*I* went up to the cross!——"

Janusz Karski examined her.

To his amazement, every symptom of the disease had disappeared. The peasants who had crowded around saw at once the look on his face. They began to shout.

"He knows!" they cried. "The doctor knows! Och! and they want our cross! *Our* miracle cross! Look, here's Jezzy and here's Wanda!——"

Janusz Karski made his way forward and was shocked to see five or six in the crowd that only the day before had been carried into the infirmary. He called to them. He called out the doctor from Krosno. Every sign of fever had gone from these peasants; as had the rash that had covered their bodies. The two doctors determined to hold a more rigid examination later in the day, but the crowd had caught again the expression of amazement, and had raised a final triumphant shout.

And like a far-off echo, came an answer from the infirmary.

The police official hurriedly promised that nothing would be done that day. They could go home in quiet. They could go back to their simple hearths and resume their daily duties in peace, he said, adjusting his glasses.

But all the afternoon the villagers stayed in the meadow. They walked up and down. They walked on the heads of the daisies. It was their lives against the unknown, they said.

When it was nearly dark, Janusz Karski stepped out. The men took off their caps. No, they felt no enmity to him; in fact, considered him rather as their champion. And Janusz knew the value of their confidence, their faith: knew that without it he could do nothing. . . .

He hurried through the village. Beyond, the highroad was deserted. Here he met a band of men who were walking slowly along and singing. It was a hymn, and they carried sacks on their shoulders. He passed them without a word. They were police officials from Krakow.

The garden was light as he approached.

On the steps he met Mr. Balcerek in an overcoat. He was much troubled. He kept walking up and down. "She's been awake since you left her. She wants to see you or Anna. The nurse has just gone out——"

Janusz Karski entered one of the downstairs rooms. Nastusia raised her head. She was on a cot near the window.

"I've been waiting for you," she said with a thin smile. She lifted herself higher. She pulled a scarf, a stringy bit of crochet, across her chest.

"I want to ask you something."

Her face in the electric light was flushed with fever. But he seemed to see the high

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color once more as a sign of mental pain. Of the struggle within herself. The room was silent: only the sound of an alarm clock and the restless branches of a tree against the house. Finally she rolled her head to one side and looked at him with her eyes, now near and vivid: her whole being was in that look. "I gave in to you —*now* you're to let me go——"

Janusz Karski started. "Where?" he said in a strained voice.

She only gazed at him.

"But not now. . . ."

"Not now!" She raised herself up on one elbow. "I must!" she cried. "I am being punished—for not returning to the villagers in the time of trouble! For staying away when they needed my help!—For listening to you—Do you know why I didn't go back that day—do you?—do you?"

IV

ANNA that morning! She rode on the mist like a witch on clouds—back and forth across the valley to the village.

A mist had come: a fine yellow mist like the pollen of daisies.

The huts on the main street had never looked as black and weary. It took a morning like this to show what shacks they were: the paint had already begun to drop off in patches, as if the very wood was diseased. . . . And the half-built factory now rose in all its ugliness: like a beggar holding up his stump of an arm.

As Janusz Karski approached the infirmary, he saw a group of peasants against the wooden building: as if they had been swept there like wet leaves.

The priest stepped silently out. Janusz Karski walked to the door with him. Not since the first spread of the epidemic had he seen such terror on their thin faces. It was the cringing terror—that has no hope.

"The nursing is going on well," he said hurriedly.

The priest shook his head. His blue eyes looked absolutely faded.

"We are keeping the upper hand of it ——"

The little priest looked at him. "I am a modern man," he said at last, "my education has made me so. Until now I have believed, as you see, both in the faith of our village and in science. . . . But now I know that without our faith we can do nothing——"

Janusz Karski grew angry. For the first time he felt he was *combating* this faith. "It's all superstition!" he shouted, "there's only one *hope*——"

A young peasant ran by half naked. His face, broken out with the fever, was distorted in agony. He vanished around the corner of the building.

He was shocked to find that those in the infirmary had already been told. The effect was appalling.

Their faces were fixed with stupor. They seemed to make no effort to fight the plague, but sank hopelessly under it. As if they were wedged there. One after another stared at the ceiling and fell into the stupor that comes before the death. Yes, as if all the creed that was left to them lay in the thin boards of the ceiling! Their eyes were wild, their mouths open, they saw nothing. Nor heard the mutterings of the priest.

They died stubbornly.

The doctor from Krosno whispered to Janusz: "They have burned it. Lord, you could smell it down here! They took it a few miles up the road. Och, that's one good thing, God be praised! But these people are like flies!—they go into this stupor like flies in winter!——"

Anna! Anna entered to see the doctor. Well, no one would try to keep *her* out. She had a word or two, she said, to say to the doctor—the young one.

The wonder of it was that she had not caught the typhus. Janusz examined her frequently but there was never a sign. And now she stood there like a cucumber, and blowing her good breath in his face. No, no one was healthier than old Anna, in spite of her wild looks at times.

"What is it?" said Janusz, scrutinizing the old girl and frowning.

"Doctor, we must have it back."

"What?"

"The cross from Krakow."

"But I've had nothing to do with it?"

"But the doctor knows perhaps where it is? He is good and wise. He can *see* that the people *have* to have it!—Or it is death. . . ."

A fat peasant nurse ran up in her white apron.

"Doctor, Mr. Balcerek is outside and wants to speak to you at once!"

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Janusz Karski rushed out.

His uncle was standing there, spattered with mud.

"Janusz!" he cried seizing his arm. "Come at once! Anna has told her!"

V

It was a close evening, heavy, like wet wood. Trees and bushes were motionless with their own weight. And a patch of yellow light from a downstairs window looked sodden on the grass.

Janusz Karski came out. He was thinking that he would have to look to himself now: guard his own energies. He felt at that moment weak—downright weak—and everything about him in the night drooped like a rag. The house seemed oppressive and he had a sudden desire to take a walk up the open road.

He started down the garden.

The gravel creaked painfully under his shoes.

His uncle was standing at the gate. "How is she?" he asked.

"I have given her morphine. She is sleeping."

"You are tired, Janusz."

"No. Only nervous. I'm going to take a walk."

"Yes, yes, you are right—Yes, you more than any of us must take care."

The remark somehow irritated him. He heard his uncle call: "I wouldn't go far—it's going to rain. . . ." But he didn't even look back.

A wind had come up and he eagerly sought it. He unbuttoned his collar, and after a time his coat, and then his shirt. He hurried on with the fancy that the further he went the deeper and cooler this wind would be. Once he stood still, and looked back, as if he saw something. Under the trees by the road was a whitish light. Bending his head he kept on. He glanced up now and then and saw lightning, as if it had nothing whatever to do with himself. He even sat down on a stone and carefully took a pebble out of his shoe. He was suddenly struck by the idea that he might keep right on to some village and take the train to Krakow. He would take Nastusia with him. There was certainly nothing improper in taking a sick girl up to Krakow. . . .

And what could be gained by his staying in Wodna, where he was slowly losing his own faith? . . .

He rose and went on. He laughed quietly. The rain was heavy. His legs positively began to give way: he'd have to find another stone. He thought of that night when he had driven with the doctor from Krosno, and stopped once more to look about. He was at the crossroads.

It was hard to see. But there was the spot where the cross had been: they had plucked it clean out like a telegraph pole. Nothing stood there now but new dirt and stones and four short pine trees. He crouched under one of these.

Faith! It was this place—this hole—that he was still combating!

And this was where he had sent up little Marja, now dead!

The rain grew more and more blinding—like his thoughts—as it had on that night. . . . Yes, it was deceptive. He thought he saw a figure standing in the road: a woman with her arms uplifted . . . would have sworn that some of those streaks of rain were strings of *gray hair*. . . .

It was Anna!

"O Father in Heaven!——"

It was Anna!

Her arms were raised.

"Father in Heaven! I have found it again! We have it back! We have it back! I see the bleeding cross on high! . . ."

VI

These were hot days, penetrating days: the yellow wheat standing in the sun, and the yellow sun beating down on Wodna; and that stagnant pool that still lay at the edge of town seemed to be drying up . . . the infirmary, which stood in the field of daisies like a visitation, grew smaller (the outhouses had already been removed). Many had died there, and many had been cured. The building stood among the white daisies like a sore that was slowly healing in the sun.

Most of the villagers had returned to the fields.

It was the noon hour in the yellow fields. The grain was at its height: it stood full and silent under the sun as far as the eye could see. Never had there been such a harvest. . . . The peasants lay about on their backs. A young woman

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was staring up at the blue sky. She pointed slowly to a white drifting cloud.

"It will come like *that*," she said in a deep voice.

Some of the brown faces looked up.

"Yes, so it will, but it will come more from this way."

"It lies above old Staho's field," said a very old peasant sitting upright in the grain and staring at them angrily with his bushy eyes. "I saw it only last night when I was walking home——"

"I did, the day before!"

"The best place to see it is the *cross-roads*."

"Aye, about sundown, if you stand there long enough——"

"It cured me of palsy," shouted back the old peasant.

"It cured my Tadeusz——"

"And look at the crops——"

"Aye, and there it is!" said some one, "as good up there as down here——"

"We have it again."

"It's a miracle."

Said the woman: "Well, we *wanted* it."

The sun was strong. Growth!—one could almost feel the wheat rising, rising in the sun. . . . And there was the urgent hum of insects, an intensity.

The woman, looking about for her baby, glanced up. "It's the doctor," she said blinking.

"And the young miss."

"Well, may the blessed cross protect them too!"

They came nearer. Through the still grain. They stopped.

Nastusia stood on the dirt path in front of him. She wore a broad straw hat; her face looked warm from her walk. And they had been arguing . . . the whole way from the village. . . . She pulled at some of the yellow grain vigorously with her fingers. Around her feet on the path was the flight of insects.

"*Why* is it any different?" she said at last, and in her blue eyes was the stubbornness of a peasant. "You think that I'm superstitious. Well, I am. And now, too, even when I know. I believe more than ever in this—if possible——"

He did not reply for a moment. He seemed to be in thought.

"Yes," he said, "and I too——"

She glanced up quickly, like the flick of a whip, as if she didn't believe him.

"Nastusia! Can't you see that it's the same? We both must have faith!"

She looked again. No, she didn't seem able to understand it then. . . . She stood there a long time in the tall grain; one could almost feel it grow: one could feel the beat of it. Her eyes half closed. There was the distant shout of a peasant. . . . Her blue eyes seemed to rise from the intricacy of her thoughts. She drew near him. . . .

"Yes," she said. "Yes, I do . . . now. . . ."

VII

It was peaceful in the garden, with the hedge waving. Mr. Balcerek was stretched out in his accustomed chair by the tea table asleep over the Krakow paper. Yes, that was the way one did in Wodna! Better let him have his tea first and then tell him, they said. . . .

There were white flowers along the path, and at the bottom a white figure moving by the hedge. It was an old woman. They called down to her. At first she pretended not to hear . . . and then came slowly across the soft garden.

"Some one called," she said, the strings of her hair standing straight out. "I heard a voice!" Then she stared at them, and half shut her old, fleet eyes. "Aye, it is well you are happy!" she began—did she know all about their engagement?—had she seen that too in the field?—"for now the cross has come again to watch over us. The bleeding cross that was carried up to the skies to be purged of the touch of sinners! Aye, there it is!—a wonder of all ages!—and you see, Doctor, I was right, that we had to have it. . . ."

She turned slowly. There were steps on the road outside. It was growing darker, and now there were steps. . . . The footsteps of pilgrims, like a far-off croon . . . coming from a distant town: coming from as far as Zmigrod: coming from the mines . . . to the spot where the cross is seen. . . .

So the villagers wait. They are waiting for the bleeding cross that watches over Wodna. "And which," says old Anna, shaking her gray head fiercely and staring upright at the sky, "will come flying down from burning clouds of purple and green and gold. . . ."

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The Juror's Part in Crime

BY CHARLES C. NOTT, JR.
Judge of the Court of General Sessions, New York City

IN this year of grace, 1925, it is with profound diffidence that any one who has had practical knowledge and experience along any particular line of human activity should air his opinions and conclusions; for the present day is the millennium—the period of jubilee—for the individual who knows a little about a great many topics, and his views, expressed with the utmost authority, are but so many illustrations of Alexander Pope's immortal warning that "a little knowledge is a dangerous thing." In connection with no subject is this more true than with the subject of crime and the enforcement of the criminal law; and I have been so frequently corrected and contradicted in my views on these subjects by young ladies who have taken a six months' course in social uplift, or by those of more mature years who on several occasions have taken fruit to the inmates of some penal institution, or by some person who has read a "magazine article" by a convict describing the discomforts to which he had been subjected while in durance, that it is with much hesitation, after twenty-three years spent in the administration of the criminal laws, I advance any ideas on the present conditions of crime in this country.

Making every allowance for the difficulty of obtaining precise figures, because of the deplorable lack of accurate and scientific criminal statistics in most of the United States, there can be but little, if any, doubt that, compared to nearly all other civilized and many half-civilized and uncivilized countries, the volume of crimes, both against the person and against property, is appallingly large, both in absolute figures and in proportion of the amount of crime to population. It has been calculated that if the ratio of criminal homicides to population were the same here as in England, we would have about 480 criminal homicides a year in the United States, instead of which we have over 8,000. In the last ten years we have suffered over 85,000 of them (more than our losses in killed in the World War) instead of the 4,800 which the English ratio would have produced. The ratios of larcenies, robberies, and burglaries are indicated as still more unfavorable to us. The larceny business, in all its different forms and ramifications, may fairly be described as one of the most important and flourishing in the country, and the value of its annual "turn-over" is colossal —not less than three billion dollars, according to the calculations of the burglary and theft insurance companies. The larcenies of automobiles alone amount to millions of dollars a year; the amounts of goods stolen while in transit, from railroads, express companies, and steamship lines, run into millions more; while the "hold-up" department of the business has of late years made astonishing progress, and the swindling and "get-rich-quick" departments turn in their millions with increasing regularity, and the workers in the burglary and embezzlement branches can point with pride to their earned profits.

Of course "the law" is blamed for this tremendous exhibition of law-breaking, although few people have in mind clearly what they mean by "the law" in this connection. Certainly our criminal laws—that is, the statutes themselves—are about as good as the corresponding Canadian statutes; yet on one side of an imaginary boundary-line a condition exists differing materially from that on the other, though the criminal laws of the two countries do not differ materially. If by "the law," the administration of the law is meant, a different situation arises. Undoubtedly the administration of the law in all parts of this country is less efficient than in some other countries; but also undoubtedly in some parts of this country it

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is at least as efficient as in some other countries—and yet even in such parts the percentage of crime is higher with us. To illustrate, the police department of the city of New York and the machinery of the courts are at least as efficient and up to date as those of the island of Bermuda. On the occasion of a visit there a few years ago, I found the island much excited over their first criminal homicide in twenty years—a stabbing, following a quarrel in a saloon. On the basis of proportion of crime to population, the city of New York ought to have had 300 such killings during those twenty years. It is perfectly certain that they were at least 3,000. While the difference in the administration of the law does account for the excess of crime in this country to some extent, that extent varying greatly in different parts of the country, it comes far short of accounting for the whole excess of crime here.

In my opinion the weak spot in our administration of the criminal law is not so much in our police forces, or our prosecutors, or our courts as in our juries, which is equivalent to saying—in our people's general attitude to the criminal. The tendency of the American jury is not to deliver a verdict according to the evidence, but to pronounce a sort of judgment of Solomon, although the qualifications of the jurors for such a delicate piece of work are usually in striking contrast to those of the monarch whom they imitate. Thus, in a homicide case, they do not decide whether A unlawfully killed B, but whether B had really cheated A out of the $8.50 which was the subject-matter of the dispute, and therefore ought to have been killed; not whether C stole $500 from his employers, but whether the latter were paying him an adequate salary in view of his having a wife and eleven children, and also whether the employers were, or were not, using fair methods in competing with the store on the next block; not whether D had criminally abducted the girl, but whether the judge would give him more than one year, if he had so abducted her. A perfect illustration of this tendency is afforded by a murder case that was recently tried before me. The defendant (A) and the deceased (B) were both members of a prominent labor union. Bad blood had arisen between them, and finally a formal fight was arranged between them, at the close of working hours in the building where they were employed. Although B was the larger and heavier of the two, he had failed to acquire the information that A had been a professional boxer of considerable experience, and he was therefore both surprised and mortified when his smaller antagonist knocked him out with neatness and despatch. Instead of taking his defeat in a chastened spirit, he brooded upon it and waxed sore and vengeful, made many threats against A, and on one or two occasions tried to precipitate another fight. Finally one night, in the meeting-room of the union at the close of a meeting, while some twenty or thirty members still remained, B broke loose and projected himself at A, who thereupon drew a revolver and shot him dead. While the conduct of B left much to be desired from a sporting standpoint, and while he had undoubtedly become a nuisance in A's life, yet the latter had conclusively shown his ability to take care of himself in a fair fight, and the presence of numerous of his friends and fellow-workers in the room insured him against any serious harm from B, yet A was promptly acquitted. Human life (except that of a defendant) is held very cheap in our jury-rooms, and B had made such a nuisance of himself that a jury found that his removal was justified. It is this attitude on the part of juries in homicide cases, as much or more than any one other thing, that causes the enormous percentage of acquittals in this country in such cases, with the consequently enormous number of homicides.

This quality in American juries is the expression of a wide and underlying attitude in the mass of our people toward the criminal. Of course, every one has, and expresses, a dislike for crime in the abstract, but in dealing with the concrete manifestation of crime, which is the criminal, this attitude of good-natured sympathy and tolerance for him, and of indifference to the evil he accomplishes, goes far toward paralyzing the efforts of judges and prosecutors.

In the city of New York about 900 men, women, and children are killed annually by motor vehicles, a substantial

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proportion of them being the victims of gross negligence and disregard of the rights of pedestrians at street crossings. The police almost invariably arrest in such cases, and the district attorney prosecutes in a large number. If juries were capable of looking beyond the individual and of making an example for the general good, this evil could be materially reduced by the certainty that a fatal accident due to negligence would bring punishment. But our juries are incapable of anything of the kind, and so constantly acquit even in the clearest and most extreme cases that the prosecutor goes into these cases as foregone failures. The defendants' attorneys draw a pathetic picture of the disrupted home, and inquire whether a model husband and father, who was guilty only of a deplorable lack of judgment under trying circumstances, should be sent to Sing Sing to herd with murderers and thieves—and the juries acquit.

This attitude of juries is well illustrated in their attitude toward the police. It may be stated generally that they have no liking for the police, no sympathy with them in the performance of their duties, and that they rarely believe them if there is any excuse whatever for their not doing so. But the moment that a policeman is himself brought to trial as a defendant, he is taken into the sympathy extended to all defendants, his word is taken and believed (although, of course, his motive to falsify is much stronger than in any case where he testifies merely as an officer), and if any of the witnesses against him are criminals, their testimony is regarded, for once, with suspicion.

No word, nowadays, is really more abhorrent to the American people than the word "discipline." They hate to subject their children to it, they hate to submit to it themselves or inflict it upon law-breakers, and even when an infinitesimal portion of our criminals reach state's prison, they refuse to bring the hated thing to bear upon them. They seem to regard "discipline" and "cruelty" as synonymous words and, in a well-meaning effort to avoid the latter, throw the former to the winds and provide a summer baseball schedule and a weekly series of motion pictures and vaudeville shows throughout the year to men who are supposed to be used as living examples of the biblical but un-American saying that "the way of the transgressor is hard."

Religion and the teaching and practice of religion involve discipline, and therefore a generation is now on the stage who are well-nigh pagan, according to any religious standards of the past. But you can have discipline without religion, and the pagan youth of Greece and Rome were brought up with a strict sense of discipline in the home and to the state, while our modern pagans are without discipline of any sort. The natural and inevitable result has followed; and short-sighted indeed is the person who seeks to attribute to our statute law, or to our methods of procedure in enforcing that law, the unexampled volume of crime which now afflicts us.

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AS I LIKE IT

BY WILLIAM LYON PHELPS

ON a certain New Year's Day in the twentieth century I entered the city of Munich. The sky was cloudless, the air was crisp, and in the strong sunshine the holiday groups were full of animation, as in the second act of "Faust." Military bands were playing; indeed, the whole atmosphere seemed full of music and laughter. We drove up the broad Ludwigstrasse, turned into the Schellingstrasse, and at Number 3 debarked at the Pension Nordland, kept by two charming North German ladies, Frl. Junkers and Frl. Lammers. Our rooms faced the south, and were flooded with sunshine; in the corner stood the ornamental but practical porcelain stove, reaching to the ceiling. I had an indescribable feeling of buoyant happiness; and although Munich and its people were almost unknown to me, I felt like an exile who at long last had returned home.

With a brief Italian interlude, I remained in Munich seven months; the charm of the first impression steadily deepened. Outside of America, it became my favorite town; and if I had not been able to live in the United States I should have chosen Munich over any other place on the globe. Its advantages were many; I will mention a few.

One characteristic remains a mystery. Munich was about the same size as Boston, and yet there were comparatively few people on any street. I never saw the sidewalks crowded. Where were all these hundreds of thousands of people? After dark the place was as quiet as a village in Vermont; the cafés and resorts were brilliantly lighted within, but there were no grandiose or flamboyant entrances. My friend and colleague, the late Professor Henry Emery, arrived in Munich in the evening, and after dinner he drove about in a taxi; not seeing any resorts or any people, he thought the driver must be taking him to some remote quarter. He therefore called out: "Take me somewhere." "Isn't that rather indefinite?" "Why, you know what I mean. Take me where there are plenty of lights, lots of noise, and crowds of people." "What you want is the railway station." And indeed that was the only place in the vast city that could fill such a prescription.

Everything in Munich I wanted to see was within walking distance. The Court Theatre, the Residenz Theatre, The Playhouse, the Art Galleries, the English Garden, the University, the State Library, were all within ten minutes on foot. The tennis courts were in the heart of the city; the golf links was ten minutes by trolley.

Munich seemed to be arranged for the convenience of the average person, not for the pleasure of a leisure class. Grand opera, which I attended twice a week, always began at six o'clock; it was usually over at ten; it was a very long opera, like "Meistersinger" or "Götterdämmerung," that extended toward eleven. Playhouses began their performances at seven or seven-thirty, and concluded not later than nine-thirty. Both opera and theatre were regarded not as luxuries, but as necessities; they were given for people who would have to rise at the usual hour on the next morning, and do the regular day's work. The result was that during all the weeks in Munich, I averaged five nights and two matinées at the theatre or opera, and never felt fatigue.

To go to the theatre or opera in England, France, or America, means—apart from its expense in money—a terrible expense in time and energy. Many plays do not begin until nearly nine, one is not out until nearly midnight, and one is a long way from one's cubicle.

Furthermore, at the Munich theatres the playgoer wastes not a moment. The time when the performance will begin is previously announced, the one "long pause" between the acts is advertised, and the time of closing; all three events take place exactly according to schedule.

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For a trifling expense, the daily *Theater-Anzeiger* is left at one's door every morning. This contains a list of every musical and theatrical event that will take place in the city on that day; with the names of all the actors, and the time of beginning and closing.

Although Bavaria was a kingdom, I have never known a more democratic community; one could go to opera in evening dress or in golf knickers without attracting attention. All the theatres were repertory theatres, with the bill constantly changing; so that one could hear standard and modern plays both native and foreign. The actors were engaged for long terms; one actor in 1904 told me he had just signed a contract engaging his services until 1919! This gave him a chance to have a home, educate his children, and perform the duties of citizenship. At afternoon teas and social functions, one met the actors and opera singers as a matter of course; they were as much a part of the social life of the city as were professors or public officials.

The opera opening at six and the theatre at seven had other advantages besides time: one did not attend stuffed with a soggy dinner, but with body and mind alert.

This is the way I spent an average day during my long sojourn. I rose at seven, and after the Continental breakfast, I spent the morning in work, studying, writing, and attending lectures at the university; in the afternoon I played golf, tennis, or went skating in the English Garden, according to the season; at five I had tea, with those delicious sugared rolls called *Schnecken;* at six to the opera, or at seven to the theatre; after the performance to a café, where, in the cheerful, brightly lighted room, we had a hot supper, glorious Munich beer, delightful conversation. By eleven I was in bed. It was thus possible, day after day, to study and work, to have plenty of outdoor exercise, to hear a fine play or great music, to enjoy a convivial supper, and to lead a godly, righteous, and sober life.

The surroundings of Munich, beautiful lakes and noble mountains, made an occasional holiday something to be remembered. One morning thirty of us took the train about twenty-five miles; we came to the river Isar, rolling rapidly, and embarked upon a raft of logs, upon which we joyfully floated back down the rushing stream to the city. It was the poetry of motion; no steam, no sails, no oars; a steersman in front and another at the rear; the strong current did the rest; and as we swept past meadows and country houses, we lifted up our voices in song.

The people of Munich were indescribably friendly. I have never known a place where every one seemed so happy and so demonstrative. They had immense enthusiasm for everything, from a ham sandwich to a Bach fugue. All the shop-girls who sold you goods seemed eager to help without being officious; and as they counted out the change, they seemed to stroke and pet every coin with rhythmic and affectionate tenderness—*ein* und zwanzig, *zwei* und zwanzig, etc.

The professors at the University showed in their teaching a similar enthusiasm. Professor Schick, who taught English literature, wept as he described the death of Chatterton, and doubled his fists with an aggressive attitude when he spoke of Doctor Johnson; his colleague, Professor Sieper, was an idolater of English authors, and did all he could to strengthen friendly relations between England and Germany, a hopeless task, for by the year 1911 "preparedness" had done its fatal work, and there was everywhere in Germany an organized but none the less fanatical hatred of England; the war literally killed Sieper; he died of a broken heart. Professors Muncker, Petersen, and von der Leyen lectured on German literature with enormous gusto; and a Belgian gentleman, Doctor Simon, who became one of my most intimate friends, and remains so, lectured in French on the classic authors of France.

Life in Munich was cheap financially but rich in the things of the spirit. O Munich, if I forget thee, may my right hand forget her cunning!

I induced many of my fellow countrymen to go there and enrich their souls. One of these happy pilgrims, Doctor Lawrence Mason, wrote me from the Pension Nordland:

> "Open my tunic
> And you'll find Munich!"

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The only unconsciously funny thing in Munich was English as spoken by the natives. Every one apparently thought he could speak English perfectly, and insisted on doing so. It required a strong will to learn German in that city, but I did it, because I informed my acquaintances that if they spoke English to me, I should not answer. I had come there to learn German, and even if I failed in that endeavor, I certainly would not teach English. An excellent example of English as used by Germans may be found in a delightfully unconsciously humorous work called the "New Opera Glass." It was published in Leipzig, and written in alleged English by a German, apparently for the benefit of Americans who wished to attend the opera and to know in advance something of the plot. Here is the author's English summary of "Romeo and Juliet":

ROMEO AND JULIA

First act: Palace Capulet. Masquerade. Capulet greeting his guests. He is introducing his daughter Julia. Romeo, a Montague, seeing Julia, is falling in love to her, which is returning by her without to know another. Romeo hears, that Julia the daughter of Capulet. Tybalt, the nephew of Capulet, is going away with Julia; Romeo crying: "God with you." Tybalt renown Romeo, the enemy of his house; the two are quarrelling, but Capulet smooths the quarrell.

Second Act: Pavillon in Capulets garden. Romeo singing from the love to Julia; Julia going in the garden, singing also from the love to Romeo. Their hearths are finding together and after lovely sweers are going from another.

Third act: Romeo visiting Lorenzo, the monk, begging to help him to be united with Julia; he is ready for that and Romeo and Julia are become man and wife. In the battle with Tybalt he murdered him.

Fourth act: Romeo and Julia are sweet united in the room of Julia; beeing banished from the city he must fly. The dying father of Julia wished to see Julia as wife from the count Paris, but beeing Romeos wife Lorenzo is helping her from the fatal situation.

Fifth Act: Romeo enter; he is seeing his wife Julia in the apparent death. In the meaning of her really death he is thrinking a bottle poison wishing to be united with her also in the death. In the same moment Julia awaked. Willing to fly the death is coming: Romeo falling on the bottom; Julia takes the sword and murdered herselves.

And yet the above specimen of English written by a foreigner is nearly equalled by the following report in an American college paper of a lecture on Shakespeare:

He stated in America Shakespearian plays are not appreciated, and a person makes themselves think they like it or you really don't enjoy it. In Europe, especially Germany, one would really enjoy a Shakespearian play. In Germany the stage is a large square flat one and the orchestra is beneath. The actors and actresses talk more to the audience than do American characters, and do not talk so much to others taking part in the play. There are no footlights. One large light is placed in the centre of the stage, and this prevents shadows appearing in the rear of the stage. . . . His lecture was most unusual.

It is good news that a handsome, complete edition of Stevenson is at last available at a price that places it within the means of the average book-buyer. Everybody needs Stevenson, and nearly everybody wants him. In order to dislike Stevenson, one must be eternally vigilant, one must see to it that the fires of hostility are constantly fed; for if you relax your defense a moment, he will steal inside of your heart.

I wish Hugh Walpole had not written his latest story, "Portrait of a Man with Red Hair." Such a book is well enough for a hack writer to turn off; but for the author of "The Green Mirror," "The Cathedral," and "The Old Ladies," it is sorry stuff. The strange thing is that although Mr. Walpole knows it is not an important work, he thinks to disarm criticism by forestalling the charge that it is only "readable"; whereas the fact is that this wild yarn is not only inferior in every way to the author's best work, it is not nearly so readable.

Arnold Bennett used to imagine that he wrote potboilers to please the public, and the "Old Wives' Tale" to please himself and satisfy his conscience. But the public received the "Tale" with such enthusiasm that the previous potboilers finally

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became profitable. Moral: newspaper publishers, theatre managers, and authors sometimes make a mistake in underestimating public taste.

The average autobiography is not nearly so disappointing as the average novel; and the reason should be evident. Among recent life-histories worth reading, I recommend Herbert Quick's "One Man's Life," Brand Whitlock's "Forty Years Of It," J. B. Bishop's "Notes and Anecdotes of Many Years." It is interesting to observe that Mr. Bishop idolizes both E. L. Godkin and Theodore Roosevelt—how those two men hated each other! Godkin was always attacking Roosevelt, and Roosevelt had far more admiration for the conventional professional political boss than he had for a reformer like Godkin.

Joseph Conrad's last novel, "Suspense," should not have been published in its unfinished state. It was evidently written by a man both weary and sick; it is heavy, labored, and tedious.

I had the pleasure of meeting this week Mr. Richard Curle, the intimate friend and official biographer of Conrad, who is his literary executor, who knew him as well as any man could know him, and who was with him on the day he died. Mr. Curle has brought to America the manuscripts of a number of Conrad's essays, which should make interesting reading; and he promises shortly to publish a collection of letters, which should be the literary event of the year 1926. According to Mr. Curle, Conrad was one of the best letter-writers who ever lived. He was certainly one of the best of men, and out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh.

Mr. Curle has been a great traveller, and he shows how every one of Conrad's novels is connected with a definite place, and how every tale he wrote is founded on fact.

H. G. Wells has done it again. "Christina Alberta's Father" is a brilliant novel, as full of real people as "Tono-Bungay." The artist and novelist have triumphed over the preacher and reformer, and we have a book of distinction, filled with observation, wisdom, and humor. He says that a certain Englishman had a *neighing* voice—can't you hear it?

Floyd Dell's "Runaway" is a charming novel, with appealing characters and good conversation. As I was bored by "Mooncalf," I take unusual pleasure in recommending this fine story.

St. John Ervine has written a polemic and provocative biography of Parnell. Even if he were not the author of "John Ferguson," one might guess from this work that he was a natural dramatist. He began his book with a feeling of antagonism to his subject, and ended with passionate admiration. Not every one will agree with his final summary, or with his statement of what ought to have happened in Committee Room Number 15. Parnell's career ended in a way most edifying to his religious opponents, and it simply won't do to call them all hypocrites.

I have received a number of candidates for the Ignoble Prize. Mr. Dexter Hoyt Teed, of the Syracuse *Post-Standard*, proposes that

> the dash as a punctuation mark be stricken from the records of polite grammatical society. It spoils the appearance of a printed page; it is the mark of slovenly punctuation; and other punctuation marks, as the colon and comma, can serve in its place without destroying clearness, emphasis, or meaning.

Perhaps so; but what would have become of Poe's prose style without the dash?

Where I particularly dislike the dash is where it is used as a blank substitute: in the year 19—, in the town of B——; why on earth shouldn't the novelist give a year and a place? In oaths, too, the dash is often more silently profane than the word would be.

Miss Frances E. Otis nominates the

> custom of actors appearing at the end of scenes for applause. This certainly is a striking example of soloism, and one which nearly ruins my disposition at every performance I see.

I agree with her. I hate to see a corpse rise and grin appreciatively!

Mr. Walter Phelps Dodge, writing from Victoria, B. C., nominates for the Ignoble Prize

> all authors who spell through "thru" and use *st* for *ed;* and all authors who prefer a

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long word where a short one is better. This is a common American vice; as *location* for place, *donation* for gift, *reservations* for berths or rooms, *transportation* for tickets, *ocean* for sea, and "wept copiously" for cried hard. I include, too, those ruffians who spell *surprise* with a *z*, and *defence* with an *s*.

Manifestly, Mr. Dodge prefers English spelling to American spelling, and is opposed to spelling reform, and so am I.

Mrs. Gibson Berry, of Round Mountain, Nevada, writes:

How about the "Mona Lisa" for the Ignoble Prize—the cat! but then you like cats, don't you?

I will consider then that "Mona Lisa" is nominated for the Ignoble Prize, but that cats are not.

Miss Hortense Metzger sailed from America to Europe last summer for the express purpose of joining the Asolo and Fano Clubs. In Arezzo she had an extraordinary experience. The Italian guide brought her a photograph of Mrs. Browning which he found in an old pension in that town. Who left it there, and to whom Mrs. Browning originally gave it may forever remain mysteries. On her way home she visited the Louvre, with the result that she nominates for the Ignoble Prize "La Belle Jardinière," Raphael's blond madonna, although this picture is one singled out for special mention by Browning.

Honorable James R. Sheffield, our distinguished ambassador to Mexico, who returned to the United States last summer for the double purpose of receiving an honorary degree from Yale and undergoing a serious operation, and who has returned to his post apparently none the worse for either experience, writes me again in relation to my remarks about the town of Dubuque, where he was born:

Your September SCRIBNER'S reference to me has brought me several letters, one asking for a snappy article detailing the standard of baseball in my day in Dubuque, and other recollections of the game, and permitting me to add, to make it more readable for that cultivated society, some reminiscences of my life.

Thus the fame you thrust upon me has already borne fruit, though I would have preferred simply flowers.

I had to write that my recollection of baseball, as played in my day in Dubuque, was nines consisting of from 3 to 18 on each side, played on any vacant lot, but chiefly behind the Third Ward School. It was played with a lively ball, of all makes and sizes, and a good many had to be provided, because the neighbors were rough about our crawling over the fence to retrieve a home run or foul, especially when it had gone through a window. For this reason, also, we wore padded pants. It was straight-arm, under-hand pitching, nine balls and six strikes being permitted, and in all close decisions the runner was given the preference, or a fight ensued and the game was broken up. In fact, I hardly recollect during the first eleven years of my life any baseball game going nine full innings. The score generally got top-heavy along about the third inning, the half inch stub of the only pencil among the spectators or players being used up in keeping track of the runs, so that I think it is fair to say that, even without the fight, the game was called between the third and fifth innings, and was sometimes interrupted by one of the mothers appearing and withdrawing the chief pitcher or catcher in order to wheel the baby or run to the grocery store, or to come home and have his face and hands, not neglecting his ears, washed before supper, as company was expected.

Gee! But how we did hate those other boys' mothers.

The only other reminiscence worth while, in baseball as played in Dubuque in my youth, was one game where we played the "Muckers," and one of them not only stole second base, a flat stone, but picked it up and ran all the way to third base with it, claiming he could not be put out, because he was safe on second anyhow, and had never left the base. We found no rule to cover this act of larceny, and as he was bigger than any of us, he got away with the theft. But my soul still rankles with the injustice of that logic.

Just after copying the above extract from Ambassador Sheffield's letter, I received another one from him written at the City of Mexico, from which it will be seen how SCRIBNER'S connects in space towns so far apart as Dubuque, Iowa, the City of Mexico, Waterloo, Iowa, and New Haven, Connecticut. Furthermore, it is such a splendid tribute from the distinguished public man to the woman who was his school-teacher in his childhood

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that the letter should be printed for the encouragement of all primary school-teachers.

EMBASSY OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

Mexico, October 17, 1925.

Your September SCRIBNER'S reference to me has brought me one more letter—but this a rare and choice one, like a bit of Dresden china almost forgotten on the top shelf.

A dear old lady, for she must be very rich in years, writes to know if I am the Jamie Sheffield she taught as a little boy in a children's school in Dubuque—and also if I am the original of a photograph she enclosed of said Jamie, in a velvet suit, taken with a little girl "whose first name was Bessie." The extraordinary thing is that I am. The photograph must have been taken at least 55 years ago—(My Mother kept one on her table) and this dear old school teacher, reading your As I Like It, recalls those far off yesterdays of some old man's boyhood, searches her cherished store of memorabil., and pulls out that particular picture and sends it to me here in the Embassy at Mexico for confirmation. . . . She has not lived in Dubuque, for many years living in Waterloo, Iowa. As I read her letter memory got very busy. Of course, I recalled her school —the little girl was Bessie Moore—almost a half-century forgotten. Who can say just what part of our character and usefulness, if we have any, is due to the kindly guidance, when little children, of a teacher who cared enough for her tiny scholars to keep such a memento through more than fifty years. . . . The work of the Embassy halted and that letter of Miss Mary Page Edgerton had first place in the answering correspondence of the American Ambassador.

Of course there are fairies. I believe in them. Some come in our day dreams, some in our dreams at night, some hover about us at Christmas or birthdays, some come only when we travel back through the years to events that couldn't have been with the fairies left out. . . .

Although I do not like the torso of "Suspense," its appearance has brought forth unexpected and valuable fruit. Mr. Earle F. Walbridge, librarian of the Harvard Club of New York, has printed in *The Publishers' Weekly* an interesting list of unfinished novels in English literature, twenty-five in all, with appropriate comment on each. The same scholar prints a pamphlet, which may be obtained free from the New York Public Library, "Romans à Clef; a list of Novels in which Characters are Based on Real Persons." He gives nearly one hundred titles, with notes naming the "real persons." Among these novels are some by Dickens and Thackeray and Stevenson, George Moore's "Evelyn Innes," Samuel Butler's "The Way of All Flesh," Edna Ferber's "So Big," H. G. Wells's "Mr. Britling," and others. Such a list is a valuable contribution to the history of literature, and readers should be grateful. A prefatory note is supplied by Edmund Lester Pearson, of the New York Public Library, himself a writer of distinction, who has made murder attractive.

I have been both commended and condemned for my tribute to Sweden. The latter friends tell me that Sweden deserves no credit for the peaceful withdrawal of Norway. Indeed? But actions are more eloquent than words. The fact is that (no matter by what agencies) Sweden allowed Norway to become independent without bloodshed, and thus set an immortal example to the world. When I hear a man say, "I am in favor of peace, but—" then I know he is really in favor of war.

In the year 1898, the United States deliberately chose to become a world power, annexing, among other parcels of land, the Philippines. Hence we became responsible for the inhabitants of those islands. Among other evils and tragedies that afflict the Filipinos there is the appalling curse of leprosy. Governor-General Leonard Wood is doing his best to stamp this out, fighting it with physicians, nurses, and laboratories. He has made an appeal to the people of the mainland, and has proved that the disease can be effectually checked and the future population saved from its ravages, if we will contribute sufficient funds. Money should be sent to the Leprosy Relief Fund, War Department, Bureau of Insular Affairs, Washington.

Explanations of "Xmas" will not down. I certainly started something when I released that abbreviation. From the United States Battle Fleet, U.S.S. *Colo-*

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rado, I received the suggestion that it can be blamed on the Russians, whose word for Christ begins with X. Possibly; but if we go abroad, it is more likely that the Greeks are the original villains. The Reverend Paul R. Kirts, of Philadelphia, writes: "To those who are influenced more by their algebra than by their Greek let me say 'Do not use Xmas.'"

The Reverend Gay C. White, of Mitchell, South Dakota (a State especially dear to me), catches me out neatly:

> I was greatly relieved to read that it was somewhere in the nineties of the *last* century that you read, etc. We might have thought that it was in some earlier century—what?

A hit, a very palpable hit.

Mr. J. C. Meem, of Brooklyn, who hates the bad expression, "different than," gives me an illustration from the New York *Sun*. Dana must have turned in his grave. Mr. Meem adds:

> if we are going to have *audience* and *vidience* (not optience, I trust), can't we have *legience* for those who read a certain author or a department such as yours?
>
> Very truly, of your *legience*,
>
> J. C. Meem.

I hope that Mr. Otto Kahn will not for a moment be disturbed by the clamor arising in certain quarters about the foreign singers employed at the Metropolitan Opera House. This is not a patriotic institution, nor is it in any way a protection to infant industries. The business of the directors is to get the finest singers to be found in the world, and they have been remarkably successful in accomplishing this. I had far rather hear a first-rate foreign singer than a second-rate native. Art has no national boundaries.

Just as I had finished writing this paragraph I received a booklet called "The Metropolitan Opera," a statement by Otto Kahn, which is so dignified, clear, and convincing, that I hope all who are interested in American art will read it. Let me quote one paragraph:

> We of the Metropolitan are only too glad to give to the American composer and the American singer the most favoring opportunity and consideration that we can conscientiously justify toward the Metropolitan's rightly exacting audiences. But the Metropolitan Opera is not, in justice to its patrons cannot be, in the preservation of its own standards cannot undertake the function of being, a laboratory, a training and experimenting ground for either composers or singers.

Mrs. Richard Mansfield has performed a good service to the drama by organizing "The Richard Mansfield Players," a company of professionals living at New London, and sallying forth to produce good plays in neighboring towns. They began in New Haven with Philip Barry's admirable comedy, "You and I."

On the train between Detroit and New York I had the pleasure of encountering in the dining-car Mr. and Mrs. William H. Crane, and we had much good talk together. Despite the fact that Mr. Crane is eighty, he is vigorous both in body and mind. He is writing his autobiography, the recollections of a happy and useful life. I shall never forget him in "The Rivals," "She Stoops to Conquer," "The Merry Wives of Windsor," and in Bronson Howard's fine play, "The Henrietta." They say that actors are quickly forgotten, but every time I see a good play well acted, I obtain a pleasure that, so far from being evanescent, remains with me in ever-increasing degree. I regard every good player as a public benefactor.

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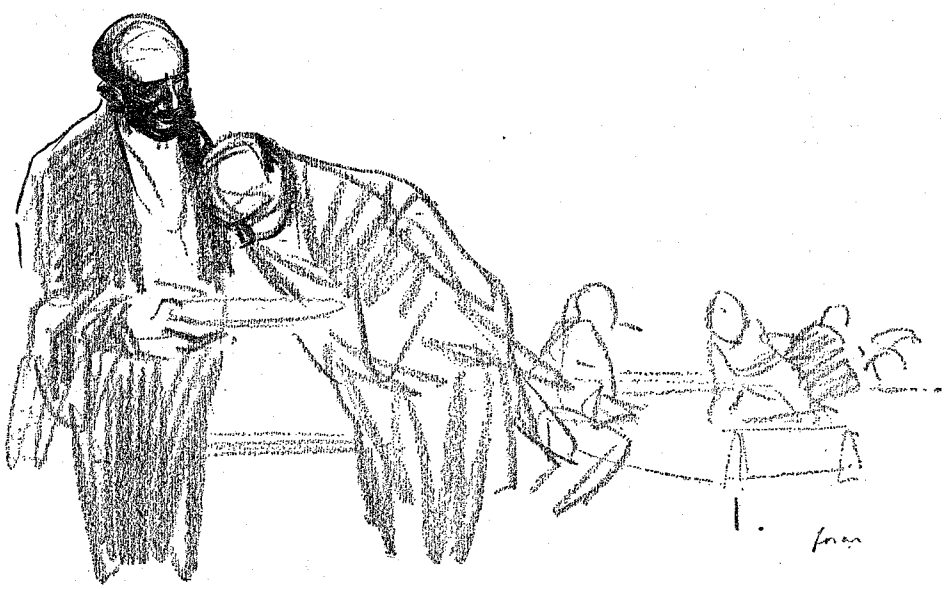
THE FIELD OF ART

BY ROYAL CORTISSOZ

IN some reminiscences of Degas which Walter Sickert published a few years ago, there was a brief passage telling what the master did with the printed work of his friend Forain. He took every number of *Le Figaro* that contained one of the drawings and placed it on a little mahogany table set apart in his studio for the purpose. There the papers were preserved, to accumulate as in a sanctuary. Himself a great draftsman, Degas had in this way to recognize a peer. The episode is symbolical of that cult for Forain which persists wherever good drawing is appreciated. I have been a member of it all my life, and I have always been interested to observe its development in this country. This, however, was long in gaining any real impetus. The few collectors who cared for the artist's work somehow could not make their enthusiasm general. Not even a visit to this country could establish Forain in a widespread vogue. It was James Gordon Bennett, I believe, who got him over here in the early nineties, along with Paul Bourget, a rather incongruous companion. His visit was a nine days' wonder, hardly more than that. I have before me a souvenir of his stay in Newport, in the shape of a copy of La Comédie Parisienne inscribed to "Monsieur Oliver Belmont." Bound in with it are half-a-dozen thumb-nail sketches of his host, light, glancing things. In their fleetingness they are characteristic of his American sojourn. But in recent years the cult has prospered.



By courtesy of the Keppel Gallery.

L'Addition.

From the drawing by Forain.

Forain's etchings and lithographs have found increasing favor with amateurs here, and the Kraushaar Gallery has done invaluable pioneer work in bringing over his paintings. There is nearly always at that establishment something interesting of Forain's. Early this winter at the Keppel Gallery there was shown a remarkable

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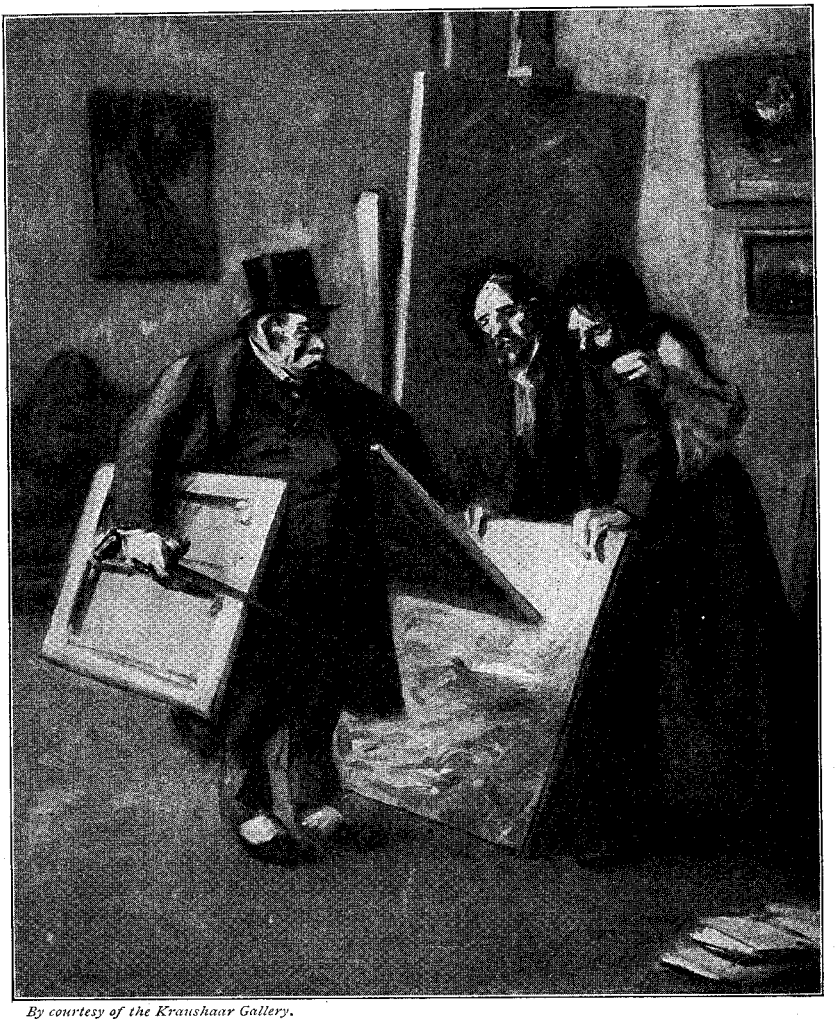
collection of his drawings, including many done during the Great War. It exposed his art as a draftsman at full length, and it has prompted me to look exhaustively into the subject. Frankly, I find it irresistible. Forain is a sheer delight to a lover of line.



By courtesy of the Kraushaar Gallery.

The Picture Dealer.
From the painting by Forain.

♣ ♣ ♣

I WISH I could begin by communicating to my reader something about the man, but biographical details are curiously sparse in his case. It seems incredible that a veteran of his distinction should not, long ago, have been made the subject of a rich monograph, but if it exists I have not discovered it. I write amid a perfect wilderness of Forain publications, portfolios, albums, and books. The precious catalogue of his etchings and lithographs compiled by Marcel Guerin in three stout volumes is at my elbow. His name is on the title-pages of English as well as French publications. Yet one may explore this wilderness with the utmost care and be scantily enough rewarded by those details which bring back a personality as well as a talent. It was only

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from a footnote of Mr. Campbell Dodgson's that I learned that Forain was born at Rheims, on October 23, 1852, and that, amusingly, is about all that the artist himself has seen fit to contribute to Qui Etes-Vous? He adds that he is a Chevalier of the Legion of Honor, and that he is a "dessinateur," but that is all.

Still Life.
From the painting by Forain.

From what stock he sprang, and what the circumstances were that brought him at an early age to Paris, I do not know. His private life remains a sealed book, save that he has a repute for witty conversation, and is a devoted motorist, with a liking for high speed. His early career was that of a poor Bohemian who knew positive misery, but he has for many years lived in a handsome house on the Rue Spontini. Once he had definitively arrived—and his arrival was not too long delayed—fortune waited on him with both hands. He works untroubled by care in a studio that has been described as notably untidy and crowded with artistic impedimenta, but also notably spacious. In one of his earlier lithographs he depicts himself as wearing a beard and a mustache. From his garb also he would seem to have been at that time rather conventional in appearance, almost with a touch of fashion; but latterly he has gone clean-shaven, and from a fairly recent photograph, taken in his studio, he strikes one, in his long robe, his spectacles, and his broad-brimmed hat, as being an austere individuality with a faintly monkish tincture.

Information about the artist is more accessible than information about the man. It appears that he was born with an instinct for drawing, and by the time he was twelve or fourteen used to frequent the Louvre with a sketch-book. It was while he was engaged with it, one day, that old Jacquesson de la Chavreuse looked over his shoulder, and was so impressed by the promise in his work that he forthwith hunted up the lad's parents and took him under his wing for instruction. Two years later a similar encounter in the same place landed him under the patronage of the sculptor Carpeaux, who seems particularly to have stimulated the power of observation which was rapidly to become one of the young artist's leading resources. I gather that in painting, his first experience was had in the studio of André Gill. But from that caricaturist he could not have learned much that could have served him with the brush, and I believe that he must have derived most of his inspiration in that formative period from the masters at the Louvre. At the same time that he was haunting the print room of the Bibliothèque Nationale to copy the classics of draftsmanship and engraving, he was copying certain painters in the museum. Gustave Geffroy has told how Forain loved to emulate the line of Holbein, and how the plates of Goya came into his intelligence like a clap of thunder. I remember that when Vol-

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lard's big book about Cézanne came out, I read a passage in it that could not but stick in my mind. Cézanne told him that once when he was in the Louvre, back in the seventies, he saw Forain there making a copy of a Chardin. I have always

The Fisherman.
From the drawing by Forain.

honed to see how Forain painted in those days, in that mood; and by almost unbelievable luck, I have lately had the chance. Going down to Pittsburgh the other day, to see the International, at Carnegie Institute, I entered the French section expecting the usual thing. There it was in the shape of a huge ambassadorial portrait by Besnard, the last word of the old Salon. But, cuddling unobtrusively beside it, was a little still-life by Forain, painted in 1873, perhaps the very year of Cézanne's anecdote, if not the very

picture! Of course, I battened on it, and the interesting thing for me was that it showed Forain to have been a not unworthy disciple of Chardin. I do not pretend that it struck me as a masterpiece, but it had beauty of tone, it had both breadth and delicacy in handling, it had quality. How far could it be said to have foreshadowed the essential Forain? It is a complicated question.

♣ ♣ ♣

HE painted that still-life of his when he was twenty-one and, so to say, at the parting of the ways. He was sitting ardently at the feet of the old masters and they were nurturing in him ideas of sound workmanship which were to stay with him all his life long. He was being

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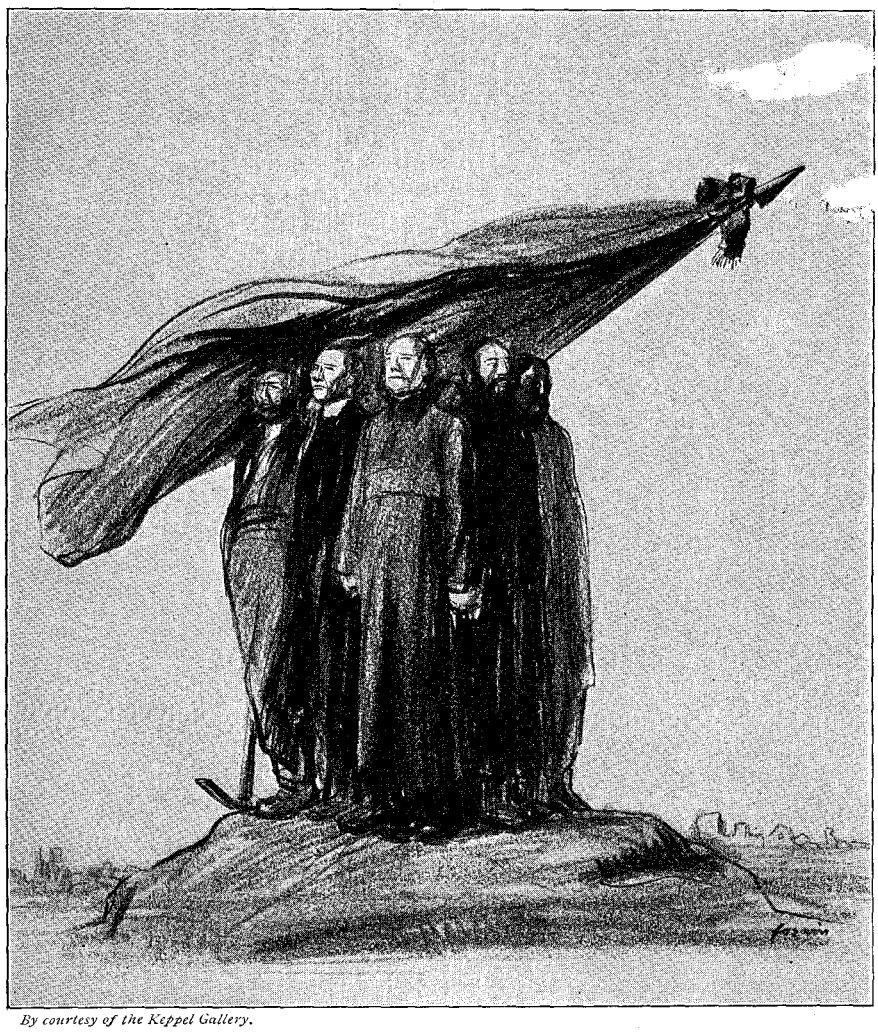
grounded in the integrity of technique and, incidentally, developing a certain intellectual seriousness which he was never to lose. But he was young, a Parisian, not find that the luminosity of Monet entered into his hypothesis of painting, he undoubtedly adjusted himself to the swift, spontaneous notation of actuality which



By courtesy of the Keppel Gallery.

All France Standing Under the Flag.
From the drawing by Forain.

and in temperament nothing if not modern. Impressionism was in the air. At the Nouvelle Athènes he fell in with Manet, Degas, and Marcelin Desboutin. By 1879 he was exhibiting with them and the rest of what was then the most progressive group in Paris. His best friend and backer in the literary wing was Huysmans, the intensely *raffiné* author of A Rebours. He was launched in a world far removed from that of Chardin, and though I can is a prime characteristic of Impressionism. He has deviated occasionally from the broad movement of the school. I have seen a painting of his done in the early eighties, a subject drawn from fashionable life, which in style might have come from a conventional Salonnier. It wasn't like him. In his natural gait as a painter he has been all for freedom, boldness, and an almost rough, summary touch. Sometimes the elegance which is part of his

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make-up will temper the force of his brush, but as a rule, and especially in his later years, he has been almost as stenographic in color as in black and white, much nearer to Manet than to Chardin. All the time—and this is, perhaps, the most significant commentary on his [illegible]—he oscillates between [illegible]'s painting and the painting of the man who is primarily an artist in black and white. It is not an accident that [illegible]intings are low in key. He didn't get that from Chardin alone, either. It is the natural outcome of his life-long activity as a draftsman, etcher, and lithographer. Though his paintings have a legitimate existence of their own, they do not have quite the status with him that, for example, Daumier's paintings have in *his* cosmos. They are interesting, they excite admiration, but they do not obscure the fact that the transcendent elements of Forain's genius reside in his drawings.

By courtesy of the Scott & Fowles Gallery.

Head of a Girl.
From the drawing by Forain.

♣ ♣ ♣

APPRECIATION of the drawings, I think, is heightened by some consideration of the *milieu* from which they have sprung. The giants in that *milieu*, of course, are Daumier and Gavarni, Forain's predecessors. The field of French satire has been tolerably crowded since their day, and in the crowd there have been numerous brilliant figures. Toulouse-Lautrec, Steinlen, Louis Legrand, Willette, Léandre, and divers others have vividly expressed the spirit of Montmartre. Nor must we forget the Parisianized Russian, Caran d'Ache. He, by the way, made a most effective collaborator with Forain in the celebrated "Psst . . . !" of the Dreyfus days. But to call up in mental review the ideas of philosophy and style associated with these draftsmen is to be struck at once by Forain's singularity among them. He alone seems to be free from the strain of personal idiosyncrasy. There is something wistful about Willette. There is a homely quality in Steinlen. Léandre has a repulsive side to his power. Toulouse-Lautrec gives you the uncomfortable sensation of feeling that he is steeped to the soul in the vicious stuff in which he works. Forain detaches himself from his colleagues as he detaches himself from his subject, functioning in the rôle of a passionless observer. He has known prejudice, as in the Dreyfus time, but his career at large has been that of a man holding no briefs. Only in the Great War did he double the character of the artist with that of the patriot. Otherwise he has disinterestedly, I might almost say cold-bloodedly, held the mirror up to nature. There is little in him of that gayety of Gavarni which points to sympathy for the blithe human spectacle, and if there is an echo in him of the ferocity of Daumier, it is unwarmed by that master's generous wrath. No; his savagery seems scientifically poised. He wields a kind of sterilized scalpel. His understanding of human nature is apparently boundless, but although he has tenderness and can use it when he wishes, the fundamental power of the man seems to me to lie in a kind of glacial research. It is not precisely cynical but it is, I repeat, profoundly dispassionate.

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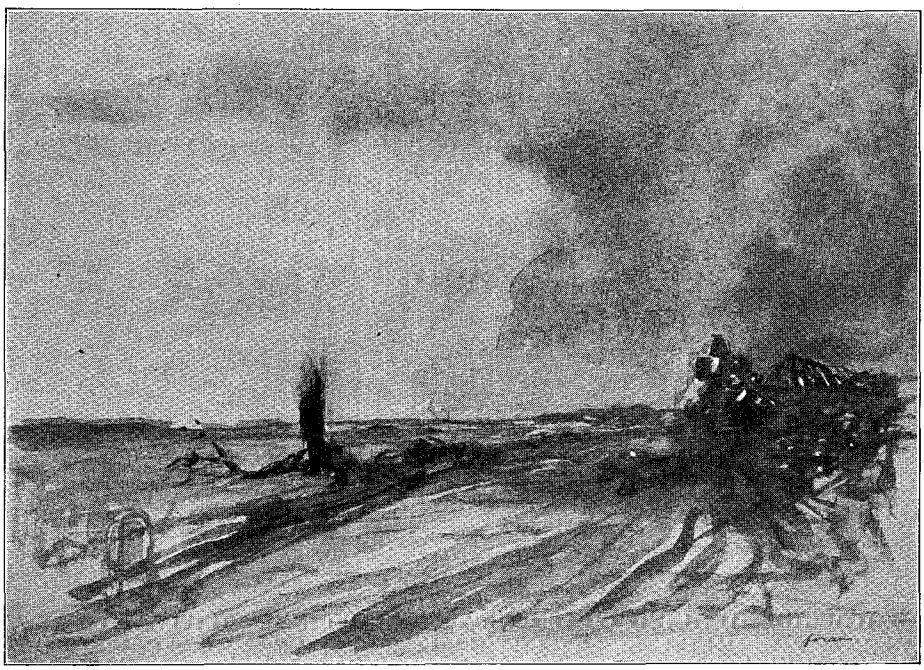
I must pause here to avoid the conveyance of a false impression, and touch upon those passages in his work which show that he can be tender when he chooses. In those of his paintings which deal with court-room scenes he can make successfully the grimly emotional appeal liberated by crime or misfortune in the clutch of the law. He has touchingly embodied the pathos of poverty. No Frenchman of his time better than he has delineated the awfulness of death. In his etchings of Scriptural subjects he has plumbed some of the depths of devotional art. His Rembrandtesque Christ is a wonderfully moving creation, one of the indubitable modern contributions to Biblical iconography. His religious subjects have dramatic force besides. Then in his war drawings Forain unquestionably rose to heights. He made them with burning sympathy. There is much tragic stuff in Forain, and, in short, it would be grotesque to conceive of him as a man who did not feel. But if I say all this with unqualified earnestness, and in gratitude for many a design that touches the heart, I say it also as it were in passing, because it is not strictly relevant to what lies at the core of the matter. That is the serene aloofness to which I have referred, the impersonal operation of a seeing eye and an unerring hand. In other words, the great Forain is the great technician.

He differs from some masters of line in two respects. In the first place, it took



By courtesy of the Keppel Gallery.

The Devastated Land.
From the drawing by Forain.

him longer, I think, than it takes most born draftsmen to get into his linear stride. A positive gulf divides the earlier and later designs contributed by him to a host of periodicals. Secondly, his line has not always preserved what I may call a personal unity. I cannot go along with the more fervid connoisseurs of the etchings. They do not seem to me to denote absolutely conclusive puissance with the needle. The line is sometimes strong, but it is sometimes feeble if not meaningless, and it frequently lapses into confusion. Turn to the drawings, however, and presently you have done with distinctions, finding unalloyed joy in Forain's linear brilliance. The tale begins, roughly, with the collection of 250 designs published under the title of La Comédie Parisienne, in 1892; it is continued in the 188 pages

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By courtesy of the Keppel Gallery.

Bolo Pacha.

From the drawing by Forain.

By courtesy of the Keppel Gallery.

Les Kamerads.

From the drawing by Forain.

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of the second series, issued under the same designation a few years later, and Forain is if anything more triumphant in the Doux Pays of 1897. But the climax is marked by those war drawings from which in this essay I took my point of departure. In them it is as though Forain faced the great theme of his life, and, summoning all his technical resources, rose to the pitch of its adequate celebration. For several decades he had been dabbling in the rather acrid humors of Parisian life, portraying hordes of its basest types, interpreting some of the pettiest phases of its vice. There is no sunshine and there is little wholesome laughter in the great body of Forain's work. He wakes, rather, the sinister or cynical chuckle. His people walk in shadow and are shady company at the best. The war released him from all that. Dedicated from his youth, as I have indicated, to a certain gravity of mind and imagination, the tremendous crisis of his older years found him fitted to celebrate it with dignity, pity, and a noble rage. He avoided, withal, the dangers of exaggeration. A terrible truth is stamped upon his war drawings. It is the more impressive because it is set forth with such humanness, with such tragic sincerity, with so simple a stroke. It is on the simplicity of the stroke above all that the lover of Forain's draftsmanship must pause.

Study of a Girl.
From the drawing by Forain.

That is where his line comes in, the terse, epigrammatic line by which he lives. Whistler must have known him and cherished him as a proof of his old saying that the artist is known by what he omits. With a few brief touches Forain puts the subject before you, and the linear language he employs is not only eloquent but has the beauty and the distinction which such a language must possess if it is to prevail. It is a keen, dry idiom that he uses, economical, precise, vivacious, not exactly supple, yet with a great fund of nervous energy unmistakably behind it. It is intensely modern, and it has a peculiar vitality. Compare it for a moment with the polished elegance of a draftsman like Helleu. That individual's art seems restricted within the confines of a very limited world. It rustles with the *frou-frou* of the drawing-room and the boudoir, and somehow it "dates." It is different with Forain. Something of the accent of universality lies upon his linear speech. He states enduring truth in the concise, lucid terms of almost the Chinese tradition. I have spoken of his occupying a place apart in the perspective of Montmartre. He occupies a place apart in the view that takes in the whole range of European draftsmanship. He will be remembered, I believe, long after most of his immediate colleagues. He will be remembered with forerunners of his like Daumier and Gavarni, and with such men of other schools as Menzel and Charles Keene.

A calendar of current art exhibitions will be found in the Fifth Avenue Section.

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Painted by W. Langdon Kihn.

ALIMLAHA OR "HE KNOWS THE SKY."

Head-dress, "Hat of the Woman Who Lied," consists of abalone pearl and Chilkat weave.

—See "The Gitksan on the Skeena," page 170.

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